

THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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and again 'tis

Spring! *Special fashion
articles inside.*

AN OLD WOMAN From Australia Is Prominent NAZI

Hitler has not been popular in Australia.

But a noteworthy fact is that an important woman in the new Germany is an Australian.

She is Frau Elizabeth Scharrer, formerly Miss Elizabeth Foster, of Melbourne.

Interviewed in Magdeburg by our European representative, Frau Scharrer gives a striking defence of Hitlerism.

Whatever other asides there are to the question, her point of view is interesting as showing the spirit of the people who support the Nazis.

"But," she says, "I do not put forward the idea that what is good for Germany is necessarily good for Australia. . . . The Germans have always been used to the crack of the military whip."

From NELL MURRAY, Our Special Representative in Europe.

AN Australian woman, 78 years old, who has lived in Germany since she was 20, has raised a family, has seen her husband's fortune swallowed up in the chaos of the post-war years, is now devoting all her vigor and energy towards furthering Hitler's ideals among British and German women.

Never once since she left Melbourne, at the age of 18, has she been able to make a return trip.

As Miss Elizabeth Foster, she set out for Europe to carve out a musical career, but instead met her future husband on board ship, fell in love, and married him.

**Former Melbourne girl
says Hitlerism is good
for Germany—but not
for Australia.**

Frau Scharrer was at school with Fanny Simonson, the noted singer, and recalls vividly the rivalry there was in the early days between her and the late Dame Nellie Melba, when they were still schoolgirls.

She remembers quite well going to Lilydale by coach, and taking the whole day over it. The coaches used to start from the top of Bourke Street. Incidentally, she was delighted to hear from a fellow-Australian touring in Italy last

year that her old violin master, Mr. Henry Curtis, is still alive in Melbourne.

During her long life in Germany of nearly 80 years, this remarkable woman has known happiness and riches, poverty and sadness, and the horrors of war. She has lost her property and her money and her servants, but to-day is as gay as a cricket, living in a tiny modern flat in Magdeburg, of the typical German kind now being built—so labor-saving and convenient that it practically runs itself.

FRAU ELIZABETH SCHARRER is an important woman in reconstituted Germany.

As well as being a member of the Board of the Housekeepers' League (the largest women's organisation in the country), which controls such vital matters as food prices, markets and servants, she is prominent politically.

It was Frau Scharrer who, at a meeting last week in Berlin, publicly rallied all British-born women living in Germany to give their earnest support to the Nazi regime.

Next month she will be in England for the purpose of lecturing on Hitlerism. In her home town, Magdeburg, where she has lived for so many years, she is regarded as one of its most dominant personalities.

Frau Scharrer

was able to supply

interesting information

regarding the concentration

camps which are

being established in

order to teach German

girls to be efficient wives and

mothers, regardless of their rank and

future prospects. One of these is already

in operation, but in April next year one

and a half million German girls of

school-leaving age will need to be

drafted into these institutions for home-

craft training.

The girls will be required to spend at least a year there—and no snobbishness or false standards will be tolerated. From the highest-born to the lowest,



NO MATTER what sporting event is held in England, you will find an Australian to the fore. At the Bisley rifle meeting recently, Miss V. Jenkins, an Australian contestant, was photographed in this striking attitude. —Air Mail photo.

each will have to perform her allotted tasks.

MAGDEBURG, formerly noted for its manufacturing industry in heavy iron and steel, lies a couple of hours distant from Berlin by fast train.

It has fallen on hard times, that is obvious even before you reach the city.

The skyline is studded with tall chimney stacks, every one of them lifeless and inert, with not even a curl of smoke to indicate a hope of throbbing industry within. The Elbe and its canals—that great waterway which was one of the vital traffic arteries of Germany—lies tranquil and still, barges tied up to the banks in stultifying idleness.

Elizabeth Scharrer, nimble and brisk in her movements as any young girl, and with a face aglow with enthusiasm for the future, took me to a high tower which overlooks the city.

"Look down on Magdeburg," she said, "a city typical in its present plight of many, many other places in Germany."

"Four months ago we in Germany were terrified, not knowing which way to turn. In the last year alone no fewer than 32 different political parties had sprung into being. There was nothing to prevent the march of Red Russia through Germany."

"Whatever other nations may think of Hitler, they must grant that he has saved Europe from Communism. With Germany as the corridor, there would have been no stopping it."

"This week he has announced that the revolution is now over, that his party is supreme, and that any action against it will be considered as the gravest treason. Actually, the first statement is only partly true."

"By taxation on capitalists and the aristocracy of Germany, in four months he has already succeeded in putting 250,000 unemployed men into occupation."

"THIS country must be cleaned out with a broom of steel, and no half-measures will suffice for the regeneration of Germany. But I do not put forward the idea that what is good for Germany is necessarily good for England, or Australia."

"The Germans have always been

Spring IS HERE!

What's that tingling feeling in the air? It's spring. Spring is here once more; it makes its official entry every year on September 1. Weather Man Mares, however, well versed in the caprices of this wilful but charming sprite, still dons his woolly undies every morning.

"SPRING may be here," Mr. Mares, Government Meteorologist, told The Australian Women's Weekly. "But there will still be cold snaps. These will continue till November, but they will become less frequent."

As the earth hurtles through space around the sun, with its rakish tilt of 23½ degrees, it presents first its top and then its underneath to the sun. And this is the stuff that spring is made of.

Since June 22, the shortest day, the sun has been working south, gradually coming closer to Australia. Meteorological conditions always lag a few weeks behind, so climatic changes are not felt at once. But the lagging is over now . . . and spring is here.

WHEN will it be warm enough to sunbake and surf? That is the first question everyone asks. Hundreds ring up Mr. Mares as though he was directly responsible. He is always very polite and informative. He feels responsible.

"Is it safe to wear my new spring frock?" a girl's voice asked last week. "Is it very light?" asked Mr. Mares. "Yes, it only weighs three ounces." "Well, don't wear it yet," said Mr. Mares. It is all in his day's work.

Lovely JUMPERS for READERS

Fascinating Competition

LUCKY Australian Women's Weekly readers who turned their "awkward moments" into beautiful Viennese jumpers will find their names on page 32. Three more of these lovely models will be given away this week for a new kind of "moment"—moments when you had to run. Full details are given with the results of last week's competition.

Each of these jumpers was made up from an exclusive Viennese design by an expert; they are in perfect condition and are valued at £3/3/- each. If you do not want one for yourself it will make a fine present for a friend or relative.

This gift of jumpers is one of many awards to be found in the Australian Women's Weekly each issue. There is £1 to be won for the best recipe, £1 for the best "Things That Happen," 10/- for "Brainwaves," 10/- for "Clever Ideas," and "So They Say." Each single copy of the Australian Women's Weekly entitles readers to an entry for all these features. The Competition Entry coupon which appears on page 32 should be cut up, and attached to individual entries. Of course everybody cannot win prizes; but somebody has got to . . . and it might be you.



FEW wives have much use for tongues that don't speak, lips that don't smile, eyes that don't glisten, arms that don't embrace.—Arnold Bennett.

"AMOURS increase with a man of pleasure as money does with a man of business; and women are most ready to trust their reputations, as we own cash, with him that has the most business."—Henry Fielding.

"WORRY is a process of borrowing trouble from the future to augment our present sorrows."—Bernard Hollander, M.D.

IN her first passion woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is love.—Lord Byron.

"LET us not pray for a light burden, but a strong back."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"FOR ONE woman who inspires us with worthy ideas there are a hundred who cause us to make fools of ourselves."—Napoleon.

used to the crack of a military whip. They will stand any amount of 'bossing'."

"In the immediate past they have actually missed this—and that is why the Nazi regime, with its military atmosphere and ruthless justice and dictatorship, has such an appeal. In my opinion the common weal must come before personal well-being, with our country in its hour of travail. Personality, capacity, and capability will eventually carry the day."

Another BRIDE for "Exile"

PROPOS the interesting article on Page 3 about Australian brides who go into exile comes the last-minute news of another bride who is going into the far places. Miss Molly Duncan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gately Duncan (Mrs. Ruby Duncan), threw her friends into confusion by the announcement that her marriage to Mr. Clifford James, of South Australia, would take place at All Saints, Hunter's Hill, on Wednesday of this week, at 6 p.m. "I am up to my eyes in it," Mrs. Duncan told The Australian Women's Weekly, "trying to get ready for a wedding with only two days' notice."

The bridegroom, who is an engineering draftsman and has been for years with the Vacuum Oil Company, accepted a position as engineer on an island trading boat, for two years. He sails on the s.s. "Macdhu" on Thursday.

Molly, who is on the staff of Ascham College as a kindergarten teacher, will follow her husband to Rabaul at a later date, and hopes to make her temporary home in New Guinea. She is quite thrilled at the idea of a couple of years in the tropics, and hopes that the opportunities for dancing will be as plentiful as she has found them in Sydney. The young couple announced their engagement about three months ago.

ATKINSONS
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A special-formula Face Powder
that all London clamoured for

Beautiful women, leaders of London Society, have come to Atkinson's exclusive Perfumery Shop in Old Bond Street in their search for a face powder that brings a smooth flower-like beauty to the skin and yet looks natural. Hundreds of formulas were perfected, but there was one—known simply as "No. 24"—famous above all the rest for the exquisite skin-beauty it always gave, and for its delicate fragrance. For such distinguished patron the priceless formula "No. 24" was prepared specially, and this made it so costly that only a few could afford it.

The same "No. 24" formula exactly, has now been produced for the hundreds of thousands of discriminating women all over the world—so that it can be sold within the reach of all.

The charm of real skin-tones

Shades vibrant with warm beauty. A tone to match your coloring is among them—Rachel, Rachel No. 2, Natural, Sontan, Ochre, Rose, White and Brunette.

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Let's Talk Of
**INTERESTING
PEOPLE . . .**



MADAME EMILY MARKS.
—Peter Pan.

MADAME EMILY MARKS was one of the pioneers of Music Week when it was inaugurated four years ago, and the founder and president of the Music Lovers' Club, which, after an existence of ten months, has already 250 members. She is a keen student of psychology, and, in fact, considers a knowledge of the subject essential to successful tuition. Together with vocal art, she took a special course on this subject while in America. During her ten years abroad she studied singing in America and England, and also travelled successfully as a soloist in those countries.

As a result of her work as adjudicator to the juvenile vocal section during the recent Eisteddfod, Madame Marks came to the conclusion that country children showed more promise than city children.



DR. ALMA SUNDQUIST

DR. ALMA SUNDQUIST, a noted Swedish physician, who was a member of the travelling Commission of Inquiry into the Traffic in Women and Children in the East.

The report of this commission, which began its investigations in 1923, was recently presented to the League of Nations, Geneva. With Dr. Sundquist were Mr. Bascom Johnson (U.S.A.) and M. Karol (Poland). The commission since 1930 has visited among other places Siam, Indo-China, Japan, Straits Settlement, Persia, Iraq, and Palestine.



MRS. J. A. HANNELL

NEWCASTLE Choral Society was formed in 1917, and at the request of the members, Mrs. J. A. Hannell, of Newcastle, became conductress, and has continued in that position leading the choir from success to success. During the period of its existence, the Choral Society has won 104 first prizes in N.S.W. and Victoria, and the latest achievement is the winning by the ladies' choir of a first prize in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

For many years the name of Mrs. Hannell has ranked high in musical circles in Australia as a teacher of music and conductress of choirs.

Mrs. Hannell's son, John, who left Australia over four years ago (being then 14 years old), is at present studying the piano at Leipzig.

BRIDES Who GO Into EXILE

Stories of COURAGE and ENDURANCE

Glamorous stories have been written of the beautiful coral islands of the Pacific, nestling in sapphire seas, suggesting earthly Paradise.

However, they are not always that for the women who live there. Life for them is full of hardships, especially away from the settlements.

The thought of hardships, of loneliness, or lack of comforts does not deter our womenfolk, however. Numbers of them leave Australia as brides every year. They grow to love the island life, and do not pine in exile.

AS reported recently, Mrs. Peardon — the only white woman on the Ramu goldfields in New Guinea — did stoic work in trying to save the life of Assistant-District Officer Mack after he had been wounded by arrows fired by Ramu warriors.

Mrs. Peardon, whose untiring attention to the wounded man must receive the praise of all, is just one of a brave band of Australian women living in the many out-of-the-way places of New Guinea and Papua. They have made their homes on plantations, trading stations, or goldfields, and it is interesting to take a peep into life as they find it. When Australian girls marry and depart to make their homes on an island plantation they leave behind them the comforts of city life and join the few courageous women in far-flung outposts of the Empire. Let us follow one of them to her plantation home in Papua.

The journey by mail steamer to Port Moresby certainly provides her with all that can be desired in up-to-date sea travelling. But once she reaches this little town she must say goodbye to all that. A lugger or an antiquated coastal steamer is probably waiting to take her to the plantation that will be her new home.



PETER AND DIANA, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Coote, of Rabaul, snapped with a young native nurse. The Coote family is now visiting Sydney.

In Circle: MRS. F. A. SIMPSON and her baby daughter, June Patricia, who will sail on August 31 to return to their home at Merrie Creek, on the Edie Creek Goldfields, New Guinea.

the passenger will transfer to a launch for the trip up-river. Soon the plantation house will be in sight. Natives will be seen running about full of excitement at the arrival of this new "sinabada," as white women are called in the picturesque Motuan language. For her part, the newcomer will be at first thrilled by the warmth of the greeting and the novelty of the whole surroundings.

Before long she will set herself the task of teaching the three or four house-servants and cookboys a little necessary cleanliness, and perhaps the art of breadmaking. She will herself supervise the preparing of the inevitable tinned foods which form such an important part of meals on most plantations where fish and game are difficult, if not impossible, to procure. The native servants will need constant watching, and, if not carefully handled, will prove very provoking to the most patient person.

Should there be a nearby mangrove or sago swamp, in which lurk the dreaded anopheles mosquito, a new and very unpleasant experience awaits the newcomer. For, despite all precautions and ample quinine, malaria will in time take its toll. And while the victim is in the throes of an attack, which sometimes lasts intermittently for three weeks, everything appears to go wrong. The head cook-boy finds this some close

TESSA CALLACHOR, who married Norman Harrison, went off as a bride to Tenaru, in the Solomon Islands, where her husband is the manager of a plantation. In this picture he is shown with a hawk he has just shot. The group includes Mr. Quintall, a descendant of Quintall, one of the "Bounty" mutineers.

On board things will be very rough and ready, with numerous Haniabada natives treading the decks and copra in the hold smelling unpleasantly. Cock-roaches, which seem inseparable from tropic craft, will also swarm around, some of them approaching the size of canaries. In fact, the voyage will probably be full of discomforts. If it is westward into the Papuan Gulf, the vessel will roll and sway with the heavy seas until shelter is reached in some river, up which most of the coconut and rubber plantations are situated. Here



PAPUAN WARRIORS in a native village. This is the exciting atmosphere into which numbers of Australian women have ventured as brides of planters, traders, and Government officials. In the upper picture a group of islanders point to the romantic South Seas.

relative is dying (or getting thatched roof, and the unreliable monthly steamer is long overdue, leaving her without news of home and very short of necessary rations.

(Please turn to Page 4)

DIAMOND RINGS At Factory Prices!

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BRIDES Who GO INTO EXILE

Brave Band of
Pioneers

(Continued from Page 3)

AS the north-west season blows over, taking away with it a few of the mosquitoes and oppressive days, the whole surroundings seem to brighten. Visits are paid by launch to the neighboring plantation, generally about 50 miles away, where gossip is exchanged and some welcome reading matter obtained. Then there are pleasant trips around the plantation, watching the natives at work gathering coconuts and making the copra, which will in time find its way to the Continent to help in making of high-grade soap or margarine. So life will go on. By the time a year has passed, the white woman, with a feeling that she knows and loves the country, despite the hardships, will come back to Australia for a holiday. But she will be keen to return, for island life possesses some peculiar lure, some fascination, that, like a magnet, unfailingly draws a person back time after time.

An epic example of the courage and endurance of a white woman in Papua is provided by Mrs. Janet Cowling, who supervises her own plantation and trading station on the island of Mibu, in the Fly River. Mrs. Cowling's husband died a few years ago, and she carries on with her daughter in this lonely spot, which lies on the fringe of the Middle Fly district, where Sukl warriors, notorious headhunters, terrorise the adjacent tribes. This little island is only some 60 miles from the village of Weradal, which in 1928 was visited by the Sukis, who massacred 37 of the inhabitants, and then leisurely paddled back to their villages on the lily-covered lagoons above Everill Junction.

This fearless woman is an adept at handling natives, and is also a proficient navigator. In command of her own lugger, she often sails across to Thursday Island, taking the vessel through waters which team with dangerous reefs. She returns with supplies and continues her life as a bold pioneer of this little developed corner of Papua.

In the early days of the rich New Guinea goldfields at Edie Creek there were very few white women. At that time there was one figure that shone with the brilliance of a tropic star—

Mrs. Doris Booth. She had accompanied her husband there, and every day, after hard work at their claim, she heroically performed the duty of nurse to ailing miners.

Her personality, her devotion to the sick, and the fortitude she displayed, won for her the admiration and affection of all. For her noble, untiring work she was awarded the Order of the British Empire, an honor richly deserved.

Now there are many white women on this goldfield, and some modern comforts have been introduced. The trip from the coast to the field is made by plane, and electricity is generally available. The climate, too, is not as unpleasant as in some other parts of the island.

All these women are among that brave band of pioneers who are greatly helping Australia to open up the undoubted potentialities of jungle-covered New Guinea.

That brides going to the islands to live can adapt themselves very quickly, if they are so inclined, to the different conditions, is the opinion of Mrs. F. A. Simpson, who will leave Sydney by the Macdhuil to return to her home in New Guinea.

She will be accompanied by her baby daughter, June Patricia, aged two months, a bonny baby for whom adventures in life are starting early. June has been examined by a specialist, who pronounced her perfectly healthy, and quite all right to take the trip by aeroplane, which will be necessary when the boat arrives at Salamaua.

The plane will take them to Wau, and after that there will be a 17-mile trip, climbing 8000 feet, in order to reach their home at Merrie Creek, in the goldfields at Edie Creek.

The kanakas carry the luggage on their backs in 50lb. packs. June will be the only baby at Merrie Creek.

There are only five children on the Edie Creek goldfields, of whom June will be the youngest. There is a school at Wau, with about 25 children attending.

Mrs. Simpson, who formerly was Miss

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



CHEMISTS MAY Be Forced Out OF BUSINESS

Few people realise that the chemist is in danger of being forced out of business, and that unless a change is made the chemist will have to forsake the open shop and retire to the seclusion of his profession as a dispenser.

By JAMES ANDREWS

THE whole difficulty of the chemist or pharmacist has been brought about by the adoption in recent years of mixed selling, a principle which seems to have been accepted by the public, and which is playing havoc with individual businesses.

A well-known Newtown pharmacist, who has handled over 35,000 prescriptions, estimates that his profit from that source in the last 20 or 30 years averaged £4 a week. Obviously there is not a living in dispensing for him, seeing that he has to employ a competent assistant at £8 a week.

Like all other pharmacists, he had to resort to merchandising to make ends meet. He was getting along very nicely until the idea of mixed selling grew up in the community. Now the householder can get her bottle of cough mixture (glycerine and linseed or white pine and tar) at the local grocer's, at the music shop, the stationer's, and sometimes at the ham and beef shop. And she can get these lines often at one-third of the price charged by the pharmacist.

Patent Medicines

Then the chemist is a profiteer, you naturally conclude. But is he?

Many business firms advertise that patent medicines sold by them are up to the standard of the British Pharmacopoeia, and comply with the provisions of the Pure Foods Act. The catch is that there is no standard in the Pharmacopoeia for such medicines, but only for the drugs used in them.

Pharmacists make these lines up to a more or less accepted formula. If the backyard manufacturer, who calls himself a wholesale chemist, (and the law at present allows him to do so), used the same ingredients in his mixture as the chemist, he would be committing a breach of the Poisons Act by selling them.

He gets over the difficulty by leaving out the drugs he is not allowed to sell, and can make up a mixture with colored syrup which he calls white pine and tar, or glycerine and linseed, which he can retail at 6d a bottle. For medicine of a similar nature the chemist charges 1/6.

If the chemist regarded the mixture made up for the grocer or the chain store as suitable for coughs and colds he could quite easily make it up, using the same ingredients, and retail it at 6d.

You may not want a chemist for five years but when you need him in case of urgency he is there to give you service. He has to live while waiting for you to come along with your prescription.

For the prescription the doctor charges 10/6 or 12/6. Most of that is for skill, and the balance for waiting time. The doctor can afford to wait for his patients at half a guinea a time, but at a profit of 2/6 a prescription the chemist cannot make a do of it.

More medicine is in circulation in the world today than ever before, and if it were sold through the channel of the pharmacist who developed and discovered such things, the whole service could well remain intact.

Position Serious

The health of the community is improving and the span of life is increasing, but should an epidemic strike us no part of the medical system would be as important as the pharmacy.

At present there are 900 pharmacies operating in New South Wales, and in competition with them are no fewer than 10,000 shopkeepers of every grade. So serious has the position become that unless the Government can be induced to give protection to the pharmacist by legislation, or the public can be awakened to a realisation of the position, the chemist's shop, with its service to the public, will pass out of existence.

Fearless Women

SAVE 10 LARGE OR 20 SMALL PRESERVENE SOAP WRAPPERS

Send your wrappers to PARBURY HENTY & CO. PTY. LTD., 39 York Street, Sydney, and in return they will send you a PRESERVENE CARTON.

State which CARTON you require when FORWARDING WRAPPERS, and don't forget to include your Name and Address.



No. 1 Carton contains Wire-handled Dish Mop, Soap Saver, Pot Cleaner and Potato Masher.

No. 2 Carton contains Combined Vegetable Grater, Egg Lifter, Tea Strainer and Egg Whisk.



No. 5 Carton contains 1 Pure Washable Wool Duster mounted on handle.

HYGIENIC WAY to BOTTLE Our MILK

Milk is generally recognised as one of the most susceptible of foods to reception and propagation of harmful germs. In the interests of all consumers, but particularly of the babies of the nation, and the invalids in hospital, it has been contended that all milk should be delivered to consumers in sterilised and hermetically sealed receptacles.

THE difficulty of providing for a service of this kind has been largely solved by a Sydney inventor, Mr. George Sherwood, of 4 Ocean Street, Woolliahra. His invention, which has been patented, was submitted to the Australian Women's Weekly by Mr. H. Lamb, of the same address.

The device consists of a bottle with a groove, or series of grooves, on the outside of its neck, and a metal band to which is secured a series of spiral springs which engage in the groove and prevent the removal of the band except by the use of an electro-magnet machine. This metal band secures over the top and sides of the bottle a grease-proof paper which not only renders the bottle germ-proof but ensures that only sterilised portions of the bottle shall touch the milk in the process of pouring it out. The grease-proof paper can be lifted out by the consumer, but it cannot be replaced without the unlocking of the metal band.

Over 1000 different locks have been prepared—on the principle of the Yale lock—and each band can only be opened by the particular machine prepared for it.

So simple and so ingenious is the invention that the metal bands can be manufactured at a cost of 6/- a gross, an amount so trifling that it would not be passed on to the consumer. Firms using the device would, of course, have to install one of the electro-magnetic machines, but the cost of this would be returned in a very short time by the fact that bottles which cost about 3d. and for which 1d is now charged, would have to be returned to the owners. They would be of no use to the housewife for jams or pickles with the metal band attached, as they could not be made airtight. It is estimated that of the bottles delivered with milk in Sydney, more than 40 per cent are retained by householders, the loss of the milk vendors being 2 1/4d. on each bottle.

The device, which is illustrated on this page, has, it is claimed, been approved of by many Sydney medical men, by officers of the Health Department, the chairman of the Milk Board, and several of the leading hospitals.



The Fernery

A Delightful
Short
Story

WHILE the reflection of a smoky sunset still reddened the upper windows of the bedding factory, the rest of Considine Street was assuming the photographic tones of evening, and along the pavements a cool gust stirred the strewn rubbish and dust with a sound like a weary sigh.

Little Mrs. Feather, the tenant of No. 17, emerged from her front door with a bucket of water. She was about to begin the watering of her fernery, an evening rite that inspired her old limbs with a zealot's energy, and lit her ice-blue eyes with curiously tender affection.

The fernery filled her verandah, except for a narrow passage from the front door to the gate in the railing. It was a little cube of green jungle that might have been cut in one piece from a far-off forest and magically set down in the midst of that desert of masonry. There was little design or grace in its arrangement, little selectiveness in the choice of specimens, but it was blessed with the natural harmony of growing things, and to the old woman it was beautiful.

The unsmiled freshness, the inviolable purity of that little green world was to her like a fountain of eternal youth.

Her love of the fernery was bound up with her love of her daughter, and of the man her daughter was going to marry, for Irene had bought her most of the more expensive plants that grew there, and Tom, besides building her racks and helping her with the planting, had gathered her staghorns and ferns from rugged gullies and cliffs of the Illawarra.

Mrs. Feather walked out on to the pavement, swung back her bucket, and flung a great silver arc of splashing water over the fernery. It was, she had found, the most practical way to water it. Their verandah was so small, and so crowded with pots and tins and jars and hanging baskets, that it was impossible to move among them all with any freedom. And the wire-netting Tom had nailed up all round to ward off sneak-thieves and vandals was an added impediment.

The old woman, flushed a little from exertion and pleasure, watched the first draught of water glistening on the leaves, soaking in great dark patches into the earth in the pots, and forming in tiny pools on the stone verandah floor. Then she marched briskly inside for another bucketful. She came out again, took up her chosen firing position, and launched the second bucketful upon her fernery.

She set down the bucket, for she was almost breathless this time, and the flush in her cheeks had deepened and spread to her brow. Panting, she surveyed her collection.

Great staghorns and elk-horns, with their tough, glossy leaves and curious papery bulbs, jutted their antlers against the wall in fantastic patterns. They seemed to the old woman like old men, bearded bushmen of her own generation, sitting back ruminating with simple wisdom upon the affairs of the bustling world beyond the railings.

Before them hung wire baskets from which the fronds of ferns fell in loose clusters, seeming to her like the hair of young girls.

The big dappled colons, strange plants with fleshy leaves whose names she did not know, thick clumps of maiden-hair, and fishbone ferns like little frozen fountains, all these living things, these separate identities, each pursuing its silent, secret life in its own little territory, seemed to her almost like sentient beings, aware of her interest in them.

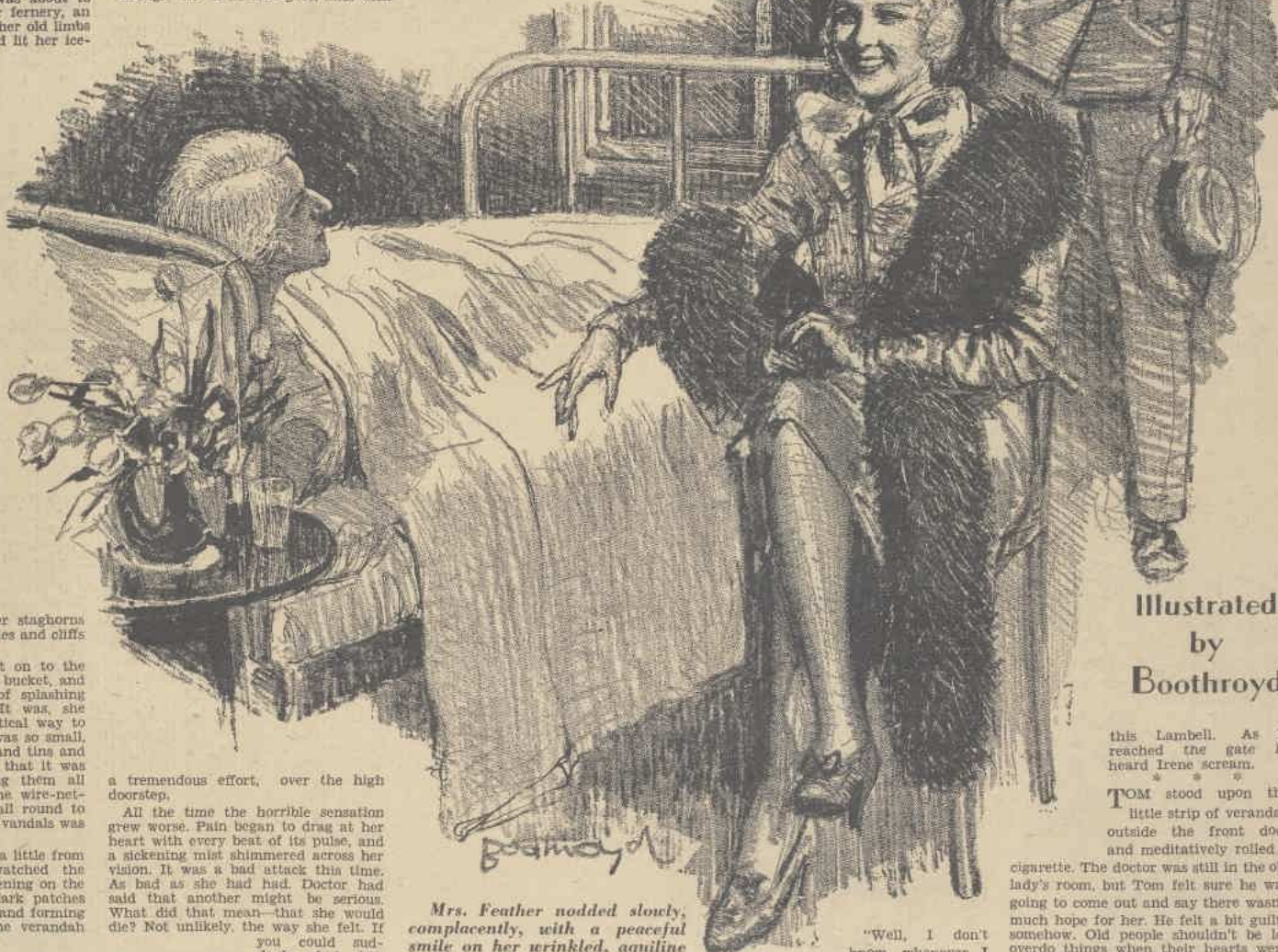
She stooped to pick up her bucket, but straightened again and stretched out a hand to lean on the railing. A familiar and dreaded sensation had invaded her, a giddiness and a choking. She felt scarcely capable of getting inside, but she was terrified of collapsing there in the street.

Still leaning on the rail, she pushed the bucket out of the way with her foot, and then, with small, meticulous steps, began the journey that suddenly seemed a stupendous one. The movement of her feet became mechanical. They carried her along the footpath, through the little iron gate, and, with

from Irene, answering all her sharp sallies with quiet deliberation. She hated that deliberation, hated the slow, kindly tone of his voice, most maddening when it was most reproachful, hated the smooth, rather heavy line of his jaw when he turned his head away like that.

"If you don't like me going out with Johnny Lambell, why don't you take me out?"

"You know very well, Irene, you won't go out with me, only once in a blue moon, since you met this fellow."



Illustrated
by
Boothroyd

this Lambell. As he reached the gate he heard Irene scream.

TOM stood upon the little strip of verandah outside the front door and meditatively rolled a

cigarette. The doctor was still in the old lady's room, but Tom felt sure he was going to come out and say there wasn't much hope for her. He felt a bit guilty somehow. Old people shouldn't be let overdo things when their hearts were bad like that. He felt as miserable as a kid. Something in the fernery kept dripping, big heavy drops with a long while between them. Like some sort of a slow clock. Or like a heart beating. He wished it would stop.

He heard very light steps in the passage and the dim light from the high electric bulb with its faded paper shade fell on Irene's blonde curls, on her shoulders that seemed stooped as she sneaked out to him. When he saw her face he felt a wrench. It hurt him to see her so wretched-looking, and yet somehow it pleased him, too. He'd been afraid she had changed, got sort of hard. But she hadn't.

She leant against him, and he put his arm round her shoulders.

"Tom . . . darling . . . poor mother."

"Don't worry, kiddy."

The doctor came out.

"Doctor—?"

"There is no need to worry. She is not in any immediate danger. But the heart is very weak. I shall have to have her in hospital."

Mrs. Feather was really grateful that the window opposite her bed in the big ward showed part of a tree. Greenery had become almost an obsession with her. Just as the fernery

had been to her the embodiment of the remembered countryside of her youth, so this pathetic scrap of sooty foliage was a symbol of the fernery.

She thought of very little else but the fernery, and Irene and Tom. Thinking had become strangely simplified in the three months since she had been in the hospital. Any thought that became at all difficult just seemed to fade away and make room for an easy one.

(Please turn to Page 6)

a tremendous effort, over the high doorstep.

All the time the horrible sensation grew worse. Pain began to drag at her heart with every beat of its pulse, and a sickening mist shimmered across her vision. It was a bad attack this time. As bad as she had had. Doctor had said that another might be serious. What did that mean—that she would die? Not unlikely, the way she felt. If you could suddenly feel like this when you were feeling all right, why couldn't you suddenly stop feeling at all?

Shouldn't have lifted that bucket, thought Mrs. Feather. Shouldn't have lifted that bucket. . . . What would Irene do if she was to die? Well, of course, there was Tom to look after her, thank God. But they hadn't wanted to get married quite so soon. Perhaps she wouldn't die . . . but she felt very, very bad. It was hurting to breathe, now, as well as to move.

There was the cat, dodging under her feet. Get out, Blacky! She staggered through the doorway of her bedroom, fell back against the wall. The smooth plaster was cool on her back. Her shoulder bumped the corner of a picture, and the wire slid across its nail with a sound like a violin being tuned. Everything was swimming now. She felt hardly alive. Suddenly the bed was against her thighs, and she fell on it.

For a lucid moment she saw the fernery through the window pane dotted with clinging drops of water. It grew dark.

Irene and Tom were coming home on the tram. He came to dinner with them every night. They were quarrelling. Tom was looking away

Mrs. Feather nodded slowly, complacently, with a peaceful smile on her wrinkled, aquiline face.

"It won't be long now," she told her daughter, "and I shan't mind a bit."

"Of course, I won't go out with you, the way you go on. Always trying to work out the cheapest things we can do. Johnnie isn't like that."

"Johnnie, as you call him, isn't saying up to marry you."

"He wouldn't have to save up."

"No, maybe he wouldn't. Maybe his old man would keep the two of you. But I shouldn't imagine you'd like that much."

"His father doesn't keep him. He's a partner in the business."

"I'll bet he's a sleeping partner then. That cove never did a real day's work in his life."

"No? I suppose just because he happens to work with his brain instead of his hands, he's not as good as a radio mechanic."

"What's wrong with being a radio mechanic?"

"Nothing, if you've got ambition. But that's what you haven't got."

"Oh, yes I have."

"Oh, no you haven't. Mean to tell me if you had any ambition you wouldn't want to get me the kind of house I want, for one thing, instead of wanting to keep me stuck there in that rotten old terrace all my life?"

"But Irene, your mother likes the old place—that's the only reason we were going to stay on there."

"Oh, Mum doesn't really like it. Poor old thing, she's just used to it. She's lived there ever since we came to the city, and Dad died there. We've been too poor to move, and she's made the best of it, with her fernery . . . I hate that place."

"Well, I don't know, whenever I talk to you about getting a place out at Wentworthville or somewhere—"

"Wentworthville! That's just like you."

"Well, what's the matter with Wentworthville?"

Tom turned to look at her, and she laughed in his face.

"What's funny, Irene?"

"I was just thinking what Johnny Lambell would say to the idea of living at Wentworthville . . ."

"That's enough about Johnny Lambell."

Rather scared, but more indignant, at his tone, Irene flushed, and started to answer, when the tram stopped and Tom touched her arm to help her out.

She struck his hand away and jumped down and, without even looking back, hurried round the corner into Considine Street, and strode imperiously down before the terrace she hated.

Tom watched her as she followed at his ordinary steady pace. He almost

smiled at the contrast between her angry manner, and the daintiness of her slender figure, and golden-curved little head. Irene was certainly a bit out of place in Considine Street. The smile gave place to a sombre expression—a foreboding seized Tom. Irene was a bit out of place with him, too. He was too dull for her, or something. Still, he was at least devoted to her, willing to work all his life for her. He would be a better man for her than

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STAPLE FOODS that are Unstable

Decrease in Consumption of Flour and Meat

Gone are the days, good or bad according to one's experience, when children expected nothing more than piles of bread and jam for tea; when plates of wafer-like bread and butter were the correct preliminary to every other dish at a tea party. Gone, too, are the days when men were satisfied with a "chunk" of beef, and demanded none of the more dainty accompaniments of a meal.

What has been responsible for this change? Dietetics, fastidiousness, or a more cultivated palate?

THE World Wheat Conference in London has been stressing the necessity for encouraging the consumption of wheat, as well as giving consideration to its production. This has directed particular attention to the fact that bread is not eaten in anything like the quantity it was a few years ago.

Government records show a remarkable decrease in the use of the great staple food products—flour and meat—in recent years.

In 1911 people ate 287lb. of meat a head a year—equal to 5lb. a head a week. Australia was then regarded as the biggest meat-eating country in the world. However, the amount steadily declined and the latest figures show a consumption of 188lb. a head each year, or about 3lb. a week for each person. The latter figure is averaged over the last 15 years, and is not due to the depression. It is still much higher than any other country, but the drop compared with pre-war times is so big as to have had a great effect on the beef and mutton industries.

The reduction applies to flour and bread, though it is not quite as great as in the case of meat. Before the war the average consumption of bread was two loaves a head each week. It has now dropped to about 1 7-8 loaves a head each week.

The use of flour has been fairly substantially curtailed. The amount used each year in 1911 was 238lb. a head. It has now dropped to about 196lb. This is a drop from a little over 4lb. a week to about 3lb. a head. Spread over the

population, this decline makes a huge difference to the wheat industry.

It is interesting to note that along with the decline of bread-eating there has been a falling off in the amount of jam used. In 1911 15lb. a head were used each year. This has now dropped to 10lb. a head.

However, there has been an increase in the use of other types of food such as butter and articles containing sugar, which before the war would probably be classed as being in the nature of luxuries.

The craze for the slim figure and the belief that bread is fattening has been responsible for numbers of women cutting it out of their diet. But this would not account for the big reduction in

Contributing Causes

its consumption.

Dietetics have been the biggest factor. Every dietitian advocates a mixed diet, with a preponderance of "live" foods, by which is meant uncooked foods. They have been supported only too gladly by orchardists, market gardeners and the like, who have been just as desirous of increased consumption along these lines as have been the wheat farmers in their way.

Nothing has ever been found to take the place of bread, and certainly there is no prospect of it ever being replaced by any other foodstuff as part of our daily menu, but with all the forces that are against its increased consumption, how are we to effect a change in the present position?

A prominent master baker said the decline in bread consumption had been gradual. The average family, a man



MISS FRANCES DEE'S choice for a chic evening gown is white satin cut on classical lines with a twist of the material forming the neck-line.

and wife and two children, now took about six loaves of bread a week. Various causes were responsible for the decrease. Fruit and vegetables were cheap at the present time, and had been for the past 12 months. In summer there were other attractions in the way of foods that found favor. Ice-cream for instance!

else. Well, so long! He raised his hat, and, crossing the street, strode away. Irene looked after him for a moment, biting her lip. Then she shrugged, and pulling her fur across, walked round the corner and climbed into her husband's car.

"Hullo," said Johnny, "you weren't long to-night."

"No," said Irene, "Mother's not very well."

Mrs. Feather died, very happy, at 9 o'clock next morning.

Just at that hour the last bricks of her house in Conscience Street crashed to the dust under the picks of the demolishers. The fernery, of course, had been sold off two months before.

The FERNERY

(Continued from Page 5)

AT any rate, the fernery was all right. Every time they came she made them tell her about it. Sometimes they told her about new plants they had got for it to replace some of the old ones that were dying off. Sometimes there were new shoots to discuss, just like people discuss new babies in the family.

Once after a pale she was almost frightened to ask them, but Tom said when he came that the fernery hadn't done too badly. One or two fern baskets fell, and the columns had a branch broken off.

Mrs. Feather became aware that it was visiting time. With the realisation, the knowledge that Irene would be here within an hour, and Tom a little later, a delightful fact which she had entirely forgotten shone suddenly in her thoughts. Irene and Tom were going to get married. The thing she had dreamed of all these years was actually coming at last. Well, she was a good girl—a splendid girl, and she was getting a good man. There wasn't a better man than Tom to be found anywhere.

A flush crept into her cheeks, she had grown excited, but now she began to feel rather uncomfortable. When Irene arrived she was calmer, but rather weak and faint, and the nurse insisted that the visitor must not stay long.

"Mummy, you mustn't get excited," Irene warned her, and at once the flush began to rise again.

"What is it? What has happened, child?"

Irene didn't speak, but a slow smile gradually curved her delicious lips and she stretched out to her mother a smooth, delicate hand, on the third finger of which glittered a platinum circle.

"Irene! You're married!"

"Yes, dear. We decided not to wait any longer."

"Come here, dear, and let me give you a kiss. There! And I hope my little girl will be very, very happy. I feel sure you will, too. Tom is a splendid man, Irene."

"He is, Mother."

"Oh, but how wonderful to think of you two married! Why, you're quite a woman now, aren't you? Not my little girl any more."

"Yes I am, darling. I'll always be that. Don't you fret."

"I won't fret. I've never been so happy since my own wedding day. I can die happy, now."

"Die?" Irene turned pale. "You're not going to die, Mother!"

Mrs. Feather nodded slowly, complacently, with a peaceful smile on her wrinkled, aquiline face.

"It won't be long now," she told her daughter, "and I shan't mind a bit. I've had my life, and I've left you two happy. . . . Why, Tom! How are you, my dear? Come here and let me kiss the happy bridegroom. . . ."

She was growing more and more excited, and, as Tom stooped and kissed her the nurse, who had been hovering near, came up and softly asked the visitors to go almost at once.

"Well," Tom said, "I've bought that Chinese jar you had your eye on. It looks great in the middle of that top row of ferns. The next thing now is to fill it."

The old woman, intensely pleased, chided him.

"Go on, you silly fellow, talking about the old fernery when you know there's only one thing matters to you, and that's this marriage."

"Well, that's true, all right!" said Tom, in his old deliberate way, and looked across at Irene, who lowered her eyes.

"Tom, promise me you'll always look after her."

Tom swallowed, and promised.

There was a pause, and then the old woman asked, with a transparent affectation of indifference, would they be staying on in the terrace.

Of course they would, said Tom. They couldn't leave that fernery. And all three of them laughed, all rather hysterically.

"Really," said the nurse, "you must go at once. I don't think the patient is well."

Hurriedly, afraid they had done her harm, Tom and Irene kissed the old woman and said good-bye. She made no protest, merely smiling at them until they were out of sight. She was already sinking into a coma.

Outside, Tom and Irene strolled along to the corner of the street, neither speaking, each regarding the pavement in front of them.

When they halted on the corner, Tom said, "I hope she'll be all right."

"I hope so, indeed," said Irene. "You think she will, don't you, Tom?"

"Oh, yes, I think so."

They stood there for a moment, looking at the sooty branches of the trees that hung over the hospital wall.

"Well," said Tom, "good-bye."

"Good-bye, Tom," said Irene. "It's awfully good of you to do this for her."

"Oh, no. . . . couldn't do anything



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Read This First

LILIAN, a beautiful English painter, who has come to New Zealand to paint a new country and forget the great griefs that had befallen her in the Old World. Twice married, first to Olaf Carlisle, then to Peter Desmond, both husbands had been killed in the war. She thought she had done with love for ever. In New Zealand she meets

BILL EWING, a wealthy landowner and ex-soldier, who falls madly in love with the golden-haired Englishwoman staying at his homestead. She marries him. Just as she wins through to a real love of housekeeping, and a pride in it, Arthur Ransome, the new share-farmer, appears. Lilian faints. From then on she begins to change. Bill knows then positively that there is something wrong. There is. Lilian vanishes.

She writes, "I can never come back." Bill is heart-broken. He can imagine no reason for her leaving him except that he has sickened her with his bad grammar. He starts to study and improve himself. Some day he will go and search Europe for her. He learns from Arthur Ransome. Then there is a fire at Bill's homestead, and Arthur Ransome, trying to save Bill, loses his life. Bill and his mother take Germaine, Arthur Ransome's little girl widow, into their home, and Germaine, finding they are kind and rich, plots to squeeze money out of them.

Illustrated by
WEP



CHAPTER XXX

Two Girls Talking

Eve's Daughter

THE baby girl was some months old when Germaine made her famous visit to Wellington to see "mon avocat" about "mes affaires."

Germaine left the baby with Ma, who was devoted to it, and went to Wellington by boat from Picton, driven there by Yvonne, with whom she had struck up a great friendship.

In the car the two girls talked unceasingly, and very strange talk it was. "I found the letter in his collar-box, and I took the copy while he was out on the farm and put the letter back so as he'd never know, Germaine."

"Thank you," said Germaine. "Tomorrow I show it to mon avocat."

As they drove along Germaine slowly and haltingly read the letter aloud in the husky, foreign voice that Yvonne found so marvellously fascinating, just like Greta Garbo in the films.

"Bill, my Bill. I am not coming back. Better say it quickly and get it over. I can't come back; the worst of it is that I can't tell you why. I can tell you nothing. Something has happened, dear, that is all I can say. And I had to go; there was nothing else for me to do, absolutely nothing. I don't think I can ever come back, Bill. As far as I can see, it's impossible, so if you desire to free yourself in time, by the laws of New Zealand you may find it possible in time on the grounds of my desertion. I shall offer no opposition."

"You are brave and you are strong. You know that when anything has to be, it has to be. What else can I say? Only that I love you, world without end. And Ma, too, and John, and the pets, through knowing you all I have come nearest..."

"I wonder what your lawyer'll say," said Yvonne.

"He will say c'est evident, it ees clear," said Germaine.

"Yes, I seen her meself talking to him at the gate the night I come up to get some tomatoes," said Yvonne. "She come out after him. I see her."

"Tiens!"

"That would be not so very long before she cleared out."

"Ha!"

"She was looking up at him like, and he was looking down at her like; the Boss was inside," said Yvonne.

Yvonne liked to think that that curious little scene at the Boss's gates had branded itself on her intelligence as something distinctly to be remembered in this very exciting affair of Germaine's, who had promised to take her to France some day if everything came

right, and get her—yes, her, Yvonne—into the films, perhaps to begin with in a red satin costume trimmed with gold, selling sweets in some chic theatre, to begin with.

"Was she beautiful? Was she chic?" demanded Germaine as they drove along through the sunlight, looking as innocent and fresh as two young kittens.

Germaine often got the wrong word for a thing, reflected Yvonne, and "chick," she decided, must be one of the wrong ones, so she deftly answered, "She didn't dress near as good as you, Germaine."

"Me, I know the good clothes. I have the good taste," said Germaine.

"You dress lovely, you do, Germaine."

"Monsieur he loved her, hein?"

"I often seen him kissing her when nobody was looking."

"She was had lot," hissed Germaine.

"She was very lazy; she left me all the work to do," said Yvonne.

"She hated the work, hein?"

"She'd lay in bed and leave him get up and get her tea, and I did the work; she never did no work at all if she could get anybody else to do it. She was like that, always reading books."

"But she was beautiful and young!"

"Oh, no," said Yvonne, with emphasis, "she wasn't young at all."

She was as old as anything, she was. She was older than the Boss, I'm sure she was."

"Tiens!" said Germaine. "Beautiful, but passee. I wonder what mon avocat will tell me I must do."

CHAPTER XXXI

Twenty Thousand Pounds

VERY quiet, very chastened, was the poor little French girl who returned to Banowal three days later.

Very exquisitely tailored, though, in black cloth fitting to perfection, a

simple tailored suit from the capital city, and a simple beret to match.

To Ma, Germaine's things looked as if they had cost hardly anything. There was nothing on them at all.

She wore sparkling new black shoes and new silk stockings worthy of her charming ankles, and an elegant pair of long, fine, dark grey kid gauntlets.

"Forty pounds, this suit," she confided triumphantly to Yvonne in a dramatic whisper over the baby's head.

"Now we must talk," she said next morning to Bill. "But first a cigarette, n'est-ce-pas?"

They were sitting in Bill's office. It was ten o'clock on the morning after her return. Ma was out in the garden with the baby, showing it the flowers, and Yvonne was in the kitchen washing up the breakfast things and singing loudly to the imaginary scenes going on in the Boss's office between the Boss and this wonderful Germaine, with her startling theory about men, that men were meant to pay, and it was silly not to let them give you everything you wanted.

The poor little French girl sat bolt upright in a high-backed chair, and,

"You have offered, n'est-ce-pas?"

"Twenty thousand. Rats. You must be dippy," said Bill.

"That ees the sum," said Germaine with gentle solemnity.

She spoke very quietly, in a rather tired, rather wan, little childish voice that had absolutely no suggestion of greed in it at all, none, and for the moment Bill failed to see that she was greedy; he still felt nothing but pity.

"You see, Monsieur, your wife had relations with my husband."

"What's that?"

"She knew him before he came out here to be near her. They met. They had the affaire... We have letters, oh, and photographs, and many, many proofs. It was the affaire with your wife that brought my husband here, where he met with his death, n'est-ce-pas, Monsieur?"

Slowly the pity in Bill's heart froze into ice.

Germaine sat still, looking the picture of sadness.

"My poor husband was young very brave man. And he died for you."

Bill found it impossible for the moment to speak. He was truly horrified.

"Twenty thousand ees very little for rich man," Germaine softly told him. "You're not serious!"

"Absolument, Monsieur! It is necessary that one shall be serious about money."

"Of course I shall refuse."

"There is the process, Monsieur, and I have mon avocat!"

"Who is he?"

"He named a man well known to all

But often it happened that, as Lilian sat there, she would forget to eat and would lie down for a moment on her divan to rest, and memories would come flooding back.

New Zealanders as a lawyer to be avoided, a shady, shifty, backstairs lawyer such as every country possesses, even God's own country, New Zealand.

"So that's that," said Bill.

He was still half-amused all the time, even while he was growing most horribly disgusted.

Why, she must be just a regular little harpy, this little French girl with her sad, brown eyes and baby voice.

He looked down at her tiny hands. He felt utterly bewildered. To think such tiny hands could squeeze like that.

"I'll see your lawyer," he said at last. "That will be correct," she gravely told him. "He waits at Blenheim now to hear your ring."

"Oh, he does, does he?"

"Twenty thousand is nothing," she said gently, again getting back to her pathos. "Mon avocat, he says you are worth £250,000 at least. Surely, to save your wife's good name and compensate a poor little wife for the death of her husband, that sum is very little for a rich man to..." her English failed her.

"To cough up," said Bill.

"Mais oui!" said she.

"Well, I'm not going to cough it up. I'm going to fight this to the last ditch. Do you understand? I said I would give you money, but I won't pay you anything like that sum, so that's flat," said Bill.

"That is the price fixed," Germaine said quietly.

(Please turn to Page 8)

BY LOUISE MACK

Author of
"Teens Triumphant"

holding her dark head proudly high above everything, but showing a little extra leg at the other end much less proudly, she opened the attack.

"Mon avocat have advised me. I act only by hees advice. Comprenez? You understand?"

"What does he say?" asked Bill.

"Mon avocat says twenty thousand pounds."

"What!"

"Twenty thousand, that ees what he says."

"The devil he does. I mean who from? Who to pay?"

"You, Monsieur."

"Me!"

CHAPTER XXXII

In Italy

EVE'S DAUGHTER

LILIAN'S studio was in a high flat on Lung Arno Acciaio, near Ponte Vecchio, and its great window took in many of the marvellous things of Florence.

The Piazza Michelangelo, with its white David; the great yellow Certosa Monastery far away beyond San Miniato; Bellosguardo, and its black cypresses, and the fair, broad valley beyond, creeping away among cypress trees to Signa; Santo Spirito, just across the bridge; and the river Arno in between, yellow as an opal, with its perfect bridges, all lovely and all different, as they raised themselves above the narrow, yellow flood that cut through the very heart of the city.

The other side of the river was the best for light.

But Lilian had the choice of all lights in her studio—north, south, east, west.

For the studio was built up through the roof, with roof windows all round.

Canvases were everywhere. Models were easy to get in Florence. And oh, what models! Some genius seemed to lie in them all. They could not be

ought but graceful, old or young.

And their faces were as good to paint as in Botticelli's day.

For all their expressions were most amazingly faithful.

Their real souls looked out of their eyes.

Only one mask they wore, the mask of politeness, and that was not so much a mask as a sincere condition of mind.

And yet, and yet, with all the charm and beauty about her here, the image of one who was most different from these dearly beloved folk kept floating over Lilian's memory.

She could not drive out Bill's grey eyes.

She could not stifle that hoarse voice whispering, "I don't want you never to leave me!"

Fate kept playing her some cursed trick.

The sheer grace and elegance of these men and women made her heart paint little, burning, terrible pictures of a rough man chopping wood, or coming in with a bucket of water to fill the kettle, or making a fire, dipping sheep-

catching her in his arms. . . .

And yet she had left him.

She could not have done otherwise; there was nothing else for it, nothing at all.

The only thing left was work.

So all day long she worked in order not to think of Bill.

She grew very thin.

Her meals came in from Antonio's trattoria twice a day in a little portable stove; the faintest little hot meals they were, carried thither at twelve, and at eight, by one Giovanni, a black-haired youth of fourteen, in socks, who used grandiloquent words and bowed whenever he spoke.

"Did the Padrone give me mint sauce with the lamb?" asked Lilian one day.

Replied Giovanni, bowing: "After a titanic discussion, he did so!" And Lilian found herself smiling at the big word from the little boy.

Such dainty meals, they might have tempted an anchorite!

Assunta, from below, would come up and set the cloth and arrange the table.

And Lilian herself, when ready, would take the dishes hot from the stove—risotto with chicken's liver, golden chicken fried in oil, a dish of frusto misto (I pity anyone who knows not that!).

But often it happened that, as she sat there, she would forget to eat, and would lie down for a moment on her divan to rest, and then the studio would fade away, the food would grow cold on the table, and Lilian would be back in the old kitchen in World's End, by a crackling ake ske fire, watching an old lady pour out tea, while across the table sat a fair-haired man whose mere presence seemed to fill that unkempt room with life and music.

Through the kitchen window the wild ranges rose black against the sunset of pure scarlet, and the wind howled fiercely among the Rinnus.

But within the kitchen was an immense content, a divine sense of warmth and well-being, of coziness and security that laughed at loneliness till the word "lonely" took to its heels and fled like some craven thing that barked, but ran from your reprimand into the night.

It was always those rough, uncouth, early days that haunted Lilian.

The exquisite later days seemed folded away in dimness and unreality.

But those first days would not be driven out.

"I don't want you never to leave me!"

And she had left him!

Her longing deepened as time went on: her loneliness increased a thousand fold.

Just because she was living in the loveliest city in the world, just be-

cause she was living in the loveliest city in the world, just be-

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cause she was living in the loveliest city in the world, just be-

cause she was living in the loveliest city in the world, just be-

(Continued from Page 7)

always thought herself—a painter. Cooking, washing, ironing, washing-up notwithstanding, she was a painter, above all.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Things Begin to Happen

IN her little flat at Chelsea, with a studio on the ground floor, a bedroom above it, and the river Thames in front, Lilian was still dreaming of New Zealand. . . .

Often as she squirted the paints on her palette she was lathering yellow soap over china and silver in her big white kitchen at World's End, thinking what difference was there really between paint and soap? They could both produce most exquisite results for the eye and heart. And the big white kitchen, scrubbed and scoured, would rise before her like a picture, like a work of art, only with the difference that the kitchen meant, and was, real life, for all that wild, magnificent Tapi looked in at the window like a blue and green painting by Ruysdaele.

If only her finances had been easier; but she was terribly up against it now. Her little annuity had dwindled with the dwindling of all investments, until she had barely enough to eat. Saturday sometimes found her with exactly twopenny to get through the week-end with, and she would prow round spending that in farthings, getting her money's worth in King's Road like any poor old char. She had paid Jon for her lessons and her studio rent three months in advance by selling some rings and earrings, and she was now living on ten shillings a week. Ten shillings a week for gas, soap, cigarettes, electric light, paints, food, clothes, fares, everything! And yet in her heart of hearts she liked it, this hard, sharp life. She liked testing her endurance. She liked finding out how much she could bear. And there was a curious psychological reason at the bottom of her liking. It was that through her Bill was suffering, too—not hardship, but misery, which is far worse. So it was only fair that she should endure hard things who had brought such suffering into his life.

(Please turn to Page 12)



Soft Undulating Waves falling into NATURAL RINGLETS

This is an actual photograph of our Andree Wave, and is posed by beautiful Audrey Shimmocks. It depicts the new Coiffure with the tiny feminine ringlets clustering around the nape of the neck. Under the gentle, sympathetic treatment of our expert operators, a perfect wave is given, and the soft undulating waves, so deceptively natural, will beautify and make attractive even the plainest of features. With every wave, a guarantee of perfect satisfaction or refund of money is given, and you will enjoy, too, the luxurious comfort of the finest-equipped Salon in the city.

21/-

Shingle Head 15/-

Long Bob as illustrated 21/-

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Having just installed the latest—Amperage Electrolysis—we can permanently and painlessly remove all facial blemishes. . . .

Moles guaranteed Cured 10/6

Facial Hairs, Single Treatments 5/-, Course 11/1/-

CHIROPODY: Corns painlessly removed for 1/- under highly expert supervision.

BUCKINGHAM'S

OXFORD STREET

He Comes to Church

At last he came to church to-day;
Six neighbors carried him that way;
But, when he passed the portals straight,

Another had to swing the gate,
Another open wide the door,
For he could open it no more.
But now at last he came in search
Of something that they have in church.

The preacher spoke a helpful word,
And yet I wonder if he heard,
Or, if he heard, he understood?
His hearing now was not so good.
He was made welcome, for all men
Are always welcome, even then;
And yet he would have been, I know,
As welcome years and years ago.

We all must go to church some day,
But some of us too long delay.
The words of comfort by our bier
We could have come in life to hear,
For here to greet us waits a Friend
At the beginning, not the end.
Religion is for living—aye,
To live by, not alone to die.

L.M.

cause the helmets of the soldiers were designed by Michael Angelo, the door knockers by Della Robbia, the iron work of the balconies by Donatello, just because the roofs were flat and dark red, and the Campanile was perfect and rose and white, and the skies were sweet and blue, and the statues in the loggia stretched their arms to you as you walked across the Piazza; just because all the pictures in the world were here or round the corner, and the Day and Night was in the next street, and Rome was a few hours off, and Venice was nearer still; just because perfect beauty most cruelly demanded of you perfect understanding; just because perfect understanding came only from the light thrown upon you by another, so was her loneliness deepened in Florence, until even work began to fail her, and it seemed to her that she would be better dead.

She returned to London.

And then, just when despair was setting in, the gods were good to her, and things began to happen that made her know she was really what she had

Palmolive Green . . . the signal of safety

It's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

THOUSANDS of beauty fads and fancies have come and gone. But ever since the days of Cleopatra, lovely women have treasured olive oil in their beauty treatments. For never have they found olive oil's equal. Like a sentinel on guard, the olive tree has watched over feminine beauty—yielding its soothing oil to shield the radiant skin of youth from the relentless attacks of age.

Olive Oil makes Palmolive green, and the natural olive-green colour of Palmolive is the unmistakable sign of the promise it holds for you—an assurance of thorough, but gentle, cleansing—of skin protection which only mild olive and palm oil can give to "that schoolgirl complexion."



This much olive oil goes into every cake of Palmolive.

Faithfully shown by the size of the container on the left is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive.

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Careers for Girls.—No. 13

An ESTATE AGENCY is Worth WHILE



SOME aspects of the estate agent's business can be classed as necessities. People must have somewhere to live, and in the choosing of suitable premises at a suitable rent, women are much more helpful and understanding than men. Particularly in the small town or suburb is the woman likely to be a success in the estate business.

Real estate includes the buying and selling of large estates, of small house properties, the dealing in investments such as mortgages, etc., and the collection of rents and interests.

With improved financial conditions, all these activities are recovering, and there is opportunity for girls with knowledge of real estate matters.

A particularly successful woman engaged in this business informs us that, in her experience, the latter is the most likely to produce a sure and steady income for women.

In the collection of rents, the beginner builds up for herself a connection which, if she has the energy and requisite personality, will become the foundation of a good business. In its train follows the sales of home property. A tenant wishes to possess the cottage to which she has become attached. She confers with the agent who collects her rent as to the likelihood of the owner wishing to sell. In the event of a sale the commission is good. The new owner will require to insure her new property, and this, too, can be attended to by the agent. By degrees quite an income can be gathered from commission from insurance companies. Still, the backbone of this sort of business is the rent roll.

THIS requires some special qualifications. The real estate agent is actually the go-between between landlord and tenant, and for the letting of properties she must possess a working knowledge of the law existing in regard to the letting and selling of property, as well as of the practices common to matters relating to collection and agency.

Above everything, her integrity must be unquestionable. On this account it is advisable to start an agency in the town or suburb where she is well known, if such a place will provide the necessary opening. Failing this, the intending agent should collect as many references and letters as she can from influential members of her own suburb before approaching strange property owners for the agency of their properties.

The duties of such an agent are to collect the rents at regular intervals, or to employ a collector who visits each tenant regularly or arranges with the tenant to pay the rent at the office of the agent. A receipt must be given to each tenant, showing to what date the rent is paid.

A clear account must be kept for each tenant in a special ledger. All amounts must be entered from a receipt book or through a cash book to a ledger account in the tenant's name.

At regular intervals the agent has to account to her client for all moneys collected by her, and for this purpose a separate "landlord's ledger" is kept, and all accounts collected must be shown separately in each tenant's name. It is on the total amount collected that a commission (the amount of which has been previously arranged between agent and client) is charged, and this constitutes the agent's income from her rent roll.

After deducting commission from the total amount of rent collected, together with the amounts which may have been paid out by the agent for repairs during the month, a cheque for the balance of

People who deal in the necessities of life always have a tremendous advantage over the purveyors of mere luxuries. Particularly is this so during any time of financial depression. The poor unfortunate luxury dealers have a very thin time, but people have to go on buying necessities.

The amount is forwarded to the client.

It is important that all statements of money collections be rendered regularly and correctly, as the success or failure of the business depends on the confidence a client can place in his agent.

This brief outline will show that a knowledge of bookkeeping is utterly essential, and this can be obtained through any of the business colleges, many of which run a special course for those intending to become agents.

Women have shown a remarkable aptitude for this business, and in the seaside and mountain resorts those who have specialised in the letting of furnished homes have met with considerable success.

A Sideline

IT is only reasonable that women should do better than the average man with furnished property. To them the needs of the tenants, and the safeguarding of the owner's household effects, are of real interest. They do know when a house is adequately furnished, and, furthermore, how to make it attractive for a trifling expenditure. In this way they render the combined service of agent and home decorator for the one fee. The extra work is a pleasure to them and a benefit to all concerned.

In the more wealthy districts a sideline for women in real estate is an employment bureau.

Incoming tenants will need a maid, a



Showing prospective buyers or tenants over a home needs tact and selling ability.

man for the garden, a man to clean the car, a nurse for the child, or perhaps only a daily or weekly woman for the washing and cleaning.

The agent will have on her books all those who are seeking those kinds of employment in the district; she should know the merits of the applicants and the needs of the client, and from this business another source of commission is established.

For this service sometimes a small fee is charged the applicants to have their homes placed on the agent's books, and a further and larger fee charged the prospective employer when an employee is supplied. Others make no charge to register those seeking employment, but take either a small commission when a position is found for them, or else make the entire charge to the prospective employer.

Women with tact and energy work up for themselves excellent clientele in this business, particularly in growing suburbs where changes are regular and seasonal.

ABOUT Tea Cup READING

Lower Tries Fortune Telling

Illustrated by WEP

(By L. W. LOWER)

I and some of the other girls from the office had our cups read yesterday. It was really thrilling. Everything she told me was true! Well, except on two occasions.

WHEN it came to my turn, Sadie Simonds wanted to huilt in with her cup, but I got in first. I always did detest that woman.

The fortune-teller grabbed the cup and said: "You seem to be worried about money matters."

However she found that out, I'm dashed if I know.

"I can see you sitting down in some sort of vehicle," she continued. "It has a long pole on top and the doors open and shut. A man in uniform with a bag hung from his shoulders will receive money from you."

I thought this was a bit far fetched until I got into the tram to go home, and then it suddenly dawned on me what a marvel the woman was.

"There is a woman here," she went on. "You don't like her at all."

I looked up at Sadie Simonds, and she sniffed.

"Has this woman got a habit of sniffing?" I asked.

"Yes," said the fortune-teller.

"Does she wear a hat that looks as if it was bought at a jumble sale, and has she got a figure like a sack of potatoes?"

"Yes," was the reply. The woman was almost uncanny.

"THERE is a slight disappointment here," she said, twisting the cup around; "but there is good news here. It is right next to a seven. That means that you will get this good news either in seven hours, seven days, seven months, or seven years. Or it might be seventy-seven years. Watch out for it. Seven is your lucky number. Now show me your palm."

I put out my hand and she took it in hers.

"Hum!" she said. "You work down a mine."

That was the first thing she told me that wasn't true.

"Your life line is broken very close

SOMEONE ELSE

Who's to blame for all our cares?

Someone else.

Who has muddled our affairs?

Someone else.

When the cataclysm came

Who was guilty, who to blame?

It was easiest to claim

Someone else.

Who's the fellow that we ask?

Someone else.

Ours the trouble, his the task,

Someone else.

But some day prosperity

Will come back to you and me.

Who will bring it? It won't be

Someone else.

—C.J.

to where it starts. By rights you ought to be dead."

"Too right!" said Sadie Simonds.

"Oh, Sadie, dear," I said, looking up.

"You've gone and put your hat on back to front! Or is it always like that? Though I can't think it can be. It wasn't like that last year. Are you sure you didn't sit on it at some time or other?"

I really could have scratched her eyes out, but I always think that a kind word is better than anything.

"A DARE man will cross your path,"

went on the fortune-teller.

"What for?" I asked, blushing slightly.

"Because you're in the way," said Sadie.

"He is tall and handsome," continued the tea-cupper, hurriedly. "And is used to handling vast sums of money. He looks like a man high up in the Government service."

I could see Sadie squirming in her seat.

"He is trying to get in touch with you. You will probably hear from him shortly. As a matter of fact, it looks to me very much like the Income Tax Commissioner."

"That's quite true," I said. "The Income Tax Commissioner writes to me nearly every day. And him such a busy man, too. I think you're wonderful."

"And, of course," she said, putting the cup down. "that sugar in the bottom of the cup means joy for you."

"But I never take sugar!" I exclaimed.

Sadie Simonds burst into the most



"Don't tell me there's nothing in tea-cup reading . . ."

vulgar laughter I have ever heard, just like a hyena which builds its nest hyena tree. What ho!

I straightened my neck and got to my feet.

"Now, there's to be no fighting," exclaimed the fortune-teller.

That was the second time she was wrong. Apart from that, everything she told me was absolutely right, and, would you believe it, I pushed Sadie over

seven times, tore her hat in seven pieces, had seven handfuls of hair off her (which she could ill afford to lose, I can assure you), and it took seven policemen to separate us!

Don't tell me there's nothing in cup reading after that.

I don't care whether it's tea cups, egg cups, buttercups, oh hiccups, I'm sure that woman would be marvellous at all of them.



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An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 2, 1933.

PRIVILEGES WORTH PRESERVING

THE other day German Nazis led through the streets of Nuremberg a girl, head-shaven and offensively placarded, whose opinions differed from theirs. Such an incident, galling to women everywhere, could happen only in a country where democracy is suspended.

It is a revival of the spirit which in the bad old days, not so far behind us, prompted witch duckings and burnings, and is a natural accompaniment of the contemporary movement, in Germany and other countries, to deny woman any place in society other than that of a housekeeper.

Australian women can reflect comfortably that in this country, where women were given the franchise, in some colonies, long before Federation, feminine influence on public policy is, even directly, scarcely less than man's. Add the indirect influence that women exert through their men, and woman's position is seen as even more advantageous.

Australia will see no degrading public pillorying of women, no cart-tail processions, while universal franchise rules and while it is wisely exerted, in a full consciousness of the privilege and power it confers, by the citizens.

It should not be forgotten that our women were given full rights of citizenship long before the women of most other countries. Englishwomen only secured acceptance of their right to vote when, during the Great War, they were able, as a sex, to show that their usefulness to the nation did not stop at the front gate. Frenchwomen still have no vote in the election of those who make their country's laws.

No Hitler and no Stalin will rule public opinion and upset the basis of morality and charitableness in our Commonwealth while Australian women continue to use their voice in the community's affairs with moderation and, when necessary, with uncompromising vigor.

—The Editor.

LYRICS OF LIFE

IF WE WOULD COME

If I would come to you some day,
If I would come to you and say
"Forgive me"—but my lips are dumb,
A thousand times we think that way,
But never come.

Or, if I never came to you,
If you would come and whisper, too,
"I have forgiven, long ago"—
And yet you never will, I know;
We never do.

SO YOUR SISTER'S MARRIED NOW



IS SHE HAPPY?



OH, YES



HER HUSBAND'S SCARED TO DEATH OF HER



POINTS OF VIEW

Our Cows Are Cows

RENEWED efforts are being made to introduce daylight saving, the Mayor of Yass being the latest advocate.

When the scheme was tried for six months during the war it met with Australian-wide disgust. Dairy farmers objected because it increased the hardships of their working conditions.

Mothers did not like it because they could not put their children to sleep in the early evening. Wives were unanimous against it because they could not get their husbands home.

Labor organizations vetoed it because it meant longer hours for domestics. And, finally, to add the last straw to a heap of other objections, it was said, quite seriously, that cows objected to being milked an hour earlier each day. In England, where daylight saving is a regular annual event, the cows are more obliging.

Well-Kept Secret

IF any women are deserving tribute it is the thousands of wives whose husbands "drink" while the rest of the world knows nothing about it. They never tell their secret, but shield and excuse their man for the sake of appearances and pride. They exist in every part of the community, in "homes" in furnished bed-sitting rooms, in suburban houses, and select city residential areas.

Down in the narrow streets and crowded industrial quarters the husband who comes home and abuses his wife advertises his horrible conduct; next door another husband may be doing the same thing; there is little need for secrecy. But even here there are brave little women dreading that their secret will be taken from them; women who see money being spent on beer instead of boots, and who live in daily fear of exposure.

With the suburban wife and her circle of friends it is different. She must offer excuses when her husband doesn't appear. He may be in a back room "sleeping it off," but she has to "carry on" smilingly, hoping he won't join the party to expose her bluff that he was working back at the office. Women in every city in Australia are doing this sort of thing, suffering in silence and guarding well their secrets. They are true heroines.

Exploding the Toothbrush Myth

AT the Adelaide congress of the Australian Dental Association, the president, Dr. T. J. Edwards, said that in the last 20 years thousands of pounds had been wasted on toothbrushes, and that, through ignorance, their universal use had not resulted in any marked decrease in dental decay.

So expert, at habit forming, has the human race become, that this excellent hygienic article and its twice daily use is in danger of becoming a superstition. The average person places the same faith in the magic power of the toothbrush as the negro places in his lucky rabbit's foot.

But the toothbrush is only effective when used properly, and even then, as experts tell us, it will not stop decay if the individual's diet is faulty. Tooth-brushes make clean teeth, but the secret of good teeth is diet.

HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

By WEP

A Life's Pageant

MRS. CATHERINE QUIRK, a Mosman resident who died a few days ago, at the age of 98, was walking and talking before Melbourne, which to-day has more than a million inhabitants, was so much as a tiny village.

The length of her life is a reminder of the almost incredibly brief period in which Australia has developed to the respected position which she holds in the world of the present.

Mrs. Quirk was a young woman of 21 when N.S.W. received its Constitution, with an elected Legislative Assembly and the nominated Council which is only now being replaced by an indirectly elected Upper House.

She was 16 when the gold discovery was made that populated Australia, and (whisper it to your friends from the West!) she was 33 before West Australia ceased to receive transported English convicts. Mrs. Quirk was already only five years off the allotted span when Australia became a Commonwealth.



THE GIRL in the coat in the rain in the bigger picture is an improvement, don't you think, on the girl in the rigout of the gay '90's in the smaller picture?

The Law's Strange Ways

MANY women must have gasped at the apparent contradiction in terms of the news, published the other day, that Paul Grierson, the man who blundered a postal official in the William Street, Sydney, hold-up was appealing to the High Court against his sentence, "which had already been reduced from 35 years' penal servitude to penal servitude for life!"

Can the law sentence a criminal to imprisonment during a period longer than his life?

Well, only by a fiction. "Life," as a sentence, usually means in practice something between 15 and 18 years' imprisonment. The criminal's case is reviewed, after he has served about that term; then the Governor may allow him out, under certain conditions.

As a criminal may win a remission of his sentence by not more than one-third, for good behaviour, Grierson, by his original sentence, could not have got out of gaol in less than 24 years. Hence "Life" would most likely be a less severe sentence.

THE very bad listener is rather an inaccurate description of the fourth type, for she does not listen at all. Before you have finished your first remark she has taken a running jump into the middle of it with the air of a bather plunging joyfully into the waves, or the hasty way in which the music lover twirls the radio set knobs when he is hunting the ether for a Bach mass, and inadvertently releases a blast of jazz. There is nothing for you to do about it, so you might as well relax and think out a way of making your old frock into a pinafore dress to wear with blouses. The v.d.l. is hardened to having people fidget and squirm and yawn at her, and even if you tried to express polite interest, you would have to shout so loudly that it would break up any social gathering, and probably get in the police and the fire brigade . . . and, anyway, the v.d.l. wouldn't listen to you.

Now, do practise good listening. It is an interesting and pleasant art in which one can be always improving oneself.

Listen! LISTEN!

It's becoming one of the Lost Arts

By ELAINE MACDONALD

Of course you and I listen very nicely, and all our friends say that they do, too, but there certainly are a great many people who don't. Men and women are much alike in this respect, except perhaps the well-trained married man who has a special technique of his own.

WHEN a talkative wife embarks on a long narrative he gets a pleasant expression on his face, fixes his eyes on the far distance, and maintains a restful silence until she has finished. Then he says, "H'm" in a kind voice. There is nothing in his expression and manner to indicate that he is listening to a single word; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to indicate that he isn't, and his wife seems quite satisfied.

A few Sundays ago, however, my friend, Mary, called in with a bachelor, one George, who had her out in his car and looked like becoming a steady admirer. Speaking of a mutual friend in England, he said: "Tell her when you write to be sure to see . . ."

Mary: "Of course, I think it is simply wonderful her getting that trip."

George: "To be sure to visit the London . . ."

Mary: "She has worked so hard and she has been marvellous to her family."

George: "To visit the London Museum. She likes history . . ."

Mary: "Oh yes; she has always been keen on history."

George: "The museum has the dresses and furniture and household articles of the English people for . . ."

Mary: "Now how interesting! I've never seen any pictures of that."

George (scowling): "For hundreds of years back . . ."

Mary: "Now why don't they show that at the pictures instead of American talkies all the time? So bad for children!"

At this point George said crossly that they had better be going, and, muttering something about the tyres, went out to the car. Mary couldn't understand his being "so cross and rude." I mentioned cautiously that I thought she made him rather "snaky," interrupting him so much. Mary was amazed, and said that she hadn't interrupted him at all, and had been most interested in hearing all about the museum. I did not dare to point out that she had a most nerve-racking way of showing it. I have since heard that George has been seen about a lot with a pretty dark girl. Mary is fair.

One might classify listeners as good, fair, bad, and very bad. The good listener, when you mention having seen "Cavalcade," says, "And how did you feel about it?" She listens attentively while you tell her, content that her turn will come, and that it would not mean calamity and sudden death if it didn't—a point that the bad listener is apt to overlook. She actually likes hearing other people's ideas as well as her own, unlike as this may seem to the monologue merchant.

THE fairly good listener regards a conversation as something in which you take turns, as in listening to a crystal set with only one pair of headphones. When you stop she carries on, but makes no comment on what you have said, so that you do not know if you have interested her or not. You therefore do not get the sense of mutual pleasure and companionship that you do with the good listener.

The bad listener opens and shuts her mouth like a fish, fidgets, gasps, and makes it clear that she does wish that you would stop talking and let her do it and make a proper job of it. This eager desire to pour out her own ideas and experiences may be due solely to vivacity and enthusiasm; she may be very much more brainy and interesting than yourself, and, strangely, often the woman who talks too much is of so kind and helpful a nature that much is forgiven her. Still it remains in itself an egotistical and not a well-mannered thing to do.

The AGE of Beauty



THOUGH Mark sat sprawled out in his chair, with his long legs stretched in front of him and his head thrown back, gazing up at the ceiling through the blue smoke of his cigarette, his careless attitude wore an abundant grace—as did everything else in that luxurious flat.

The two friends sat silent for some moments, Henry studying first Mark's fine, lined face with its abundant crop of iron-grey hair, and then the faintly colored sketches—Mark's work—that hung on the walls.

He was trying, as he had tried during the four years he had known this man, to reconcile the two sides of his complex personality—the artistic, which yearned for leisure and happiness, and the commercial that had made of Mark Polwell a prosperous solicitor.

It was the latter aspect of him that he saw first—the only aspect of him he had known until the divorce that had brought these two men together had been taken successfully through its legal processes. Since then they had been friends, meeting often, generally in Mark's flat, for Henry's hotel suite was barren of homeliness and offended Mark's sensitive artistic susceptibilities. They had much in common—a sympathetic, philosophic calm, wealth, loneliness and an appreciation of the finer things in life.

Where they differed was in Henry Harland's lack of any will for action. Young—he was still in his thirties—he had been content to fritter away his generous inheritance on pleasure, which in a conspiracy of opportunity and boredom had lost him his wife. At first he would not admit, even to himself, that it was a loss. He had tired of her and felt it served her right for not securing her future by forgiving his fault. But there were moments now when he confessed to Mark that he had thought of marrying again, and would, but for his dread that he might indulge in the same unhappy lapse with a like consequence.

These thoughts were with him again to-night. While Mark blew smoke rings up at the ceiling, Henry, his fingers toying with his glass, wondered why beauty is so transient. It seemed to dwell in women for just long enough to aid Cupid in his design; and then it tripped away to another, who often lured the husband away from the first.

So, at any rate, Henry thought; and he felt that one so susceptible to beauty as he should not, in fairness to womankind, undertake the responsibilities and risks of matrimony again.

As his eyes rested on the handsome profile of Mark, he wondered if Mark, too, had not come to a like conclusion. He was young yet—in his early forties—and just as responsive to beauty—in things, at any rate, and possibly even in women—as he was. Then, as if desirous of voicing his thoughts, he tapped the low walnut table with his glass to rouse Mark from his smoke-cloud reverie.

"Have you ever considered, Mark," he began in a dim voice that seemed to come from the depths of his reflections, rather than from his lips, "how quickly woman sheds her beauty? In ten years or so it is gone, and then—"

"And then," cut in Mark, his eyes still on the ceiling, "there follows more than half a lifetime of disillusion." He sat up suddenly, drew in his legs, and stubbed out his cigarette.

"I have," he went on, raising an explanatory finger, lawyer-like, "always kept distinct in my mind the two separable types of feminine beauty—the beauty of youth, which is vigorous and charged with passion, and the beauty of age, which is calm and soothing and blest with a gentle, infinite charm. In marriage we all—or almost all—"

A DOUBLE rap at the door, accompanied by the ringing of the bell, interrupted him. He returned with his forefinger through the envelope of a telegram, and, as if eager to pursue his broken thread of thought, added:



Illustrated by Moppett

"Most of us make the mistake of marrying . . ."—and then, as his glance fell on the words of the now unfurled telegram, he interrupted himself and seemed to read through the message two or three times over.

Henry saw his eyes brighten. The air of earnestness brought on by the flush of converse gave place to a mellow look of satisfaction. Mark's lean, ascetic face spread in a smile, flashing his small, almost mouselike teeth. He read through the telegram once again and then, folding it tenderly, put it carefully into his pocket-book.

"Another drink?" he asked Henry, in a changed, cheerful voice.

Mark filled two glasses, lit a cigarette and returned to his chair, resuming his sprawled, pleased attitude of "all's well with the world."

For some moments the friends sat again in silence, Henry respecting the solitude that Mark's joy seemed to demand. Then Mark, speaking slowly, resumed:

"I was talking about marriage and love. Dear, dear! What mistakes we all make in life! We fall in love with youth, which is evanescent; it is as unlasting as the thousands who hurry after a last bouquet. And we marry the beauty of youth, forgetting that that beauty will fill but a brief span of our married lives. We marry on an impulse of passion, instead of with thought of the long to-morrow that marches dispassionately onward after its parting from youth."

"I was resolved I should not make this mistake," Mark added, shutting his eyes, as if to look back within himself into his past. "I remember I was no more than nineteen or twenty when the resolve first shaped itself in my mind. You see, even then there was in me that artistic—or—"

he searched with his neat, tapering fingers for the elusive word—"that artistic sense, that love of real beauty, which made me suffer when I looked on the faces of most of the women whose beauty was merely a vague echo clamped down with powder and paint; women who groped in their yesterday's for what they could rescue to wear as a battered mask of departing youth, in the hope that it may deceive the world. It neither deceives nor does it please."

"I felt, even then in my early youth, that the pain of those patched-up years ahead would be more than my soul could endure, and I resolved never to marry. And then suddenly I dis-

She was a little fond of pleasure . . . but once she had had her fling she was the sort of girl who would settle down.

covered that other beauty in woman—the beauty of age."

Henry was seated forward, his chin on his hand—an awkward attitude for a plump man, but his intense interest made him heedless of his comfort. While Mark sipped his whiskey slowly, Henry's fingers fidgeted, tapping gently on the low walnut table, as if to signal in impatience—"Go on, go on!"

Mark wiped his mouth.

"The beauty of age," he repeated. "I think it was my mother's picture that first made me realise that. How few of us know there is any beauty in age! It is a sweeter beauty, much more sincere and understanding than the brief, restless beauty of youth . . . So I decided that if I ever married I should pick my wife through the mature beauty of her mother."

"It was not an easy thing to do," Mark went on. "I searched for months without success. Instead of taking young girls out to a dance or the theatre, I used to attend whist drives and women's meetings in order to gaze upon the faces of the elderly."

"There were not many attractive faces among them—most of the faces were hideous. Why?—old age so often sours? It wears an outlook that is resentful to youth, instead of that look of content that must spring from an appreciation of its own assets. It stands on an eminence that none may approach without making the same sacrifices that age itself has made. It is an eminence of knowledge, of experience, of life—an eminence erected by years of suffering and sorrow and joy, of love and laughter, an eminence that has been watered by a thousand emotions. Old age that has endured them all and has—or should have, were it not so resentful—become chastened by the experience."

"I think I was twenty-five when I met Claire—or rather, I should say, I met her mother. I did not meet Claire until some months later. You see, I wanted to know the mother, to understand her, before I was prepared to meet the girl. Mrs. Spencer was a kindly old soul—simple, but affectionate. Her face was pleasantly lined and her soft blue eyes had sympathetic depths. I was disappointed when I met Claire. She was too pretty. She had the beauty of youth and all that goes with the beauty of youth. In features and in temperament she seemed to take more after her father."

Old age—It is a much sweeter beauty, much more sincere and understanding than the brief, restless beauty of youth!

And when I met him I abandoned all idea of marrying Claire. He was a casual, untidy sort of man—rather fond of a gay, noisy life. Claire, would, I am sure, have wrecked my happiness and my maturer years. I gave up Claire."

"A year later I found Dorothy's mother. Facially, she was beautiful with age, but when I knew her better I realised that Dorothy was not for me. She took entirely after her mother and had inherited even that flaw which is intolerable in a wife—the flaw of interference. Even before I had decided to become engaged, Dorothy was at me in the way she had seen her mother boss and bully her poor old beaten father."

"Then I met Julia. I saw her mother at the vicarage. The padre was a distant relative of mine, and Julia's mother, a schoolgirl friend of the vicar's wife, happened to be calling on the occasion of one of my all too rare visits. I took an instant liking to Julia's mother. Calm, sweet-tempered, neat, affectionate, sympathetic—she was all that and more. She had a small, round baby face—the sort of face, you know, that never grows old. She had a level head and a clear insight into life. The sort of woman one could look forward to every morning at breakfast. The sort of woman who would always understand—and Julia took entirely after her. In her youth—Julia was only twenty when I was twenty-seven—she was a little fond of pleasure, but I could see that once she had had her fling she was the sort of girl who would settle down, and be glad to settle down. I decided without hesitation to marry her."

Mark Polwell shut his eyes and lingered in his memories. He was silent,

"But I've known you for four years."

Mark ignored the interruption.

"At first," he said, "the marriage was a tremendous success. We were exquisitely happy and as I saw her grow more and more like her mother, I realised that all would be well in the years that stretched ahead. But on the threshold of age—when she was not yet thirty-two—that craving for life, for fun, asserted itself. I suppose I must have been too immersed in my work. The law takes a lot out of one's time. It's the old story, you see. A neglected wife—or one who fancies herself so—and opportunity in the form of one who offered her a fuller existence . . . She left me five years ago."

"That must have been a terrible blow . . ." Henry began, but Mark raised his hand and stilled the sympathy.

"Here is her photograph," said Mark. "You see, she has charm, sympathy, an honest face—she was always honest with me, even when she decided to leave. We talked it out—as it happened, unsuccessfully. But the point is that she did not leave a note upon the mantelpiece and slip off while I was away. She was honest and sincere enough to face it—to try and make me understand. Even at that moment I could not help admiring that quality in her. I can see now the indescribable sympathy in her eyes as she pressed my hand and said good-bye. I think there were tears in them, too."

Henry, a smaller man, patted Mark affectionately with a plump arm. "I'm sorry, old man," he said.

MARK replaced the photograph on the bureau.

"And that is why," he said, resuming his seat and his sprawled attitude, "that is why I feel—I know—I have picked wisely, and that the method I adopted will ensure me that beauty and companionship in age to which my heart has looked forward in these intervening years. I am forty-three now. In another five or six years I shall want to put my feet in slippers before the fire. It is comforting to know that the wife in whose ageing beauty you can glory, will be there . . ."

"Will be there?" echoed Henry.

"Will be there," repeated Mark, as he drew from his breast pocket the telegram he had received earlier. He unfurled it tenderly and held it out to Henry, who seized it eagerly and read: "You were right, Mark as always. I want to come back. Meet me Victoria, Tuesday—Love from Julia."

Henry mopped his brow as he handed it back, and then moved to the door.

"Shall I pour you out one, too?" he asked.

But Mark did not hear him. There was a happy, ecstatic smile on his thin face as he sat with the telegram spread before him, reading it again and again.

By R. J. MINNEY

but Henry could see the thin smile of rapture flit across his taut face.

"I'll show you her photograph," Mark said at last, rising.

Henry rose, too—suddenly, as if in surprise—and saved his light, exquisite Louis the Sixteenth chair from falling.

"But, excuse me, old man," he jerked out, "you aren't married, are you? No, of course not. Well, tell me what put you off . . ."

"Nothing put me off," said Mark, turning a stern face upon him. "Of course, I'm married. I married Julia fifteen years ago, after a whirlwind courtship that lasted only a few weeks."

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EVE'S DAUGHTER

WHAT was Bill doing? Some day she must write to him. She must send an address. What was he thinking? Was he hating her? Was his love gone? Had he no kindly memories to soften his anger? But at that point her emotions always warned her that she must not think of Bill. She must change the current of her thoughts.

Luckily, there at her elbow was the best way to do so. She would force her thoughts into her workmanship. Then, the hardest thing of all, she would drag herself to the easel and, once there, the worst would be over, all the rest would soon be wonderful. The Maoris' dark faces would come glowing with the goldenness of the primitive age out of her canvases, and oh, she knew them—how marvellous that was!—she really knew them. She had talked with them, laughed with them, drunk in the music of their language, heard their inimitable singing voices soaring to their blue skies, petted their babies, loved their adorable brown boys and girls. "Angry means pooka!" "Water means wai!" Was not their country Maori-land? Ah, to be painting them was her only joy now.

One Sunday morning, when things were at their blackest, a big man came knocking at her door, and into her clean, well-scrubbed studio walked, to her vast surprise, the great painter, Jon, himself.

"Yes, my dear, you are right to be amazed. It must be something extraordinary to fetch old Jon out of his cubby-house, and it is! I got a buyer for your Maoris."

"My goodness! That's very wonderful!" gasped Lillian.

"Great Scott!" cried Jon. "What have we here?"

With his cape floating behind him, Jon was peering round her studio, his vivid blue "surgeon's eyes," as they called them in Chelsea, going straight to the depths of everything in the way that Lillian immensely loved and immensely envied.

"Good! Rippling! Amazing! Queer," he flung out. "Leg a bit crook, perhaps! By Jove! How clean everything is here; some women painters are so dunned dirty! Soap and water here! By Jove! You've got a most marvellous collection."

"I've had marvellous luck," murmured Lillian, trembling a little, but speaking out of the depths of herself, as one always did to Jon. "I got into a new world, New Zealand. I found what was for me a new race, the Maoris. And I loved them. And I lived there for a long time."

"One must have a long time," nodded Jon.

"And I loved it," she repeated brokenly.

"One must love it," agreed Jon, ambulating round her walls again. "Well, my dear, you're damned lucky, and that's all I can say. You have had what all us artists need more than anything in the world—a big transition for the eye and the brain. That was why the primitives went to Heaven among the angels and the resurrections. That's why we modern artists went to the Front. We artists never wanted to kill Fritz. We only wanted to see the color of the battlefields, and how he fought, and how we fought. But that was too unnatural. Besides, it was filthy. It served its purpose fairly well, mind you, Lillian. It stirred us artists up as a mass as nothing else had ever stirred us as a mass. And some of us showed up really great under the stirring. George Lambert, for instance, who went and died in Australia, and a few others. But your chance was different. You entered quite normally into a new world that was normal, although it was new to you. You got right into it. You loved it. Your work shows that. You were—what age shall we say, dear? Anyway, you were thirty, perhaps forty (God knows, and He won't tell). And there and then, in the zenith of your commonsense (if you had any), you were vouchsafed a new life in a new and beautiful antique world with marvellous carven people like that to look at. Oh, my God, girl, what a chance, and how you seized it!"

He went on to tell her that an American connoisseur with a few millions to play about with had taken a violent fancy to her "Maori Princess" up at Jon's studio, and "Her Little Boy on a Pony," and as he was making a gallery of women painters for "Barstons" he had probed Jon about this Mrs. Desmond, whose draughtsmanship was so virile, so all alive-oh, so amazingly right.

"My God, girl, you can draw!" said Jon again.

"I learnt from you," said Lillian softly; "and I had that time among them. I made hundreds of sketches."

"You must have an exhibition; you've got the goods. You've knocked me right over. We must let the public see these. We'll rake in a few of the nobles. You've got something different to show them. Tell me, can you really see that red volcano from that train? I love those Maoris through the train windows. Great! Great! Really and truly great! Now what about giving



CIVIL SERVANT: That "Nap forty-five minutes" on my time-sheet was for my afternoon siesta, sir; I wasn't playing cards.

BOSS: Oh, that's all right, then; I'm glad you realise I won't tolerate gambling in any form!!

me a bite? I left without any breakfast."

Lillian's face turned glowingly red, then went slowly white as death.

"What a lovely face lit up," thought Jon, aghast.

"I'm terribly sorry, Jon; I haven't been out to do my shopping," said Lillian, bravely.

"That's all right, dear," said Jon. "My God!" he said to himself. He

(Continued from Page 8)

pressed her thin hand. ("My God!" he said to himself again.) Well, your American will be over at three. I'll come with him. You may need backing in your prices—women often do. We must work him while the iron's hot. He gave me two thousand for my 'Wipers' without a murmur. And you're the goods, my dear. I honestly and genuinely mean it. I'm jolly glad, too. But you ought to have made me come before to see your truly marvellous things!"

Driving back to his studio, old Jon was ruminating.

"If that had been another woman, I would have taken her to lunch holus bolus; but I simply didn't dare suggest it. She's so fine I might have hurt her, and I wouldn't like to hurt her; she's been hurt enough already with her place as clean as a new pin and not a bite to eat anywhere, and that leviathan mass of bright, brave, beautiful work."

Suddenly dear old Jon stopped his driver and told him to return like greased lightning to that studio.

"I remembered something," he shouted as he came leaping into the studio, and in a flash he had seen to his immense delight that Lillian was at her easel, painting quietly, not crying, not having hysterics. "I remembered a quotation. I came back to tell you in case I forgot. It's by A. E.: 'I begin by the grass to be bound once again to the Lord. Isn't it great? And it's you, Lillian Desmond, who went to New Zealand and learnt to paint Maoris. Now, come and have lunch at Pagan's with me for my trouble.'"

An unforgettable lunch that was, in the almost empty, shadowy restaurant, for it was then that Jon persuaded Lillian to go to Paris as soon as possible after her London show and get some lessons from "X," who had an absolutely new technique about horses.

"No rot, no sentiment, just go; that's what the 'Oss' is," said Jon, pouring good red wine generously into his glass and hers.

"I think so, too," agreed Lillian, revealing in her heavenly mushroom omelette, and thinking to herself that Bill was a master of horses, and Jon would have agreed with this.

Suddenly, sitting there at Pagan's, eating that perfect lunch with Jon, she could hear Bill talking about Punch, telling her how old Punch would carry all he ought to, but no more! That must have been because Punch knew himself what Jon was saying, that horses were not for rot, not for sentiment; they were just for go, as Jon was saying again, the great, the famous Jon, with his European reputation and his lovely quotation, "I begin by the grass to be bound once again to the Lord."

Three weeks later saw Lillian in Paris. There was money in her pocket now, and a new coat on her back; but the ache in her heart was just as terrible as ever.

She cried herself to sleep at nights now that she had money. While she was starving she had been afraid to break down. But now she cried aloud his name, "Bill, oh Bill!" many a night into the lonely darkness.

(To be Concluded)

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WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA



YOUNG AUSTRALIANS are always hero worshippers of prominent sportsmen. When Ted Morgan, the visiting American lightweight, dropped into a Sydney kindergarten last week, he was immediately surrounded by eager children.



(RIGHT): This portrait of Lady MacCallum, which will appear in the annual exhibition of the Society of Artists, at the Education Department, is to be hung in the Hall of the University Settlement, which Lady MacCallum founded, and of which she is hon. life president. Hundreds of women have engaged in social service under Lady MacCallum's guidance and inspiration, and this portrait was painted as a tribute to her.



MISS GLADYS MONCRIEFF is not only a great singer, but an enthusiastic golfer. This picture was taken at the Tamworth golf links, which she visited recently.

AN INTIMATE PICTURE of the Royal party at Wimbledon, watching the matches in which our Australian champion, Jack Crawford, took part. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford were presented to the King and Queen at the conclusion of the play.

—Air Mail photo.



LITTLE MERLE MATTSSON, of Burwood, makes friends with the kookaburras. This photo was taken at the Canley Vale picnic grounds.



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At right. Ideal for present wear is this ENSEMBLE SUIT in BLACK CRINKLE CREPE. Dress has top of black and white crepe-de-chêne and pleated panel, back and front of skirt. Coat is trimmed with black/white crepe-de-chêne, and has pleated panel back and smart leg of mutton sleeve. O.S. fitting. Price 39/6

HORDERN BROTHERS

WHERE GIRLS Must PAY And Go HOME Alone

What Germany's New Freedom Means

From NELL MURRAY, Our Special Representative.

In Germany women do not have nearly so much fuss made about them as in England and Australia. It was always so—but now the tendency is more pronounced, with Hitler's "back to the home" movement encouraged in every possible manner.

BERLIN.

WHEN you see a girl out with a man it is quite usual that she will pay her own expenses, and that she will not expect him to escort her home after the evening's entertainment is over. In any case, their pleasures are very simple. Most of the theatres are shut in Berlin at present; all the more elaborate dance halls and cabarets are closed down—and even if such sophisticated entertainments were still available, only a very few would have the money to pay. Crowds of young men and girls pour out of Berlin to the Wannsee and the neighboring lakes, to the Grunewald and the pine woods, after a day's work is done. There they go swimming and sun-bathing and idling; they dance in the open-air restaurants for the price of a few pence—what it costs them for a cup of coffee or a mug of beer.

During the whole of my stay in Berlin I have not once seen a woman wearing a formal evening gown, although I was continually in and out of the fashionable hotels. The tourist industry is temporarily dead, all the luxury trades are languishing, and the only occasions on which costly clothes are worn by women is when some big official social function takes place. Young Nazis will tell you contemptuously: "Hitler does not want tourists in Germany. Our country for the Germans alone—that is the slogan."

Nevertheless, within the last month Hitler has inaugurated the special tourist "reichsmark," whereby the traveller arriving from a foreign country is provided with a letter of credit in his own

The sun-tanned complexion has been adopted as a kind of fetish with the modern German woman, and so very little use is made of creams, powders, or rouge. But I have seen quite a lot of lipstick—some of it very artistically applied.

THE outfit most favored by Berlin women in this most critical summer tends towards the economical. You see hundreds of them clad in neat white suits of linen or coarse crash, with gloves to match. They go stockingless with bare brown legs, wearing the briefest of ankle socks with elastic tops, with their openwork, sandal strapped shoes. The homburg hat is a great favorite, carried out in linen, felt, or straw, in pastel or beige colors. This outfit (or alternatively, a trim tailored sports frock) lasts the German throughout the day from early morning till late at night. Any one of these suits or frocks may be had in shops for the most modest prices, ranging from 14 to 30 marks.

The modern German woman who is young and attractive enough to expect marriage as the logical occupation of her future does not make any fuss about accepting Herr Hitler's dictum that marriage and home life must come before careers.

It is the women who have grown old wrapped up in their work, and the disappointed feminists, who are irrevocably possessed of the "women's-rights-at-all-costs" bug who are creating any disturbance and objection being made. Ruthless and cruel though it may

AT THE END



MET a stranger by the way.
"Alas!" cried he, "I cannot stay.
For death has slain sweet love," he said,
"Sweet love, alas, lies dead!"

"I am so sad, so sad," said he,
"I'll ne'er regain felicity;
For all my dreams and hopes are fled,
Are fallen to their dusty bed."
I took his hand in comfort then.
"Sweet love is strayed, 'twill come again!
For know, true love can never die,
It waits for you, as you pass by."
"Though all held dear from sight are gone,
Love shall not die! It must live on;
No empire here has death, no way:
It cannot banish love away."
"Through all the days, through all the years,



Through passing joys, through slow-dropt tears,
No matter what strange path we wend,
Love will be waiting at the end.
"And then—Hereafter, who shall say?
Tho' dark the ending of our day,
Yet what a light, ah, what a grace,
When we shall meet Love—face to face!"
—Marjorie Quinn.

city, to be cashed in Berlin or certain other banking centres at a much more advantageous rate of exchange than in the ordinary foreign exchange market. For instance, the official rate of exchange makes the £ worth, roughly, 18/10 in Germany; but with these special tourist marks the value is increased to about 17/-. None may be taken out of the country. Any that are left over at the end of the stay must be returned to the German bank, and a refund will be made in foreign currency.

From the magnificent personage who presides over the destinies of Berlin's most luxurious restaurant to the humblest little barber who cuts your hair, you hear the pious hope expressed that Germany's tourist trade will soon recover. The bread and butter of too many people depend upon it for the wish to be otherwise.

It is just as exaggerated to suggest that German women no longer smoke or use make-up as it is to say that Jews have been banished from Berlin. Certainly it is rare to see women smoke a cigarette in a public dining-room or restaurant; but on the other hand, when they are at home, or sitting on the lakes, or sun-bathing, they do quite frequently indulge

sound in the abstract, it is the women who will benefit in the long run from the Nazi regime. According to the new law for the speedy promotion of marriages, there will be an increase of at least 200,000 happy couples yearly, with a corresponding increase in the birth rate. And, generally speaking, the German woman appears to be well content with the prospect.

Bushland Exhibition

SOMETHING in the nature of a small zoo will be presented by the Rangers' League at its annual Bushland Exhibition, to be opened by the Chief Secretary (Mr. Chaffey) on September 11 at David Jones.

Live wallabies, kangaroos, flying squirrels, and Australian birds and fish lent by the trustees of Taronga Park will be on exhibition.

Competitions have been arranged for those under 18. There will also be prizes for essays, verse, and photographs. Addresses with moving pictures will be given during the exhibition, which will extend over the week. No charge will be made for admission to the exhibition.



THREE-YEAR-OLD Alan Crowe, of Five Dock, is one of Sydney's clever little people. His mastery of spelling would put many an older child to scorn. He can tell the time correctly, and his dark brown eyes twinkle when grown-ups try to deceive him on the subject. He has a splendid ear for music, also, and has a large repertoire of songs which he sings in correct tune.

Society of Artists Prepare for Exhibition

THE selection committee for the Society of Artists this year is a popular one. It consists of Elioth Gruner, Douglas Dundas, Will Ashton, Arthur Murch, and John D. Moore, beside the acting-president, Norman Carter, and the vice-presidents.

Dundas and Murch are both winners of the Society of Artists' travelling scholarship, one in 1925, and one in 1929. Although the society numbers five women members, all doing work of a high standard, not one of them was voted on to the selection committee.

The pictures are submitted on Friday and on Saturday the selection committee gets to work. Later comes the hanging, a trying and difficult job, and when they are all hung, vanishing day is the next event. On that day, artists may go in and touch up their works, and varnish them, while they are hanging in the positions in which the public will presently see them.

There are stories of artists who have rushed in on vanishing day, and disliking the effect of their work when hanging, have scraped it quite out and repainted the work of months in the few short hours left them.

After this there is a day set aside for the trustees of the National Gallery to go and see if they will buy for the public, a day for the Press to go along and write criticism of the works; a private view day for the connoisseurs, and the opening day a week exactly after the sending-in day.

This is something of a social event in Sydney, although not on quite the same scale as the opening of the Royal Academy in May, which is one of the great social events of the London season.

EASILY EXPLAINED

MRS. S.: Mother! Is that another new hat you're wearing?
MRS. J.: And just you wait till you see the frock I bought to go with it!
MRS. S.: Wherever do you get the money for all these new clothes?
MRS. J.: Well—the truth is, your father and I have begun to watch every penny we spend, and you can't imagine how much we've saved lately.
MRS. S.: I wish Roy and I could economise.
MRS. J.: Then just you ask Roy to get a copy of "The Private Man's A.B.C." and study your income and expenditure month by month.
MRS. S.: Where can you get this book?
MRS. J.: At all Newsagents and Stationers, or send two shillings to Box 3005P, G.P.O., Sydney. Then you'll save pounds every month.

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DOES Brian Norman THRILL?

Our Blonde Tells; she
Took him out and
Brought him out



One thing a film star must do . . . he must be able to thrill women. Everything comes second to this; even acting. It is women that make the film reels go round.

As the most susceptible of all girls are blondes, Brian Norman was introduced to one of The Australian Women's Weekly blonde reporters before he left for Melbourne, where he is appearing with Gwen Munro at the Capitol Theatre.

Our blonde was told to do her worst; to take Brian out and bring him out; to see if he thrilled. She did. Read what she says.

By CONNIE MARSHALL
HAVING morning tea with our youthful hope, Brian Norman, was certainly a few moments of delight. Perhaps

I was talking to a future Clark Gable or Ronald Colman!

Brian Norman, who, as all Australia knows, won the Paramount "Search for Beauty" Film Quest, is sailing for America at the end of September to

begin what he hopes will be a new career, leading to talkie-stardom.

He is undoubtedly the answer to many a maiden's prayer.

Tall, broad, and good-looking, with his black hair, straight nose, fascinating smile, and clear, modulated voice, he should surely stand a wonderful chance in Hollywood. And he has, apparently, everything that goes to make a film idol. I found him (contrary to what I had anticipated) modest in every way, eager to take advice, anxious for success, and fully aware of the fact that a lot lay between him and real success.

Brian, by the way, disclosed a secret—how he came to enter the competition. Dancing one night at the Wentworth, he arranged with a certain partner that they should both enter "Hollywood's Quest for Beauty" on the following day. And I think Brian found the warning, "Don't bet on women," was one to be reckoned with, on discovering after entering that his girl friend had no intention of following his footsteps!

He also found out that entering a film competition is not merely a matter of getting a photo taken and sending it post haste to the adjudicators, then having a bit of screen test.

Oh, no; it is not quite so easy for an old Shore boy and Varsity graduate to be let off so lightly.

Even though Brian did change his name, lads of the town soon found out that he was their old school pal, and, of course, many caustic remarks were thrown at him.

Being a blonde, I tried to discover any little weaknesses he may have, but found to my horror that, if he did have any, blondes weren't one of them! (As a matter of fact, I thought that he might suggest taking my picture with him to Hollywood to dazzle the eyes of directors seeking new talent. But he didn't get so far!)

But I didn't hold that against him, and proceeded amiably along with the conversation, asking him between cakes and meringues his likes and dislikes.

Did he like golf? Why, of course, he did! Still, he informed me confidentially that he was "a foul player," but nevertheless got a great kick out of a game. Did he like tennis? Yes. Did he like dancing and going places?

Now what a question! Most young men of to-day do, don't they?

And Brian is very human after all. He is so human that I have fears. I hope some "sweet piece" on the other side doesn't smite his heart. Bachelors like Brian should be preserved for an Australian lass—we have not too many beaux to give away to our cousins in Ho!

HERE are the latest portraits of Gwen Munro and Brian Norman, the two lucky young Australian winners in the Paramount "Search for Beauty" contest, who are having the time of their lives in Melbourne before paying Sydney a final visit on their way to Hollywood by the "Monterey," sailing September 20.



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SUFFRAGETTES At It AGAIN!

Like Wild Days of 20 Years Ago

LONDON.

From Nell Murray, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

EMULATING the methods of 20 years ago, when women used to pour acid into pillar-boxes, chain themselves to the railings of Buckingham Palace, and otherwise make themselves thoroughly obnoxious, women have flung themselves across the bonnet of Sir John Simon's car; have tried forcibly to intercept Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. J. H. Thomas as they were entering Londonderry House to attend the magnificent reception to delegates of the Economic Conference.

It is rather a coincidence that visiting

Suffragettes! The very word is strange to youngsters who have grown up since the war, but memories of twenty years ago are being stirred in older people—for England's suffragettes are on the war-path again.

Headed by Mrs. Flora Drummond, who was a renowned militant fighter for women's rights over 20 years ago, a section of extremists have banded together in the cause of British women who become aliens whether they like it or not, directly they are married to foreigners.

of the policy of destruction embarked upon in the later stages of the fight, she herself has suffered imprisonment in the cause—as well as for her well-known revolutionary propaganda.

UNLESS I met Mrs. Despard I had not realised that there were still old ladies in the world who wore black silk trimmed with jet, real white lace shawls around their shoulders, and little lace caps with gauze streamers sitting on top of their darling old heads. Grandmothers these days are so extremely "modern" and fashionable that they adopt all the new ideas from Paris that the younger women wear.

On the other hand, I doubt if you



"Oh yes, my flat is just full of curios and antiques." "Dear, dear, Miss Scraggs. Can't you do anything to get rid of them?"

London this week is another woman who was prominent in the great fight for feminine suffrage in the old days. Although Mrs. Caroline Despard, now in her 90th year, was the leader of the section of suffragettes which split away from the main body organised by Mrs. Pankhurst because they did not approve

could find a woman of her age who leads such an emancipated and busy life as Mrs. Despard does. Every day she has a schedule of appointments, like a film star. On Sunday she spoke in Trafalgar Square. Her services as a speaker are in great demand from all kinds of organisations, and she has to consult her note-book before she can accept an invitation to a party.

Her secretary begs her to take a nap in the early afternoon on some of her less busy days—but this amazing old woman replies abruptly that she intends to do some shopping, and issues instructions as to what she will eat for lunch. All this at the ripe old age of almost 90!

Sitting up straight and slender as a young girl, her blue eyes still keen and intelligent, Mrs. Despard in conversation very soon proved that age has not mellowed in any way her rebellious opinions. She recalls with great satisfaction all the trouble she has caused the authorities, and even hopes she will be spared to cause them a bit more! She tells you all about her visit to Russia two years ago as the guest of the Soviet, "where they let me do as I liked, and

ARE YOU LUCKY?

How many times have you been asked this question? You cannot expect to be lucky unless you take advantage of opportunity. By sending a Postal Note for 1/- with stamped and addressed envelope to the Distributing Office, Ambulance Station, Coogee, N.S.W., you will receive two tickets in the Diamonds Art Union. The prizes (Guaranteed Full Value) are Diamonds, £500, £250, £150, etc., etc. Remember that the 1/- will give you two separate tickets and therefore two chances to win a big prize. Full book of Tickets, 5/-. Every Ticket sold will help the N.S.W. Ambulance Transport Services throughout the State. Why not try your luck NOW!***

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Now He's Reducing Over 1 lb. a Week

MORE ACTIVE AND LESS TIRED

All big men—and big women, too, for that matter—should read what this stout man has to tell them. "I am only a smallish man, that is in height, but big the other way. I did not notice it much at first, but it got that way that I was a great trouble to myself, getting so much heavier that I was tired by the time I'd walked 100 yards. I took advice and was told what to eat and what not to eat, leave this and that out, and although I followed the advice as closely as possible, I only got heavier."

"One day I saw in a paper something about the good that Kruschen Salts was doing for stout people. I bought some, followed instructions, and am pleased to say that I have reduced 5 lbs. in 4 weeks. I am more active and less tired—it has really done me good. If this letter is any good to you, you have my full permission to use same. I shall recommend Kruschen to everyone inclined to stoutness."—J. H. B.



men and women are getting the really essential part of that Spa treatment in the privacy of their homes. They are getting it in their daily dose of Kruschen Salts. The formula of Kruschen represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters from those far-famed spas. These salts combat the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue. Unlike ordinary aperients, Kruschen does not confine its action to a single part of the system. Its tonic effect extends to every organ, gland, nerve and vein.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.

The GILDED Swan

A Long, Complete Story.



LEMENT LOVEJOY was back in town after eighteen months' active work in South America; and he rang up a limited circle of acquaintances to apprise them of that interesting fact, since London impressed him with a bleak idea of his own loneliness.

Only Trevor was at home—Don Trevor; and he said over the wire:

"What, good old Clem? Cheerio, laddie, I'll be round in a jiffy!" Lovejoy half-wished that he had been content with loneliness; for Trevor's brain was shrunken in his skull; and his main idea in life was to kill time. He would very probably want to borrow money, too—however, as an inveterate gossip he would be useful in posting Lovejoy regarding the local history of the ended period of voluntary exile.

"As a matter of fact," Trevor said brightly after greetings and compliments, "it's sort of lucky you rang me. I was just wondering where to find a man. So if you'll dress we'll barge off."

"Where to?"

"Oh—well, anywhere, sort of. That is, worry a chop at the Elysium, say; collect the girls at Lady Worthwell's and take 'em on to the Gilded Swan."

"Why?" asked Lovejoy, who had learnt economy in words. "What girls?"

"These comic country cousins—didn't I tell you?" He had mentioned something of the sort, but casually, before bleating on about a dozen different matters. "They're young and adventurous; and they think London's risqué. So they've persuaded me to take 'em to the Gilded Swan, and, by Jove! you're a proper life-saver, you know. I couldn't think of anyone I'd venture to saddle with these females."

"What's the Gilded Swan?"

"My dear chap—oh, of course! Somewhere on the flaming pampas, wasn't it, you were all this time? The Gilded Swan is the dernier cri in night-clubs—funny without vulgarity; actually as respectable as a Church Girls' Guild; but—"

"Well, all right, then—anything for a change."

Lovejoy dressed, listened to Trevor's inanities through five courses at the Elysium; and presently found himself making conversation with Miss Ethel Benstone, who was not his ideal of womanhood by several degrees. Self-pityingly, he wondered what he had let himself in for.

But within an hour of arriving at the Gilded Swan he discovered that Fate is a better stage-manager than he had believed; for when Miss Benstone, not entirely free of adenoids, snuffled: "I say, oh, look; there's a pretty girl!" he recognised in the new entrant Joyce Pennell; and was angry with himself because his blood seemed to increase its rate of circulation. Trevor, following the general gaze, shrugged and resumed his blithering.

"Who is she?" demanded Miss Beryl Benstone, who was the other cousin. "She's pretty—in her way, though I can't admire fair people." This was accompanied by a languishing glance at Lovejoy, who was dark and stern and somewhat crazy in general appearance.

"Oh, just one of these dancing-partners—hired women," shrugged Trevor; and did not realise how much Lovejoy began to hate him.

"Bilge!" said Lovejoy, pushing his chair back. "Utter bilge!" He remembered his manners in time to apologise before he crossed the momentarily deserted dancing floor towards the entrance by which Joyce Pennell had appeared.

But, instead of advancing squarely into the room, Joyce seated herself among others of her sex and youth, who were unpartnered. A discreet sign stated that the occupants of the chairs were available for hire as instructresses—a foul word, Lovejoy decided.

"What are you doing here, Joyce?" he demanded gruffly. It was no sort of place for an unaccompanied woman, he decided. She flushed under powder, and bit her lip. As Lovejoy tried to think of something else to say, a peculiarly obnoxious man, fifty-five if a day, and trying to think himself a youthful forty, barged past him and offered his arm to Joyce, just as the negroid orchestra commenced to blare-

Within an hour of arriving at the Gilded Swan, Lovejoy discovered that Fate is a good stage-manager.

and throb something originally created in a primeval jungle-swamp.

JOYCE went away with the human satyr, smiling a set smile, without so much as giving Lovejoy a second glance. Another girl, not as pretty as Joyce, grinned invitingly, and said: "She's not nearly as good a dancer as others," and spite was in her high-pitched voice. She seemed disposed to castigate all the other instructresses—beastly word!—and mentioned that it was only the slump in film-making that caused her presence there.

If Lovejoy answered at all it was in abstracted monosyllables. For he was watching the man dancing with Joyce and loathing him. Sort of fellow that ought to be kicked around Trafalgar Square.

"Of course, for the whole evening, you've to pay two guineas," prattled the film-star in eclipse. Lovejoy asked a question, and the girl nodded to a desk. Lovejoy went to the desk. "Oh, Joyce?" said the fat lady there. "She's a sweet girl. No, only for this dance—" Lovejoy tabled down two guineas, and accepted a ticket and a hint that the secretary's office was always open to corruption if he grew thirsty.

The other girl, as he returned to the pen, said that she'd been in such a hurry that she hadn't had a bite of dinner and was starving, holding out her hand for the ticket which entitled its nominee to claim the sum of twenty-one shillings at closing-time. "I've got a sore heel," she admitted, "so if you're not keen on dancing—" "Sorry," I've hired Miss Pennell," Lovejoy said. Hired! Heavens! Joyce, hired like a—like a rotten taxi!

... Wasting my time like this ...



TEDDY: "I can never forget you."
DORIS: "Oh, yes you can. You did it very nicely on my last birthday."

turned down three diffident men. Her breath fetched with a hint of hysteria. And Lovejoy realised that men could occasionally be driven to personal violence against the sex. He handed her a pound-note with a grimace of disgust. And as the orchestra perspiringly stopped he gave the 55-year-old a jolt with his shoulder that broke his predatory grip of Joyce's arm.

"You're booked—for the evening," he said coldly, having forgotten Miss Benstone as utterly as if she had never been. "Have I to sit in the coop, or can you come out to play?" He engaged her eyes that grew defiant; but his heart became a trifle easier, Joyce had never been a liar, even with glances.

"Why?" he demanded, walking with her across the floor.

"Got to live—somehow, Clem. The only thing I could do was dance—not

well enough for the stage, worse luck!"

"There's such a thing as decent work. Anyway, why work at all?"

"I'm scared to die, that's why. He turned, because she was her voice was uncertain.

He suspected tears in her eyes, because she was blinking fast. "Poor little girl!" he said with a crooning inflection.

"Oh, don't—for Heaven's sake! Don't—pity me!" She didn't want to tell him how the would-be satyr's intimate talk during the dance had frightened her. Nor could she say what a new sensation of hope and courage and faith and all the worthwhile things had come to her just recently.

"Let's get this straight, Joyce." Miss Beryl Benstone's sniffs were audible and her glances were facial torture. "When I went to Buenos Aires there wasn't anything like this—you hadn't any worries."

"Fool's paradise, Clem! I've had lots since." Her old gay courage that he had remembered strikingly was veneered over now; that suggested hopelessness in her voice was new. "I've gone hungry—days at a time. Don't tempt me to whine.—Mr. Lygarth told me everything—"

"Oh! Lygarth?" Lovejoy stiffened a little.

"My guardian, you know. Shall we dance?" That was more like the old Joyce; a sort of defiance of fate, even if slightly snifful.

"Dancing be—shot!"

"All the same, we'd better; the secretary doesn't encourage aloofness for instructresses—we pride ourselves on our high moral standards at the Gilded Swan. We've never been raided yet. I suppose it's because of that. Mr. Lygarth recommended me to the secretary—"

"You won't need the secretary's favor any longer, Joyce." She shook her lovely head, but her lips

trembled. "Got to stop on, got to—live, Clem," she barked, in that creamy voice that had charmed him before. "This job is decent—in a way; it depends on the girl, of course. And I never drink anything—ugh!" She shuddered as if at poignant memories.

Of course, he knew that it was more than big-brotherly liking he'd had for Joyce during the months of absence. He hadn't wasted to a skeleton in fretting over her, to be sure; and, indeed, whole months had gone by when he had never even thought of her; but he knew now that she'd always been there at the back of his mind. And yet—if he hadn't seen her now, it is conceivable that he would have forgotten her altogether. Men are like that; and Lovejoy was a man. Still, now that memory was refreshed—

(Please turn to Page 36)

Kicking a Football

By Gluyas Williams



1. WATCHES SMALL BOYS PLAYING FOOTBALL IN VACANT LOT ACROSS THE STREET

2. MISDIRECTED PUNT COMES HIS WAY. PICKS BALL UP

3. GETS SET TO KICK IT BACK, BUT HAS UN-EASY FEELING THAT IT'S NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS

4. KICKS, FOOT MISSING BALL ENTIRELY. HEARS A FAINT CHEER AND SNICKERS

5. PICKS BALL UP AGAIN, UNPLEASANTLY AWARE OF THE INTEREST WITH WHICH HE IS BEING WATCHED

6. NEXT KICK IS BETTER, BALL HITTING SHIN A BIT ABOVE ANKLE AND WOBBLING INTO GUTTER. HAT COMES OFF

7. PICKS UP BALL AND STARTS AFTER HAT. CRIES OF HURRY UP, THEY WANT TO FINISH THEIR GAME, ARISE FROM ACROSS STREET

8. FEEBLY THROWS BALL HALFWAY ACROSS STREET, PICKS UP HAT, AND HURRIES ON

Things That Happen

Something Like Service

A FRIEND of mine who works in the Government service received advice a few weeks ago of his transfer to head office, Sydney. Taking a few days' leave, he went down to the city to look for a house. Having made arrangements, he returned to his country home town, where he found a reply-paid telegram waiting for him. It read: "Producing superior milk from excellent herd. May we deliver to your new residence? Advice date of arrival." The Sydney dairyman was rewarded for his enterprise, and my friend is now expecting telegrams from butchers and bakers.—Jimmy J.

A Horrid Boy

A PERFECTLY horrid boy came to stay at the house next door, the home of his aunt. He broke china, chased fowls, quarrelled with his little cousin and snatched his never waited for doors but flew through windows, and behaved like a young ruffian, but, strangely, did not yell or speak very much. At the end of the week the little beast departed, and an exhausted aunt

Try This For Your Party

WHEN Casino staged its annual Show Ball, the hall was divided into sections. "Pig Section," "Poultry," "Ayrshires," etc., was nicely painted on cards and tacked behind different rows of chairs. One section was labelled "Aged Cows," and it was noticeable that the ladies edged away from this corner. When the grand parade commenced, headed by the Casino Band, calico horses, imitation cows (with inflated balloons for udders), fowls, etc., were paraded round the hall. The electric lights were decorated with prize ribbons, but imagine our surprise on reaching the supper-room to see it labelled "Feeding Stalls." Worse was to follow, for on the supper tables, scattered among the dainty edibles, were dishes of corn, fowl mash, and little bundles of lucerne—£1 to "Berrie Brown."

leaned against my fence and said, "Thank God, he's gone to his work." I must have looked surprised, for she said, "Didn't you know? He is the leading chorister in St. Blank's Cathedral; he's advertised for to-morrow, and he'll fill the church; he always does. You might have noticed how he saved his voice."—Sylvia, N.S.W.

Please Read These Rules

ALL incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about. Items must be true and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals. A prize of £1 will be paid for the best entry each week, and there will be consolation awards.

Those Calm Bush Nurses

BUSH nurses have many dangers to face, and the following incident is a typical example of their courage and serenity in moments of emergency. A nurse I know was called out on an urgent case, 17 miles away, over very bad roads. It was raining heavily at the time, but she set out alone, driving her own car, and eventually reached her destination safely. Coming back, at nightfall, the car skidded badly on a hill, left the road, and plunged down a gully. Next morning a farmer passing by saw the car and discovered the nurse calmly knitting.—C.M.W., Lismore.

Birds of a Feather

THE Australian Women's Weekly let me down irreparably. I was asked to meet a friend's friend, and, as I had never met her, and the meeting place was to be "under the clock" at Central Station, I suggested that we should each carry a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly to facilitate the meeting. To my horror, nearly every female (or at least 99 per cent.) had copies of our paper. Now I ask you, don't you think it let me down?—Miss Florence Lock, 12 Clanwilliam Street, Willoughby.

Pussy in the Limelight

I AM a member of a dramatic club which one night omitted to bring an important "prop." It was a cat. The original star "catress" had a bad attack of kittens at the last moment, and so couldn't take part. Being a very essential part of the play, two of the young members had to run round the streets a few minutes before the show began, looking for an understudy. Unfortunately, there seemed to be a scarcity of cats in that locality. They must have known there was something doing. However, after an anxious hunt of ten minutes, they did find one, and it gave a very creditable performance.—Miss Jean Dempsey, 24 Gadyne Street, Bronte.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

PICK the RIGHT

Cosmetics

How to Obtain the Best Effect

By PAM

How often have you noted and possibly envied a beautiful skin? One hears the remark that "beauty is but skin deep," and with the perfect make-up, at least, there is much truth in the statement.

EVEN a good complexion can be spoiled with an irregular coloring, and that coarse skin may be due to a powder that is unsuited to the individual. You must study your type—your skin comes within this category—then choose those cosmetics which harmonise or blend to best effect.

Understand, therefore, that your coloring is the first factor to be considered, and, whether of the blonde, brunette, or florid type, there is a cosmetic ensemble that means everything to your make-up. A rouge that clashes with your natural color, powder that is too obvious, and lip-stick that dominates the features, must be avoided.

Color Tints and Rouge

With the varied and well-perfected cosmetics now on the market, there should be little difficulty in deciding just what is best; but you must test out the colorings for day and night use. Having applied a natural or rachel powder to suit your skin, note that the morning

AS AN ADJUNCT to beauty, electricity serves many purposes, but with other than the simpler curling and drying apparatus expert supervision is required. Here are two ways of drying your hair.

rouge or face color should be of an intermediate shade; that is, one that is not so deep as the evening rouge, but a trifle darker than that used for street wear. This in-between rouge is invariably most satisfactory, although you may find that the darker or brunette tints best suit your individual needs. You know that the color of a frock often catches and reflects the light, so that the shade of rouge must to some extent be determined by the frock one must wear. For example, with a red frock, the lightest shade of rouge will be required, the reflection from this medium tending to

heighten the natural color appreciably.

If the face is round and full, rouge must be placed well towards the front of the face, near the nose and a little higher than is attractive on the thin-face type. A touch of color on the chin of the long face makes the latter appear shorter, and thus more rounded and youthful. Possibly the latest vogue for moist rouge is its application to the finger-tips, and also the palm of the hands. This gives an extra finish to long, but shapely, fingers and hands, provided, of course, that pronounced colorings are carefully avoided.

Do not overlook the fact that rouge must be applied sparingly so that it can be blended imperceptibly into the normal face powder. Although most women apply rouge color before powdering the face, this depends primarily upon the type that is used.

Liquid and paste rouges should be put on before powdering, and dry rouge after powdering the face. It is well to remember that brilliant and light carmine colorings are best left for application in the evening. In commencing your make-up, apply a foundation cream to the nose, chin, cheeks—in fact, all over the face—but exclude the area beneath the eyes. Rub evenly in with the finger-tips, then wipe off the excess cream with face tissues or a soft cloth. Follow with the application of rouge as above.

Your Face Powder

IT is an accepted fact that face powders not only afford protection and beautify the skin—if well chosen and combined the ingredients exert a soothing influence on the delicate structures of the surface cuticle. The adherent properties of a fine powder are questioned by some; but remember that a heavy powder clogs the pores, and so aggravates any tendency to blackhead and pimple formation. At the present time somewhat exotic tints are popular in both powder and rouge, the former varying from light rachel to peaches and sun-tan. The darker shades give a charming tint to complexions that tan with the slightest exposure, and a pronounced rouge is seldom required for this coloring. The fair complexion lends itself to more pleasing tints, and spring-time is the season for color.

A naturelle or light rachel powder is best for day use, with rose-coral or mandarin rouge to color the cheeks. Tangerine shading certainly gives youth and charm to the acid or "red-head" type, for her coloring permits of many extremes in make-up. Carmine is for the lips, and for night a light or medium blue shadow-paste for the eyelids.

In conclusion, it must be stressed that, just as the color of face powder should harmonise with the color of your hair, also the tint of rouge and lip-stick must blend its tones with the powder. Blondes who are using very light powder should also use bright shadings for other facial cosmetics. The dark-haired brunette should use a darker shade of rouge and lip-stick for the same reason.

DURING cold weather soothe and soften the skin with oatmeal. The tepid oatmeal wash may be used for both face and hands—it also prevents the skin from chapping. For the purpose place one or two tablespoons of fine oatmeal in a muslin bag, and squeeze into a basin of hot water as required. Remove freshly from day to day.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

Is Fatness a Bulwark?

Is it true that "fatness is a bulwark against insanity?"

This is a question on which doctors are reported to have disagreed at the B.M.A. Congress this year. Perhaps the impression arises because there is no doubt that fat people are more easy-going and less given to anxieties than the thin, restless, nervous type. One of the signs of neurasthenia is loss of appetite, and subsequent failure to put on weight. Whether this is a good or bad thing is a matter of opinion, but most doctors would prefer to see such a patient a little stout than very thin.

Treatment for

Dandruff

What is a good cure for dandruff? Dandruff is that condition of the head when many silvery scales are shed from the scalp. It is a very common affliction, and apparently fairly harmless. The essential treatment of it is frequent washing of the hair. Spirit soap is very good in this regard, and the technique

is to wash the hair with this thoroughly and then rinse out with fresh waters. If this is repeated every day for a while the ordinary mild cases should clear up.

COMPACTS

A PURE skin soap serves many purposes other than as a cleanser. If your eyebrows are naturally heavy, you can make them smooth and gleaming by brushing them with an eyebrow brush that has been rubbed on a slightly moistened cake of soap. Brush upwards and outwards in the direction of growth. In this way the soap takes the place of a heating cosmetic, which latter is not always at hand.

MASSAGE a trace of cold cream or skin food into the lips before applying moist lip rouge. This not only prevents your lips from cracking—it also evens the color, and eliminates that patchy appearance. If the lips are well shaped, just apply the salve to the centre of the lips, and work it faintly to the corners. For long thin lips, keep color well towards the centre.

SHADOW paste for the eyes is more popular than ever. A little smoothed on the eyelids adds much to their beauty, and there is an added facial charm. Light or mid-blue should be used for fair complexions, and brown for dark or brunette, but apply sparingly and blend with a thin cream if necessary. Remember that pronounced coloration must be avoided.

Treatment For Lumbago

What is the best way to treat lumbago?

In all aches and pains of joints and muscles, two fundamental treatments are rest and heat. Rest gives the inflamed parts a chance to recover, and heat not only gives comfort, but assists them so to do. In lumbago this principle holds good, and, if possible, the sufferer would be well advised to have two or three days in bed with heat being applied to the affected part. A very easily worked and comfortable form of heat is that supplied by the hot water bottle. If the patient has to go about, he or she can sometimes be helped by having firm strapping applied over the affected spot, making a sort of "strapping splint" which gives welcome support. Lumbago, unfortunately, tends to run a set course, and it is often some days before it disappears. Relief from the pain can be obtained by using aspirin or some such remedy.

Drinking With Meals

Is it harmful to drink with the meals?

This is a question on which there is a diversity of opinion, although there is no doubt that for many years a lot of text-books have taught that it was unwise to take liquids with meals. The idea was that food is digested by gastric juices of requisite strength, and if a good deal of water or fluid were added then the strength of the gastric juices was considerably weakened. Recently, however, it has been found out that while this is a very good theory it is not necessarily true in practice. The most reasonable answer that occurs to one is that a little liquid taken with the meals is probably not only without any ill effects, but may be beneficial to many people. A large quantity of liquid taken with meals probably interferes with the process of digestion.

To Sleep Easy

What is the best way to treat insomnia?

Many sufferers from insomnia go to bed worrying about whether they are going to sleep. If they can so get themselves into a frame of mind wherein they determined not to be at all worried over sleeplessness, but to be prepared, if necessary, to spend some hours reading, they will probably find themselves asleep very shortly.

There are some practical hints about insomnia. Many people do not sleep because their body is not tired. Women, especially, find little opportunity for genuine outdoor exercise, much as they tramp round the house all day. Often a brisk walk in the evening after tea is a fitting prelude to sleepiness.

A little nap in the afternoon is always useful if it can be taken, and it tends to restore a habit of easy sleep. On the other hand, it is no good sleeping two hours during the day and wondering why only three or four hours seems possible at night.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

By RITA MOYA.

It is not every woman's good fortune to be endowed by Nature with fine features and a flawless complexion, but nowadays it is possible to make the plainest face attractive, and that, too, in the privacy of one's home. I shall endeavor to show you in the following lines how much may be done in this direction by any woman of ordinary intelligence. When facial applications are necessary, use only the pure ingredients just as they come to the chemist. The improvements in your appearance will be ample compensation for any trouble taken to obtain these simple and harmless beautifiers.

Excessive Fat.—Of all the ways suggested for reducing, I know of none so simple, so safe, and so certainly effective as that of taking clynel berries. They can be taken without fear of adversely affecting the health. Rather do they improve one's general health, while they reduce excessive fat in a natural manner. Do get some from your chemist to-day.

About Shampooing.—Even the best shampoo is somewhat drying, and if the hair is not naturally oily, I suggest that just before the shampoo you apply olive oil to the scalp, rubbing it into the hair roots vigorously. Then use pure stallax for the shampoo. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This will leave the hair very clean, with a becoming sheen, delightfully soft and feminine looking. For blonde hair it is really wonderful.

An Instantaneous Beautifier.—Instead of face powder, use sulphur lotion. This lotion will tone and clear the skin, and acts as a protection against sun and wind. A little applied with the finger-tips instantly gives the skin a delightful "bloom." No powder is necessary, and the result lasts all day long under the most trying conditions.

To Remove Superfluous Hair.—It is a simple matter to remove a downy growth of hair temporarily, but to remove it permanently is quite another matter. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that powdered phenol may be used for this purpose. Apply it directly to the hair. The recommended treatment is designed, not merely to instantly remove the hair, but also to eventually kill the roots entirely. Phenol is especially suitable for removing hair from the underarms.

The Real Cause of Most Bad Complexions.—It is an accepted fact that no truly beautiful complexion ever came out of jars and bottles, and the longer one uses cosmetics, the worse the complexion becomes. Skin, to be healthy, must breathe. It also must expel through the pores its share of the body's effete material. Creams and powders clog the pores, interfering both with elimination and breathing. If more women understood this there would be fewer self-ruined complexions. If they would use pure mercolized wax instead of cosmetics they would have natural, healthy complexions. This remarkable substance is not absorbed by the skin; its action is just the opposite. The skin repels mercolized wax, and at the same time throws off all imperfections. An exquisite new complexion peeps out, quite free from any appearance of artificiality. Apply nightly like cold cream for a week or two.

About Hair Tonics.—Each week almost one hears of some wonderful discovery for improving the hair, and although this paragraph may seem a little superfluous, an old-fashioned recipe may come as a welcome change. One thing about it is that it will grow hair, and also prevent it falling out. From your chemist get an original package of boranum; to this add a quarter pint of bay rum, allow it to stand 30 minutes, then add sufficient water to make half a pint. Rub briskly into the scalp with the finger tips, and you will immediately experience that clean, tingling sensation which is a sure sign of healthy action, and the reawakening of hair growth.

SIMPLE EXERCISES for BEAUTY

Of course you know that regular daily exercise is essential to both health and beauty. This is especially so if you must be indoors during most of the day—the sedentary worker must not permit her system to become sluggish.

EVERY morning for ten minutes at least, you should do a few simple body movements slowly—but with method—such as touching the toes without bending your knees, bending backwards and sideways with your hands on your hips and heels together, standing on tiptoe while stretching your arms above your head as high as you can reach, and any others that you know.

While doing these exercises remember to stretch the limbs vigorously, hands and toes attempting to reach something just beyond their touch. On the other hand avoid excesses, and do not carry the movements to the stage when the body becomes tired. Each morning after the usual bath and before you dress, raise



TWIST and bend from the hips sideways over left and right hips alternately, as illustrated. Read the more detailed descriptions in the author's text.

your shoulders, and then press them backwards and downwards—then note the difference after a brief treatment. Indeed, nature has taught animals the true secret of grace. Possibly you have noticed how often they stretch themselves!

So many girls quite spoil their appearance by rounded shoulders—the remedy rests with themselves. Take some pride in your figure—its posture or balance means everything to your equilibrium. The healthy body MUST be well balanced. Keep the shoulders well back, do not poke the head forward, and walk as if you owned yourself and your personality.

GARDEN Party DRESSES

IMAGINE an Alice-in-Wonderland hoop made of field flowers with matching bracelets worn with a white organdie frock and gloves, and a frilly white organdie evening bag.



A simple frock of plaid organza in pale pink, cherry and white. With it is worn a boa composed of hundreds of petals of the organza. The stiffened organdie hat is white with a plaid crown.

This charming French frock is of the stiff black organza with bunches of field flowers printed on it in red, royal blue and yellow. The little cross-over coat can be removed. The large hat is of the same print.

In Joan Crawford's summer wardrobe is this spectacular frock of lacquered organdie in black and white. The horizontal pleats on the bosom break into ruffles that form the sleeves. The hat is black organdie.

Chanel model of white organdie, part of which is embroidered in tiny field flowers. Blue cornflowers, red poppies, yellow and green wheat ears. The big white bow gives width to the bodice.

Chanel makes this swishing gown of pale green lacquered chiffon over a green taffeta slip. The wide sash is of tomato colored crepe satin ribbon. The green hat has a bow of the same ribbon.

FROCKS for formal wear recall a flower garden. Crepes of rose pink, forget-me-not blue, leaf green organdies, printed in designs of delphinium blue and geranium red, and chiffons splashed with colorful flower patterns, are included in the wide range.

"Garden party" frocks are as frivolous as butterflies. They are designed with ankle-length skirts, short sleeves, and soft bodices, and are fashioned of crisp organdie or filmy chiffon.

Big wide-brimmed hats of straw, linen or organdie are trimmed with small clusters or wreaths of flowers.

Humble field flowers have risen to great heights. For the spring they come on prints; for summer days they are splashed in bunches on chiffons and organdies. They are used for bouquets on the fronts of evening gowns, for little boutonnières for suit lapels, for hat trimmings.

Field flower colorings, red, blue, and yellow, are scoring a great triumph. So, too, are red and white, blue and white, red, white, and blue.

White and black are the usual backgrounds for field flower prints. Imagine a black chiffon evening dress with small bunches of scarlet poppies, yellow buttercups, and blue cornflowers, scattered here and there, worn with a bunch of the same flowers at the neck. At a country wedding in France the bride wore a frock and veil of white organdie, and with it she carried

SPRING Greets US with FLOWERS

Field Flowers More Important than Orchids

a field flower bouquet.

One of the reasons for the success of these primary colors lies in the fact that they go so well with the natural linens now in vogue. There are smart sets, consisting of linen jacket, hat, purse, and gloves, and scarves and belts, in blue or red. Linen purses and gloves come together, belts and scarves, gloves and hats, gloves and scarves.

You will dance this summer in navy blue and white. There is a dress of mousseline-de-soie in huge navy and white checks made over white taffeta. The frock has a boa made of hundreds of petals of the material. Big blue coin spots

Spring greets us this year with flowers, plaids, dots, and stripes, on the loveliest summery materials. Sheer organzas, lacquered chiffons, flowered prints, stiff taffetas, dimities, lawns, linens, and piques. Never has there been such a wealth of color and detail put into materials. The style and cut of a dress are almost shadowed by the fabric of which it is made.

are on a white organdie, and a plaid of navy and light blue is on white organdie. You must wear navy shoes with these frocks.

Stripes in all shapes and sizes adorn these new materials; horizontal, vertical, diagonal, or varying widths, they

are smartest when in one color on a contrasting ground.

Plaids are chiefly on taffeta or organdie. If the former, it is used for blouses, scarves, and hats for the daytime, as well as for evening frocks. These frocks generally have plain skirts with much detail on the bodice, pleats, folds, ruchings round the shoulders. Little evening

jackets of plaid taffeta are attractive over plain frocks.

Taffeta is fast becoming a favorite in the fashion world—taffeta so stiff and crisp that it can stand alone. Black, ice blue, jade green, watermelon pink, and tearose, contrasted with powder blue, are its colors.

Organdie must be treated with a deference. The designers make it up into demure models over taffeta, with ruffles and flouncings, sometimes with a bouquet at the bosom, or with a baby doll sash.

A grey organdie, with a straight skirt in the front but sticking out very fully at the back, has an unusual neckline. The bodice comes up high in front with a point that folds over on the right side. There is a bouquet of yellow and red organdie flowers on the bosom—just at the end of the point. There are short sleeves of one flared frill. A pale green organdie with a pleated ruffle at the hem, and another the same width (about twelve inches wide) encircling the shoulders. This frock is made over mauve taffeta, and there is a mauve velvet sash. A black organdie is made over a swishing taffeta slip, around the hem of which is a huge ruffle; on the shoulders of the dress are crisp double bows lined with white organdie. A dusty pink organdie made with a full billowy skirt has a draped neckline caught at one side with a brown organdie bow; with this brown organdie gloves are worn. Forget-me-not blue has touches of old rose; midnight blue is trimmed with vivid green.

FASCINATING Breakfast SET

The smallest and dullest room can be immediately transformed with a fascinating breakfast set—sun-gold linen appliqued in striped plaques—as pictured below. While curtains to match and cushions—fashioned in different shapes to heap nonchalantly on divan or cane lounge—are yours for the making.

DESIGNED specially for The Australian Women's Weekly by an expert, this colorful breakfast set will immediately appeal to all needlework lovers. It is on display at David Jones, in the matchless department, first floor. Set to work and capture the spirit of spring in the making—bring color and sunshine right into your breakfast room!

Materials Required: Two yards household linen, 45 inches wide; 1 yard striped pique; 4 skeins of Clarke's stranded cotton, No. 508, in blue; and the transfers—the complete set of which will be for-



Blue, gold, leaf-green, and crimson striped plaques make an original and fascinating foil for the applique motif of leaves and fruit on this sunny linen breakfast set.

warded direct to you on receipt of 6d and a stamped, addressed envelope. See coupon on Page 43.

The Making: Cut the linen 45 inches square for the cloth, and the balance into six squares for the serviettes. Now cut each design from the transfer sheet and place on the cross on the pique. Allow a full inch border of the pique material all round. Press with a warm iron, and then cut out each design. Tack the motif to the linen, and, in doing so, see that the leaves are placed 2 inches from the base of the cloth and about half an inch from serviette borders. Outline with buttonhole stitch, and overcast the inner lines and fruit stem. Then, with a sharp pair of scissors, cut the material away from the buttonholed edge along the top of the leaves; continue round in the same manner until you reach the middle base of leaves. Now, finally, cut away both materials from lower border of leaves and fruit.

(Transfer Coupon on Page 43)

Correct FOUNDATION'S the THING

The Spring Line



Concentrate on Your Silhouette for Fashion's Sake

Drawings by courtesy HERLEY LTD.

FASHION

and the spring line.

Shops are displaying a wealth of lovely d'ia phanous frocks and enchanting new fabrics.

Professional and home dress-makers are busy.

Woman, her heart and soul in new clothes, seeks this and that style, turns this and that way, but does she give sufficient thought to correct dress

foundation?

The natural aim of every girl and woman is to look her best. But not all, by any means, reach that pinnacle wherein lies "world approbation."

They may concentrate to the death upon design and color, on all those little et ceteras which, they fondly hope, will give that last little touch of chic. They forget, however, the perfectly-turned-out

woman owes her success to the fact that she pays first homage to her foundation garments. She starts right. She starts from the beginning. The correct corset to coax and mould her figure to conform with fashion's dictates; lighter than lingerie brassiere to give her figure the rounded loveliness so essential to-day. Next, her lingerie, smartly cut and perfectly fashioned, to keep the silhouette smooth and slim under her frocks and suits.

And so around the clock of fashion she goes, the alluring, envied, perfectly-turned-out woman. Why not emulate her? It costs more in attention and thought than it does in hard cash.

Your appearance is your greatest asset. Women have recognised this fact from the earliest periods of the world's history.

EDGING for FINE LINEN

Lingerie in the sheerest linen or the softest silk assumes a very delightful finish by the addition of a dainty edging.

This narrow lace, for which we give full directions, is suitable either for your finest "undies" or for hand-embroidered table linen.

A picot in this pattern is 6 ch., 1 d.c., in the 6th ch. from the hook; and to make a picot loop repeat from * twice, thus making a loop of 3 picots. A shell is 2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr. A pair of tr. is 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.

Materials.—Worked with Ardern's

Syko Crochet No. 70 and a No. 5 hook, the edging is about 1/2 of an inch wide.

Begin with 9 ch.

1st row: 1 shell working the 2 trs. in the 8th and 9th stitches from the hook, 6 ch.; turn.

2nd row: 1 shell in space of 2 ch. of shell, now 1 picot loop and 1 pair of tr. in loop at end of foundation, 4 ch.; turn.

3rd row: 1 d.c. in space of 2 ch. of pair of tr., now 1 picot loop, miss 1 picot, 1 d.c. in the next picot, which is the middle picot of the first three, then 1 picot loop, 1 shell on shell, 6 ch.; turn.

4th row: 1 shell on shell, 6 ch.; turn.

5th row: Same as the 4th row.

6th row: 1 shell on shell, 1 picot loop, 1 pair of tr. in 6 ch. that turned, now fasten with 1 d.c. in second picot of picot loop below, 4 ch.; turn, and repeat from the 3rd row for length required.

To turn a corner work the 6th row, and after the pair of tr. in 6 ch. that turned, work another picot loop and 1 pair of tr. under the end tr. of shell which finished the 5th row, then fasten with 1 d.c. in centre picot of picot loop, now 4 ch.;

turn; 1 d.c. on pair of tr., 1 picot loop, 1 d.c. in centre picot of picot loop, 1 picot loop, 1 d.c. on pair of tr., 1 picot loop, 1 d.c. in centre picot of next picot loop, then 1 picot loop, 1 shell on shell, 6 ch.; turn. This finishes the corner. Work on as before from the 4th row.

The Heading

Work 2 tr. in loop of 6 ch. that turned, now 6 ch., 2 tr., in the next loop; repeat from * as far as the corner; then work 2 tr. in the loop of 6 ch. which turned to begin the 6th row of corner, now 6 ch., 2 tr. in next loop of 6 ch., no ch., 2 tr. in next loop of 6 ch., then 6 ch., and work on as before.

HOST Holbrook says: A nice dainty deli-

cious—hot buttered toast, then spread a little of Holbrook's Anchovy Paste.***

ON Page 31, our fashion service gives a special full-page display depicting the very smartest spring models. The free pattern is a delightful model with a jaunty white organdie bow. Patterns for sports frocks and for party gowns are available together with straightforward instructions.

THIS IS ONLY ONE EXAMPLE

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The Rondoli Permanent Wave

The Wave the Whole World Loves at

£1

The contour of your face, the shape of your head, all are taken into consideration when you have a Rondoli Permanent Wave. It is something entirely new to Sydney—soft, gleaming, natural, and lasting in effect.

The Rondoli Permanent Wave is that which adds to the beauty of famous Continental aristocrats and stars. In London, Paris, Vienna, or New York, it would cost you from £4/4/- to £6/6/-.

The nearest approach to a Rondoli Permanent Wave in Sydney would cost you at least £3/3/-.

Why not have the best? A Rondoli Permanent Wave—for £1. Do not confuse the Rondoli method with others offered at ridiculously low prices which could not possibly command such perfection as a Rondoli Permanent Wave.

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Shampoo & Water-Wave	4/6
Shampoo and Marcelle Wave	5/-
Manicure	2/-
Eye-brow Arching ..	2/6
Permanent Waving £1/5/-	
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INFLUENZA ABOUT

SYMPTOMS AND HOW TO BEAT IT:

According to hospital authorities, influenza is again prevalent in Australia. Sufferers are advised to take all precautions, as neglect of this ailment generally leads to pneumonia. It's a sure sign you're getting influenza if your head aches, your eyes run and redden, your back pains you, or your throat is sore. The first thing to do is go straight to bed and keep warm—it's sheer madness to try and fight it off—you might win, but the chances are you will finish up with something more serious. So be sensible and go to bed and keep the bowels open (preferably with castor oil). Then every two or three hours take half a teaspoonful of concentrated Heenzo (straight from the original bottle) in half a wineglass of hot water. The medicinal properties of Heenzo will keep the influenza germ in check and open the pores of the skin, causing the patient to perspire freely. To guard against a relapse, DON'T leave the bed until 24 hours after the temperature has abated. To soothe the throat and ease the chest in cases where the coughing is troublesome, take either Heenzo made up as a family cough

syrup (instructions on the bottle) or Heenzo Cough Diamonds—the wonderfully effective cough jubes that are medicated with Heenzo. One of the features of Heenzo is that it is absolutely pure, and does not contain any poisons; therefore there is no danger of overdosing, and it can be given with perfect safety to even the youngest baby.

As well as being a wonderfully efficient remedy for chest and throat ailments, Heenzo is a great money-saver. A two-shilling bottle of concentrated Heenzo, when added to sweetened water, makes a family supply equal in quantity and superior in quality to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the usual made-up cough remedies that would cost up to £1. You will be delighted with the speedy way Heenzo soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, influenza, and whooping-cough. Order a bottle of Heenzo from your chemist or store today, and keep it handy for use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure.***

Saide Shops FOR the FOLK at SCHOOL

I STARTED at the top of the tree and the bottom rung of the ladder, though it sounds very contradictory; the former in that my first thought was for the lass at the secondary and finishing school stage; the latter by reason of the fact that my thought was for her feet. "Nu-school" shoes have been specially designed and manufactured to meet her needs. They are made in selected tan calf, and also in black, both in strap design or with fringed tongues, and those tongues tell a tale of economy, for the price of these long-wearing shoes is 17/9.

AT this juncture I found myself subconsciously recalling the maxims of my youth. If 17/9 equips a schoolgirl's feet, how much would it cost for the

"Creeping like snail unwillingly to school!"

is definitely out of date, I find. The rising generation shows a nice turn of speed as it wends its way to the seat of learning. Trimly attired in tunic and blouse or rangers and shirtwaist, satchel in hand, an enthusiastic small couple arrested my gaze, and I bethought me of holidays ahead and days in which new equipment for the summer term would be the engrossing interest.

Knicker at 4/11 were the legend "Thorntooth," which is surely an excellent recommendation. Then rangers shirts are offered in various materials, from striped cambric to self-color poplin, from 2/11 to 4/6, and thoroughly masculine little garments they are.

A PRACTICAL urge revealed the fact that I had left some gaps in the outfit. Such accessories as socks and ties and belts must be considered. Just a few odd shillings places these among the purchases. For instance, a strong leather belt was 1/-, full golf hose with very manly turnover in smart color designs 2/11, and ties that represented the colors of a veritable rainbow for 1/9 each.

SHOES of the "father's footsteps" persuasion, made in strong box calf with machine sewn sole that would ably meet the needs of the sturdiest lad, and stand up to endless wear and tear, were marked 7/3.

AFTER so much concentrated thought, I found myself in need of sustenance. Then, as I made my way to a cafe nearby, I realised that my equipment was still incomplete, for schoolfolk must cer-



rest of the schoolgirl? Whereupon I collected my data and worked out the problem. The answer was just 32/9. The whole comprised a tunic complete with regulation box-pleats, in navy blue tobracco, fast colour, for 11/11, a poplin-de-luxe shirt blouse 5/11, and a navy blue blazer in doctor flannel for 14/11.

THERE is not, of course, a great deal of scope in the matter of style in schoolgirls' millinery, but there are radical differences—though not distinctions as far as this eye could see—in price. A nice quality panama, the brim lined with navy blue tagel, priced, untrimmied at 3/11, and trimmied at 4/11, offered all the qualifications that could possibly be required in a school hat, despite the fact that rival models were twice the price.

DUE consideration must also be accorded the lad of the family.

SHOPPING SERVICE

For further information regarding the whereabouts of the various items or for general shopping aid, write to "Saide," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.



tainly eat. There is the question, too, of carrying books and various impedimenta to and fro. So, before I repaired to my frugal meal, I made a detour with a port (carrying, not seal) in mind. A stout little case, bound at the edges with steel and with a steel frame, was fitted with pencil and ruler, and sported either blue or brown as to cover, for 3/11.

BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. Lower

THE Hollywood version: It's a great life if your don'ts weaken.

ZEALOUS young lady assisting at jumble sale: "Well, I've sold everything out of that room." Vicar's Wife: "Oh dear, dear, that was the cloakroom."

BROWN: "Smith says he's had his car for five years and has never paid a penny in repairs." Jones: "Do you believe it?" Brown: "I know it's true. I do his repairs."

NURSE: "I think he is regaining consciousness, doctor; he tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

JOHN, how is the car running? Inquired a wife of her husband. "Not so good," admitted John. "There was a little miss in it last night." "Yes," said the wife. "I found her gloves and handkerchief."

HOLT Holbrook says: The Holbrook Queen Olives are the most popular. They are so tasty and crisp.



MOTHER: "Oh, Johnny, you are a good boy. Baby asleep already?" Johnny: "Yes. One uppercut was enough for him."

WHEN a husband wakes up in the morning in the Blues, good night! If there's not an argument before breakfast, there will be one after.

THE farmer and his hired help had stopped for a few moments to rest their backs after weeding. "Which weeds are the easiest to kill?" asked the young man.

"The farmer glanced at him shrewdly. 'Widow,' he said, 'you've only to say 'Will thou?' and they will.'"

"NOW, my little girl," said the old man, "can you tell me the quickest way to get to Mr. Smith's farm?" "Yes, sir," said little Mary. "Run!"

COLD WEATHER DANGERS GUARD YOURSELF AGAINST COLDS & FLU with

A PACKET of 'ASPRO' is better than a week in bed. A slight cold is often not regarded seriously, yet in very cold weather how many slight colds lead on to serious cases of 'Flu'. Don't be hood-winked. At the first sign of a cold, attack it with 'ASPRO'. Don't wait until the cold gets you down. Immediately you feel you have "caught a cold," take two or three 'ASPRO' tablets at once, and follow up with two tablets every three hours, and a hot lemon drink with the last dose before going to bed. Colds and 'Flu' are easy to nip in the bud, but difficult to shift if you let them become deep-seated. 'ASPRO' never fails if taken according to directions. It is safe, sure and certain. It quickly puts you on your feet again, and there are no dangerous after-effects. Buy a packet to-day.

'ASPRO'

Real Comfort from 'ASPRO' for Neuritis

Sandringham, S.A.
15th December, 1932.
Dear Sir,
I wish to place on record our great appreciation of the "beneficial effects of 'ASPRO' for Neuritis. During the recent cold weather a friend contracted a severe attack of Neuritis. I advised her to take 'ASPRO' and she received great relief from pain and much real comfort from 'ASPRO'. I do not know what we should have done without 'ASPRO'. Yours faithfully,

(The writer has requested us not to publish name and address, but original can be seen at our Melbourne office.)

Use 'ASPRO' for:

Headache
Rheumatism
Sleeplessness
Neuralgia
Toothache
Sore Throat
Hay Fever
Feverishness
Irritability
Temperature
Alcoholic After-Effects.

Influenza
Colds
Neuritis
Earache
Malaria
Dengue
Sciatica
Gout
Lumbago
Asthma

'ASPRO' IS A SAFE EFFECTIVE GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT & TONSILLITIS

When you have a sore or relaxed throat, try a gargle made with 'ASPRO'. Prepare the gargle by crushing three 'ASPRO' tablets and dissolving in half a glass of water; stir well before using. Do not let the mixture stand over night. Repeat the gargle every two or three hours as required, but make it fresh each time. The reason why 'ASPRO' acts as a soothing and an effective antiseptic for sore and natural antiseptic qualities. There is no need to worry if you swallow some of the mixture when gargling—it won't do you any harm, but will soothe the inflamed membranes of the throat.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Dispensaries
3s 9d 1/3 4s

Beauty's Greatest Secret ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

MAGNIFIED SECTION OF SKIN TISSUE



Send for 6d. Sample

Send for 6d. Sample

NOTE the PORES in above chart. There are 880 of these to the square inch or approximately 40,000 in the face. These little pores are of paramount importance to your health because they enable your skin to breathe or perspire—the word "perspire" meaning "to breathe through" (LAT. Spiro, I breathe, per, through) and this is how your body is guarded against the variations of climate and maintains a NORMAL TEMPERATURE in every climate—tropical, sub-tropical, polar, &c.

These little Pores also exude oil on to the skin surface from the oil glands which is necessary to keep the skin from becoming dry and parched.

DAILY these little Pores come in contact with myriads of particles of dust, dirt, and other impurities which clog them up and prevent them performing their proper functions.

YOU will therefore appreciate the necessity of keeping these little pores CLEAN. CLEANSING "CREAMS," being surface cleansers only, cannot do this. It requires a LIQUID CLEANSER which will penetrate and cleanse the DEEP PORES. Skin foods are useless until the pores are cleansed.

2/6 ANNA ZELITA 3/6
Cleansing Tonic
is the IDEAL cleanser for the deep pores. It purifies, refreshes and exhilarates. It prevents blackheads and protects the pores.
OBTAINABLE at all LEADING STORES throughout Australia, Chemists, and THE SALON, 18 Her Majesty's Arcade, Pitt Street.
A small sample bottle together with a sample of Skin Food will be posted to any address on receipt of 6d sent to Anna Zelita, Scot Chambers, Hosking Place, Sydney. Tel.: B3984.



SAY IT With FLOWERS

in the
SPRING



• **CARISSIMA** wears a clinging gown of black lace. A diamante belt encircles her slim waist, while her sleeves are very important. Graceful white arms emerge from billowy ruffles of intriguing and intricate design in crisp white organdie.



• **CARESSE**, in black cire lace, revealing a graceful silhouette, this model has wide cup sleeves and very important frillings of gleaming black silk organdie, forming a delightful foil for white neck and arms.

• **MIL FLEUR** is a cluster of adorable small flowers contrived by nimble fingers to adorn a dainty black gown. The flowers are made in floral georgette, and the black leaves are lined with warm red georgette.

• **PARISIENNE** is a gorgeous golden dahlia. Its petals are of soft gold crepe-de-chine, and its leaves of green velvet. It is designed to be worn high on the shoulder or on the back of a low-cut decolletage.

• **RADIANTE** is a charming velvet rose, its petals suffused with a delicate pink blush. Its leaves are a deep black velvet with a tiny edging of pink georgette.

Semi-precious stone jewellery . . . mounted in Silver



Green or red corneal ear-rings, set in silver—15/6.

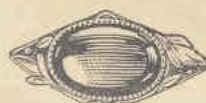


Blue Swiss lapis lazuli ear-rings, set in silver—15/6.

The rogue for antique semi-precious jewellery is at its height, and Fairfax & Roberts are showing some delightful pieces of charming design and thoroughly reliable quality. Prices in every instance are most reasonable.



Blue Turquoise matrix, in antique silver setting—21/-.



A beautiful brooch of Blue Swiss lapis lazuli, in silver setting—10/6.

FAIRFAX & ROBERTS Ltd.

"The Oldest Jewellery House in Sydney,"

23-25 HUNTER STREET.

Spring Bouquets

• **CLAUDIA** is very distinguished in a ciel blue cabossol frock cut with a subtle simplicity. There's a buckle of Cubist design on her swathed black belt, and a band of monkey fur on her flowing sleeves to tone with it. With extreme self-possession she wears her chic little hat on the side of her head, and her feet are trimly encased in black glaze kid shoes with a full stilt heel.

• **MOIRA** chooses a smart ensemble of navy and white. Her three-quarter coat is a "swaggering" finish to a striking gown, and on the lapel of her coat there is a jaunty bow of the same spotted material as her frock.

THERE'LL be flowers in abundance for the spring, but they won't be all in the garden. Dame Fashion confers bouquets with a lavish hand to add charm and a note of chic to elegant evening gowns.

Puffed up with her own importance she varies the floral theme with bustling flares and frills. So gracefully contrived and so delicate in effect are these frillings and rufflings and ruchings, that they vie with the charm of the flowers. Tailored simplicity marks the smartest street

suit, but it is touched with a piquancy by the addition of a jaunty bow or a contrasting note of color.

Millinery continues to take a very one-sided view, but that view is disclosed from a softly upturned brim and reveals sleek curls demurely coiffured.

Miss Audrey Connell posed in our studio for these portraits of models from Madame Pellier, depicting the latest fashions in Sydney's most exclusive salons. Madame Marquart was responsible for the delicate flowers, and the shoes are from McNaughts.

Intimate Jottings

What Do You Think Of—

MRS. HOLMES a COURT starting the sailing season by taking 20 boys for a blow on Peter's birthday last week?

Fred Prince getting bogged at Maroubra and having to spend the whole night in solitary vigil around his car?

The C. Newmans' emus, wallabies, and huge aviary at their Strathfield home?

Mrs. Stanley Mort (one time acting head of "Kambala") being called "Dickie" by her step-children?

The Spinner

Memories of the old fairytale wherein a lovely princess pricked her finger at a spinning-wheel and fell asleep might have been recalled at the exhibition of the Ladies' Home Mission Union. But the modern version of the spinning-wheel was different from the ancient tale. In place of the sleeping princess of legend there sat at the wheel a bright young lass, very wide awake, demonstrating the way wool was spun from the fur of an Angora rabbit.

On a table at her side the rabbit, "Snow Queen," dozed contentedly in its cage, at the side of which was a large bundle of its sheared fur being used in the spinning. "Snow Queen's" owner, Mrs. S. J. Cambourn, agreed to teach any of those present how to spin, provided that the goods made from the wool were presented to the L.H.M.U.

Family Reunion

Mrs. A. Samuels, with her mother, Mrs. Louis Becke, and her sister, Niya Becke, found that after the nine years that they had been parted, the days were too short to say all that they wanted. The first night of their arrival at Mrs. Samuels' bungalow, Palm Beach, they talked all night, too. Niya was in Portugal for five years, and latterly acted as secretary to Mrs. Alec Tweedie, the well-known writer.

Mrs. Becke frequently met Sir Arthur Conan Doyle during his lifetime, as she was the librarian of the bookshop in Victoria Street, Westminster, where all matters relating to his favorite study of psychic phenomena were to be found. She found that Louis Becke's stories of the South Seas were best sellers still, as Messrs. Werner and Laurie had lately issued a new edition of some of his works and given her the proceeds, which proves that publishers are not always the skinflints that they are represented to be.

Reviving a Vogue

Revivals in fashion are not for women alone, apparently. The fickle jade inspires men to exert themselves in this direction.

Some of the well-known men about town are re-introducing the vogue for button-holes, and at the Royal Empire Society luncheon recently we saw Mr. Spencer Brunton with a large-sized marigold in his coat, and Mr. W. G. Layton sporting a posy of boronia which, in keeping with his usual gallantry, he eventually presented to Mrs. O. Phillips, who was the guest of honor with her husband, Brigadier-General Phillips.

Facing the Barrage

WITH the agility of an experienced political campaigner, Mr. Dunningham (Minister for Labor) evaded the issue at a meeting of the Coogee Bay women's branch of the U.A.P. Someone passed him a copy of *The Australian Women's Weekly* and asked if he agreed with its article on the futility of women seeking admission to the Legislative Council. He looked at the paper and said, "Well, they are not right about Parliament House. It's the most uncomfortable club I know." A barrage of interjections, however, wrung from him the assurance that his party would include some women in its nominations. "And that's as far as anyone can promise," he concluded.

A-Hunting They Did Go

The wilds of Wairoonga, on the North Shore, assumed an English aspect a few days ago when a number of horsemen and horsewomen of all ages took part in a mounted paperchase organised by Mrs. J. D. Hemphill in aid of the Veterans' Home at Bare Island, La Perouse.

They were given a hearty send-off from the Pymble Golf Club in a manner reminiscent of the good old hunting days. Wheat magnates Desmond and Rupert Hemphill ceased conferring over the World Wheat Conference long enough to wave the paperchasers cheerfully off the premises and commiserate with many on the absence of hunting fields in this land of sunshine with its miles of rideable country going begging for redcoats and hounds.

Stanley Bruce and her husband.

Quite a bevy of beauty invaded the "Maunganui" when the Mackay Sims returned at the week-end, and most of the smartly-dressed young women in the party were their own daughters and other relatives.

Now a Benedict

An announcement of the marriage of Mr. William Edwin Pidgeon would not convey as much interest to readers as the announcement that "Wep" was married. His clever drawings are well known to our readers, all of whom we are sure will offer congratulations. Mrs. Pidgeon was formerly Miss Jessie Graham, and is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. George O. Graham, of Brighton. Kosciuszko was chosen for honeymooning.

Greetings From London

Although Mrs. D. Mackay Sim only spent a month in London during her husband's rush visit home on big shipping business, she met quite a lot of Australian women either working there or enjoying themselves on holiday and basking in the sunshine of one of Britain's warmest summers for many years.

Among those who entrusted her with greetings for folk at this end of the world was Helen Simpson, the successful authoress; the Pat Costellos, formerly of Rose Bay, and, of course, the elegant Mrs.



"So the boss won't let you smoke during office hours?"
"No; I'd get ash all over his coat if I did."

Ministerial Treasures

Because he is Minister for Transport, Col. Bruxner has a photograph upon his desk in which he takes an especial joy. It is of his mother (now 76) being taken through the bush by the out-back method of transport—riding on a ploughshare vehicle.

Another treasure is a gay little model of a fruit-barrow. The colonel thinks that these barrows, if made to look attractive, would greatly enhance the "drawing" power of the shops outside which they are parked, although the shops, in the main, don't agree.

As Sydney streets are so narrow however, Col. Bruxner has been compelled to keep the number of barrows down to 89.

Our Eligibles

Is it the advent of spring, or the prospect of a visit from a bachelor member of the Royal household, that is causing all the talk about "eligibles" these days?

Don't let us overlook our own eligible bachelors, those hard-working, industrious, rich young men who are near at hand.

Among them is Alexis Albert, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albert. He took his degree in economics, and is now working in his father's music emporium.

Then there are Sam Hordern, son and heir of Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern, who is taking a course at a city business college; George Fuller, son of Sir George and Lady Fuller, who has started a tailoring business; the four Ashton boys, sons of Mr. and Mrs. James Ashton, who are famous polo players, and work on their own property near Goulburn; and George Falkiner, elder son of the late F.B.S. Falkiner and Mrs. Falkiner, owner of Haddon Rig, one of our largest stud sheep properties in Australia!

Big Game Hunters

Off again on a big game hunting expedition are the ever-popular Captain Patrick and his wife, who will handle a gun, too. They intend going first to India, where they have been promised some good tiger shooting, and from there the men of the party will go on to Kenya for elephant, while Mrs. Patrick remains in India with friends.

The party is to be equipped with Cine-Kodak, and with the wonderful pictures brought back from their last trip in mind, the clubs may look forward to some remarkably interesting illustrated lectures on their return.

Mrs. Patrick is quite as keen as her husband, and has sacrificed a large space in their new home on the waterfront at Darling Point to be made into a den for their specimens. This should be something quite unique, as the captain has been for years an ardent collector of all matter pertaining to big game.

Did You Know That—

Mrs. A. F. Ryrie won't go out of her own street in the winter evenings unless under the greatest provocation?

Vinla de Loitte has a not always suppressed desire for cheese and bread?

Dr. Manning Hare, an elder of the Presbyterian Church, is one of the few doctors to wear a bowler?



There is more than ordinary interest about this new Norman Lindsay picture called "Party." It actually depicts a party at the studio of Mrs. Allison Rehfish in Sydney, and includes a self-portrait of the artist and a number of other well-known artists. Mr. Lindsay is on the extreme left.

RIGNEY'S

PRESENT ADVANCE SPRING
MODELS OF QUALITY FOOTWEARA SPENCER MODEL in White Calf, with
White Buck Collar and Neat Piping of Black
Patent, in sizes or half sizes.

27/6

Obtainable also
in Black Kid,
Brown Kid, Pa-
tent 29/6And Grey Kid
with Grey Suede
Collar 35/-An Elegant White Calf, "Cabana"
Court, featuring the latest in
"THRU" perforation.

27/6

An Exquisite White Buck Semi-
Oxford, punched and stitched in
the new and fascinating PERN
punch, in sizes and half sizes.

27/6

The EXCLUSIVE White Buck
Two-Hole Side Tie, with a neat
White Kid overlay seam to toe.

35/-

Obtainable also in
Black Glazed Silk
Kid 35/-We know the interest you take in HIS appearance. Rigney's
Footwear for Men is distinctive in any company.

Rigney's

SPECIALISTS for 25 YEARS in HIGH-GRADE FOOTWEAR.
147 KING STREET, SYDNEY.
(AND EDWARD STREET, BRISBANE.) 2 Doors from Castlereagh Street.look!
KOTEX
with the new
PATENTED* EQUALIZER
Now 2/6 Box
of 12 PadsTHIS news will interest every
woman who knows Kotex. An
improvement has been made that
adds far greater protection without
adding to the bulk of the pad. You
still wear it on either side in perfect
comfort and safety. The Equalizer
section cannot be copied or dupli-
cated.Softness, absorbency, ease of dis-
posal are all retained. Also, Kotex
is the only pad with "Phantom"
ends, rounded and tapered, non-de-
tectable. Equalizer Kotex offers you
absolute safety in sanitary protection.HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER?
Many a mother wonders. Now you simply
hand your daughter the story booklet en-
titled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."
For free copy, address Miss Lilian Chalk,
c/o G.P.O. Box 2587EE, Sydney, N.S.W.If your DRAPER or CHEMIST
cannot supply you, write
KOTEX AUSTRALIA
LIMITED,
339-343 Crown Street,
Sydney, N.S.W.Mrs. Anthony Hordern, of "Rettford Hall", Darling Point, who is one of
Sydney's popular young hostesses.

Don't Forget

MEMBERS of the Young Women's Christian
Association are working hard for the suc-
cess of their first ball, which will be held at
Hordern Bros. on September 2. Lady Harvey
will be present and will receive the debutantes.THE energetic committee working for the suc-
cess of the "Canary Revel," which is to
take place at David Jones on September 2,
has arranged a special buffet supper and a
ballet of eight girls dressed in canary costumes
as features of the dance. Proceeds are for the
Smith Family Home for Babies, Parramatta.MRS. C. H. SMITH, of "Pittmoreddon," Edward
Street, Gordon, and Mr. A. H. James, of
"Dunbladen," Telegraph Road, Pymble, will give
power lovers an opportunity of seeing their
gardens on September 3 and 4, for they have
agreed to throw them open to the public on
those dates so that funds may be raised for
the Kindergarten Union of New South Wales.
Afternoon tea will be served on the terrace at
"Pittmoreddon."BRIDGE tables will
be provided at
the annual Maritime
ball, which will be
held at the Wool-
worth on September
6. The president is
Mrs. W. R. Connor,
and joint honorary
secretaries Mrs. M. C.
Noonan and Miss C.
O'Connor.THE ladies' auxiliary
of the Hurstville
branch of the Scheme
to Help Young Citiz-
ens is arranging a
sale of work which
is to take place at Col-
vin's Hall, Forest
Road, Hurstville, on
September 15. The
Mayress, Mrs. W. R.
Smith, is the presi-
dent. The opening
ceremony will be per-
formed by the Minister
for Labor (Mr. Dun-
ningham).THIS is the golden jubilee year at Lochin-
var, and the celebrations will take place
from September 6 to 19 at the college, when
one of the main features will be the opening
of a new pipe organ in the chapel, a gift from
the ex-students.TO raise funds to provide operating theatre
equipment at St. George's District Hospital,
a card party and big-saw afternoon will be held
at the Blackland Galleries on September 4 at
5 o'clock. Mrs. W. M. Moxley is the president of
the afternoon, and hon. secretaries Madeline
Pritchard, Mrs. Crankinhorp, and Mrs. A. C.
Thomas.MRS. F. H. SUTHERLAND and Mrs. Norman
Day are joint organizers for a dance at
the Cavalier on September 6, the funds of which
will assist the bridge stall at the "Quomodo"
fete which is being held at the house of Miss
Kotso and Lady King for the Anti-Tuberculous
Association.JUNIOR Red Cross Houses will benefit by a
hall which members of the staff of Angus
and Coote, Ltd., are arranging for September
6 at the State Assembly, Market Street. Organ-
izing arrangements are in the hands of Misses
Dugdale, Crutts, and Poonook.MAJESTY branch of the C.W.A. Youngster Set
Hall, Manly, on September 7. Funds are for
"Korea House," Dewdney, Miss Jean Cunningham
is honorary secretary of the dance.Helping Outcasts
in Leper ColoniesA plea for more interest and more
practical assistance for the sufferers
from that dreadful scourge, leprosy, is
made by Miss Winifred Wilson, now in
Sydney en route for the Solomon Islands,
where she will take charge of the A.B.M.
Hospital at Fomabu and the leper colony
at Quabaita.MISS WILSON feels that the sympathy
meted out to these sufferers by the
world in general is totally inadequate,
and there seem grounds for her conten-
tion when one realises that she was the
only woman working among 175 lepers at
the British Colony, Cyprus.Miss Wilson is in one respect at least
single-minded. Her present work for
lepers is the outcome of an intention
made when a child, after hearing an ad-
dress on the subject.There are about two million lepers in
the British Empire, about one million
being in India. They are to be seen on
the streets of the big cities and in the
villages, says Miss Wilson. Many of
them are respectable people endeavor-
ing to conceal their affliction from the
scornful gaze of the public. Those who
have been turned adrift by relatives will
often be found in front of the mosques
and temples exposing their bodies to
excite pity and obtain alms. In Calcutta
alone it is estimated that there are more
than 1000 lepers.Children of leper parents both in ad-
vanced stages of the disease, says Miss
Wilson, are often very beautiful and free
from infection. Hundreds of such little
beings have been saved from living death
by being taken away to homes for un-
tainted children.They are in all parts of the world. In
England 13 are housed and given every
care in a hospital in Essex. They are
in the West Indies, Malaya, the South
Sea, and, after a visit to Africa, H.R.H.
the Prince of Wales said, "I shall never
forget their faces as long as I live."And what, to any extent, are their
fellow humans doing for them? asks Miss
Wilson.

PREVENTION OF CRIME

A CRIME Prevention Bureau has
been operating in New York since
1930. It has already set up ten district
subdivisions, and has been working in
close contact with schools, children's
courts and numerous voluntary and of-
ficial bodies. This bureau, as its name
implies, is preventive in its activities.
It considers that work, such as it
undertakes, should be extended and not
curtailed in a time of economic depres-
sion.H. O. R. Holbrook says: Many dainty savories
can be made with Holbrook's Anchovy
Paste. In 1/2 lb. or 1/4 lb. jars.***That Big Cheque
You've Been Waiting
for!If a big prize in the State Lottery
has so far eluded you, participate
immediately in Golden Dawn Mem-
bership Shares.Winning numbers, it is calculated, run
in cycles. Golden Dawn Management do
NOT rely on "supernatural luck." They
secure on behalf of their subscriber vic-
tims in number-series believed to be
"due."As a sequence to Lottery 149 (shares
in which were mailed on 23rd August),
Golden Dawn now draws attention to the
Lottery from which EVERYTHING IS
expected.

ONE — FIVE — FIVE

Sensational Returns are anticipated
from Lottery 150, including a Major Prize
which is expected to fall to a number
in a certain series. Remember, 1-5-5-
5! Don't fail to participate. Seize op-
portunity while it serves, and Make
THIS YOUR BIGGEST AND BEST
EFFORT.GOLDEN DAWN'S
SPECIAL OFFER!(Postage included; no stamped envelope
required.)One Fourth Share (1/10d) 2/-
1/4th Share and 1/3rd Share 4/-
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Shares 6/-
1/4th Share and four 1/3rd
Shares 10/-
Ten 1/3rd Shares £1A 1/4th Share can return you £1,350;
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state name and full address and remit
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70, G.P.O. Post Office, Sydney, N.S.W.Each of the Shares you apply for will
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ORGANISING Australian WOMEN . . .

The president of the Australian Federation of Women Voters, Mrs. Rischbieth, who is on a visit to Sydney, explained the objects of her organisation in an interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.

"AUSTRALIA is in need of a thorough overhaul," said Mrs. Rischbieth, "to find out where we are going, what is our goal, and whether or not our destiny is to become a great nation. The work of the federation, which was founded 12 years ago, is to co-ordinate the work of the women's non-party, social, and political groups in all the States of the Commonwealth. We are affiliated with the British Commonwealth League in London, and also with the International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship.

"I have arranged a series of weekly conferences of women from Monday, September 11, until October 9, at the United Associations' Rooms, at Challis House, and a monster two days' rally on September 28 and 29 at Farmer's, when the programme will consist of music, discussions, and afternoon tea.

"An interesting feature of the rally will be an exhibit showing the progress women have made in the last half-century.

"We are very much alert in Australia to-day," said Mrs. Rischbieth, "with re-



MRS. RISCHBIETH

gard to any movement, social, political, or economic. The women of this country are well organised in small numbers, but mostly for alleviating distress.

"That is not fundamental enough, and my federation is out to secure co-ordinate action between the men and women of Australia, so as to face the problems which face this country in the future. Parliament and the people are getting further and further apart, and we must endeavor to bring them closer together. What is needed in the Commonwealth is a new impulse. New South Wales, by reason of its population, controls the Federal Parliament, and she thus owes a great responsibility to the rest of Australia.

"The Federation of Women Voters is affiliated with the Pan-Pacific movement, which will grow and become extremely important. There are 600,000,000 living round the basin of the Pacific, and Australia must play a big part in the future of the Pacific.

Federal Constitution

"The federation is particularly interested in the convention which the Commonwealth Government has announced for the revision of the Constitution. It is to be appointed by the Parliaments of the States.

"My federation is very much opposed to that method of appointment. It is taking one of the rights of the people away. We consider that the convention should be elected by means of proportional representation, as was done in 1897.

"The business of the convention is one of the most important matters that has come before the people of Australia in the last 30 years.

"The International Women's Movement takes a very serious view of the persecution of women in Germany to-day," continued Mrs. Rischbieth. "Hitler has dismissed women from the Public Service and from the professions in Germany, unless they were prepared to fall in with his policy. Great alarm is felt at this persecution, and there are likely to be serious repercussions throughout the Women's International Movement.

"The whole position to-day," concluded Mrs. Rischbieth, "is a challenge to women. We are out to claim our rightful place in the scheme of things, and to secure for women the right to live, to work, and to give service."

HOST Holbrook says: I brew a special "Vinegar" for my Worcestershire Sauce, called: Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar.***

Where CHILDREN Receive THEIR NATURAL Heritage

Gone are the days when institutions for children were like dull morgues, when discipline amounted to tyranny, and all



A happy group from the Carlingford Home.

suggestion of love or affection was killed at birth.

The children's homes of today are pleasant, cheerful places, where the little inmates are permitted to grow up natural and normal human beings.

THE Church of England Homes for Children are typical of the changed order. Visit any of the institutions controlled by this committee and you will find conditions that many children under parental roofs might envy.

Hundreds of girls and boys who have passed through these homes are now occupying good positions throughout the Commonwealth.

It is a delight to attend one of the gatherings at the home and meet young men and women who are as proud of their early association with the homes as are men and women who boast of their association with noted schools of learning.

There is a group of these homes at Carlingford (for boys and for girls), a girls' home at Leura, and the Havilah Home, Wahroonga, for young children.

The homes all have the advantage of being set in beautiful grounds, of having fresh milk and home-grown vegetables.

BUILT on the crest of a rise at Wahroonga, in a setting of spacious lawns, orange groves, and shrubbery, Havilah Home cares for 80 children between the ages of two and seven years.

Girls on reaching the age of seven are transferred to Carlingford, which takes girls from the age of seven to twelve, to remain there, of course, until the time

United Effort

IN 1930 the Church of England Homes and Hostels and the Church of England Homes for Children amalgamated. The work is now conducted by one executive committee. Various auxiliaries assist in raising funds.

when they are able to earn their own living or suitable care is guaranteed for them. This home has accommodation for 150 girls, and this is not sufficient. Applications are refused every day, and there is a long waiting list. An even larger demand is made on the boys' homes.

The other girls' home is at "Quipolli,"

Leura, where there is accommodation for 28, from the age of seven to the time when they are fitted to face the world alone.

Domestic science, cookery, dressmaking, laundry, hospital training, and lace-making are among the crafts taught the girls. Lace-making is a special feature, and overseas visitors have compared it with advantage to that done by the women of France and Belgium. Quite a number of girls have their own gardens, for which prizes are awarded.

Pottery MAKER at WORK

"BUT where are the moulds and wheels?"

"Ignoramus," said Mrs. VI. Eyre, laughing—she was busy at a table, with a vase gradually taking on beauty of line under her deft hands—"I pinch all my clay with my fingers," and to illustrate her remark she took a piece of clay and moulded it to the vase, where her trained eye detected the tiny depression which nobody else would notice.

It was an object lesson to look at that vase, with its beautiful "shoulder line," slim pedestal and slender neck, in a delicate blue—which later would take on a rich peacock shade—and the flight of white sea-swallows, or terns, encircling the body.

It is amazing to you hold the finished article in your hand, the amount of patient labor required to build up the beautiful objects in which this artist specialises; to follow, bit by bit, the line decided upon the motifs to be used, the tinting of the clay when natural colors are not to be used, and the time taken to produce the tiniest ornament.

Mrs. Eyre, whose pottery is well-known to lovers of the truly artistic in this State and others of the Commonwealth, took up pottery-making as the result of a disappointment. Her feeling was for metal, and her ambition to excel in that branch of art. There happened to have been nobody at the time from whom she could obtain instruction, and she turned her attention to working in clay. The success she has met with has amply justified her choice.

Mrs. Eyre, who is an accomplished water-colorist, first draws her designs,

THE Boys' Home at Carlingford stands in 45 acres of grazing property. The boys receive tuition in carpentering, boot-repairing, house and farm work. In every way they are taught to develop a spirit of self-reliance, wholesome living, and usefulness. They attend the public school at Carlingford, belong to the Boy Scouts, and have a fine choir. On June 3 of this year a large workshop was presented by Mr. F. E. Penfold. History of the homes commences in 1883, at Woolloomooloo, when initial efforts were made to help destitute women and children by the late Canon T. B. Tress and the Rev. J. N. Manning.

Pottery MAKER at WORK

A Talk with Mrs. Eyre Method and Design



EXAMPLES of the potter's art. Note the beauty of design.

thus having a definite plan of outline and decoration before commencing on her clay. She uses no implements but her fingers—strong and supple and sensitive—and, seeing her intent on her work, you realise that she is putting a great deal more into it than mere technical knowledge.

The most-loved department of her craft is inlaid work, of which she has produced many beautiful specimens. No

"Quipolli," the girls' home at Leura.

two Anglican gentlemen whose names are commemorated in the Tress-Manning Home at Glebe Point, Mrs. J. N. Manning, who is now 83 years of age, as a senior member of the executive committee, still attends the meetings.

From Woolloomooloo a move was made to Paddington, and further expansion necessitated a transfer to Darlinghurst, and in 1894 a group of girls' homes at Glebe Point was established. The first homes were established at Carlingford in 1929.

NO mention of the Church of England Homes for Children would be complete without reference to the late Matron McGarvey, whose love, understanding, and wisdom were of such great influence in the conduct of the institution.

Miss McGarvey was matron of the homes for 35 years. It was largely owing to her efforts that the Carlingford Home for Girls was established. As Glebe Point developed more and more into an industrial area, she longed for a country environment for the children. She saw her ambition realised, and was at the Carlingford Home for a while before her retirement in February, 1930.

Miss McGarvey died in December of the same year.



MRS. VI. EYRE

other hands but her own come into contact with her "pieces." From the first little piece of clay that forms the beginning, right through the process to the glazing and firing, she herself performs.

An amusing story is told of a life-like little green frog from Mrs. Eyre's studio. This little "piece" was bought by artist Alice Norton (Mrs. Stephens), and placed by her on the rim of a fish-pond in her garden for realistic effect. A few days later Miss Norton heard a kookaburra chuckling from a nearby tree. The next moment the bird had swooped down and carried off the frog!

Much disturbed at the loss of her treasure, though amused at the incident, Miss Norton gave the frog up for lost, but months afterwards she found it in a scrubby bit of land—very soiled and grubby and minus one leg—where the raider had evidently dropped it in deep disgust.

Miss Norton was delighted to retrieve her crippled green specimen, and restored it to her pond, where its presence serves to remind her of how a wise old kookaburra was once "sold."

On this page are illustrated a few of the charming pieces of work typical of the productions from Mrs. Eyre's Dalley Street studio.

WOMAN Seeks ADMISSION To Ministry

An application from a woman for admission to the ministry will be considered at the Presbyterian General Assembly in Melbourne on September 13. The matter is expected to arouse some controversy.

THE application is from Miss Dilys Jamieson Williams, a Sydney graduate in economics, who is at present in Wales. She is concentrating on her theological studies in view of a favorable decision from the Assembly.

She is the daughter of the late Rev. T. J. Jamieson Williams, formerly minister of the Presbyterian Church, Manly, and Mrs. Jamieson Williams, who will be remembered in Sydney by reason of her practical interest in many public activities.

After the law in the Presbyterian Church is a long process, as the matter has to be referred to several States after the General Assembly has approved, and the existing law makes no provision for women applicants to the ministry.

The doctrinal question will also come

under review as some members of the New South Wales Assembly are appealing against the decision to endorse the teachings of Dr. Samuel Angus in St. Andrew's Theological Hall, Sydney.

Delegates to the Assembly will represent every State and visitors are expected from Presbyterian churches in other parts of the world.

The retiring Moderator-General, Rev. D. A. Cameron, M.A., of Melbourne, will install his successor in office, Rev. G. R. S. Reid, M.A., D.D., of Roseville.

The meeting will be full of interest as various questions affecting the Federal policy of the Presbyterian Church will come up for discussion. Of particular significance will be the question relating to the reception of ministers from other denominations. There have been about 10 applicants from other churches in Australia.



MISS MAY GOLDBERG, the honorary secretary of the Jewish Girls' Guild. A bright personality, Miss Goldberg is a general favorite, and one of the Guild's most ardent workers in visiting hospitals and in the distribution of necessities to those in need.

—Monte Luka.

CHARITIES that EMANATE from MACCABEAN HALL

MACCABEAN HALL, Darlinghurst, a beautiful and useful structure, which was built twelve years ago in memory of the Jewish sailors, soldiers, and nurses who lost their lives in the Great War, is the communal centre of the Jewish community in Sydney. Scarcely a day passes without some kind of meeting or social function taking place there.

Girls' Guild

Thirty-nine years of quiet, unobtrusive work among the poorer classes, irrespective of creed or religion, is the record of the Jewish Girls' Guild. Except for its leaders, Mr. R. W. Solomon, president, Mrs. William L. Cohen and Mrs. A. Owen and Miss J. Lawrence, vice-presidents, the guild consists of about twenty young unmarried girls.

Each week two girls visit the hospitals; arrangements are made for the regular distribution of milk to necessitous families and for the distribution of eggs, groceries, and clothes. In many cases regular monetary help, similar to a pension, is given after a thorough investigation of the circumstances. Miss May Goldberg is hon. secretary, and except for a few small functions the guild de-

pendes mainly on donations for its funds. Last year the guild paid £412 out in relief, pensions, and to those in hospitals, and expenses amounted to less than £12. How many other charitable organisations of Sydney keep their expenses so low?

Other Committees

The ladies' auxiliary of the house committee of Maccabean Hall, which has undertaken the responsibility of caring for the furniture and general upkeep of the building for the past ten years, generally conducts one big dance or card evening during the year for funds, but this year, with Mrs. Lewis G. Cohen as its president, it is concentrating on a Wonderland Fete, which will take place in the hall on September 8 and 9.

Another group is the social committee, which arranges for the entertainment of distinguished Jewish people, musicians, and card parties. Its president is Mrs. J. N. Joseph, and honorary secretary Miss Beck Goldman.

Mrs. F. L. Cohen is president and Mrs. H. I. Wolff secretary of the Ladies' Maternity Society, which does a wonderful amount of nonsectarian work in the provision of garments and monetary assistance to mothers-to-be and those with young infants. Members visit the hospitals and keep in personal touch with those in poor circumstances.

A number of ladies assist Mr. L. M. Phillips in connection with Montefiore Homes; and Mrs. Harry Lesnie is president of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, which provides clothes for Jewish women in need.

The Help in Need Society is a non-sectarian organisation of which Mrs. George Cohen is president. Although over eighty years of age, Mrs. Cohen takes an active part in its work, and seldom misses a meeting.

Education

Mrs. F. L. Cohen, the wife of the Rabbi, presides over the ladies' auxiliary of the N.S.W. Jewish Education Board, which is for the purpose of giving religious instruction, and there is a Ladies' Study Circle which meets to discuss and probe religious problems.

There are many other societies, including that of Employment and Welfare. The employment bureau has been established for seven years and has a mixed committee working to provide meals and to find work for members of the Jewish community.

State Conference of Auxiliaries

Several years ago the Prince Alfred Hospital instituted the first women's auxiliary, and so well did it function that before long similar committees were formed in the suburbs, and later in the country.

THE Hospitals Commission is anxious to encourage these auxiliaries, realising how invaluable is the service rendered by women in this respect.

Mrs. R. R. S. MacKinnon, a member of the Commission, has been visiting country towns during this year for the purpose of forming new auxiliaries, and as the outcome of her report the Commission has decided to hold a conference during Health Week. An attempt will be made at the conference to co-ordinate the work of auxiliaries throughout the State, and a few simple rules have been drawn up for guidance. These will form the basis for a constitution which will be submitted to the Commission.

The aims and objects to be suggested are nearly all included in the work already being done by auxiliaries, with the exception of two important clauses relating to the local contribution scheme, and to the gifts in kind. It is suggested that members of auxiliaries give publicity to the contribution scheme, and perhaps assist in its collection, and also that depots should be established for the regular collection of gifts in kind, such as vegetables, eggs, groceries, to be contributed to the hospitals.

City, country and suburban auxiliaries will take part in the conference, which will be opened by the Minister for Health on November 21. The Lady Mayoress has lent her rooms at the Town Hall for a meeting of hospital matrons, who will confer on various matters pertaining to their work and the possible assistance that can be given by auxiliaries.



SNOWS LEADERSHIP SALE

Starts To-morrow 8.15 a.m.

The Race for Leadership is on SEPTEMBER 1ST.

Statue of W.C.T.U. FOUNDER at WASHINGTON

Many women dream dreams, pine for a world free from influences that destroy, yet few have the ability or enterprise to set in motion the machinery to effect the reforms they desire.

THIS did not apply to Frances Willard, founder of The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a world-wide organisation with strong branches in every State of the Commonwealth.

Frances Willard was not only an advocate for temperance, but for many worth-while reforms. The society which she founded has as its primary object the promotion of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages, but other objectives concern social welfare, the establishment of world peace, education for citizenship, and political equality in all countries where women are not enfranchised.

This great woman reformer was a descendant of the Willard family of Massachusetts. In 1871 she became president of the Evanston College for Ladies, the first college entirely under the direction and control of women in America. Throughout her lifetime, and in many ways, she furthered the educational advancement of women.

After her death in 1898, the House of Representatives, Washington, accepted a statue of Frances Willard, presented by the State of Illinois—the only statue of a woman among a number dedicated to illustrious men.

The memory of Frances Willard is perpetuated in Sydney by the hostel which bears her name at Newtown, and which is conducted by the W.C.T.U.

The society which she founded continues to function along the lines she mapped out many years ago.

The N.S.W. Union was one of the organisations that took a prominent part in the fight for the enfranchisement of women in this part of the world, and it has been represented in many of our other leading activities.

Notable Woman Delegate

MRS. CORBETT ASHBY justified her appointment by the British Government as delegate to the Disarmament Conference, Geneva. Reports from overseas tell of her valuable work, and her successful chairmanship of the sub-committee on moral disarmament. Mrs. Corbett Ashby succeeded M. Perrier (who entered a monastery) on this sub-committee.

The United States of America and Canada sent women delegates to the Disarmament Conference, but the Australian Government did not do so, despite the agitation and requests made by women's organisations for the inclusion of a woman in the delegation from this part of the Empire.



THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

—: By Jane Anne Seymour :—



MRS. ROBERT DENCE, of Chatswood, with her son, Michael, and daughter, Ann.

—Dayne.

DANCES, and still more dances! What a lot there have been this week, and what a number are arranged for the near future.

Non-dancers may toss their heads and scorn this frivolity, but there seems no substitute for dances as a popular means of raising money. Think, too, of their effect on trade—new frocks, shoes, stockings, taxi fares, to say nothing of the restaurants.

THE Music Week ball was a brilliant finale to the festive season of music that Sydney has enjoyed. Everyone was interested in watching the presentation of the debutantes to the Acting-Chief Justice, Sir John Harvey, and Lady Harvey, and their subsequent dance, music for which was provided by Miss Lillian Mitchell (her own waltz composition). A Russian dance given in costume by the pupils of M. Burlakov was another outstanding item. Funds of the evening are in support of the professional musicians' bed in St. Luke's Hospital. Miss Elizabeth Plummer was president of the ball committee. Mrs. Ernest Truman and Miss Alma Davis joint hon. wets, and Mr. G. G. Vincent hon. treas.

IT certainly required a considerable amount of gymnastic ability in the hanging of the thousands of streamers and flags from the rafters at the Royal Military College gymnasium, Victoria Barracks, for the dance given by officers of the 1st Field Artillery. As it was their last social event before going into camp at Haldenbury on August 31 they enjoyed it to the utmost.

THE calm and sedate air of the galleries at the Education Department was replaced by one of gaiety when the students of the Royal Art Society held a dance as a wind-up of the exhibition and incidentally to receive their prizes. Art students are famous for their originality in dress, if in nothing else, and all sorts of weird costumes were worn at the party. The burlesque of a mannequin parade was amusing.

GRACE STAFFORD has been in a whirl since she returned from London. The day after her arrival there was a large party arranged mainly by ex-pupils and their mothers at the Hotel Australia, and in between that and the reception at Palling's concert hall there have been a number of smaller teas and lunches.

MISS URSULA McCONNELL, of Brisbane, is an enthusiastic anthropologist, and spent some time at a lonely mission outpost in the Northern Territory studying the abos there. In pursuit of this science, Miss McConnell has been all round the world, and has just returned from a visit to Boston, U.S.A. In that centre of learning she found a very congenial atmosphere. The women of Boston combine their learning with the domestic arts. Women who have taken high degrees at the University are noted for their good housekeeping. Miss McConnell told the party at the Lyceum Club that the old idea of a "blue stocking" being uncouth and undomesticated was wiped out in America. Mrs. Jamieson (secretary of the Melbourne branch of the Lyceum) was another guest of honor at the party.

UNDETERRED by any Soviet rules and regulations, members of the Union of Russian Military and Naval Ex-service Men, and of the women's committee attached to the organisation, were able to enjoy the dance they held at the Arts Club. Mrs. Schwalbach organised the party, and all the committee members wore national dress.

THE GOVERNOR and his aide, Commander Gifford, will be guests of Dr. Alister Stewart Bowman at "Pelham" when His Excellency visits Singleton to open the agricultural show there on September 5.



BARBARA RAMSAY, the daughter of Mrs. M. Ramsay and the late Mr. Archie Ramsay, lives at Lincluden Gardens, Fairfax Road, where she frequently entertains her friends at tennis.

—Women's Weekly study.

SIGNORINA FRANCESCHI, Athos Martelli, de Giorgio, and Domenico Caruso were heard in a delightful programme of 16th and 17th century music when the Consul-General for Italy and the Marchesa Ferrante entertained at their home, Potts Point. Lady Game, who was accompanied by Mrs. A. T. Anderson, was among the guests, and so were Lady Fairfax, Lady Hughes, Mrs. David Cohen, Madame Dussap, Mrs. Feakes, Mrs. Tom Rolin, Mrs. Walter Swinson, Mrs. P. Learoyd and many others.

HUNDREDS of large gas-filled balloons attached by string to the backs of chairs resembled so many colored flowers standing upright on their slender stalks at the annual dance of the Sydney Hospital nurses, at Romanon. The hall was thronged, and everyone talked and danced happily so that there was no need for diversions common to dances these days. Funds of the evening are for the nurses' home at Sydney Hospital.

WHEN Mrs. P. D. Belcher took the chair at the meeting and social evening of the Sydney Cymrodorion Society at Empire House recently it was probably the first time in the history of Australia that a woman has presided at one of the society's meetings. One wonders whether the society will elect a woman as its next president. The evening was primarily to farewell the Rev. D. Davies and Mrs. Davies, who are leaving for Gerringong on September 12, and there were many there to speak appreciatively of the fine work that the guests of honor had done among the Welsh community of Sydney.

THAT grand old man, Mr. D. Carment, has reached the age of 90 years. His daughter, Miss Jane Carment, gave a party at the Royal Sydney Yacht Club in honor of the event, and chose the club instead of their home at Whaling Road, because of her father's close association with it for many years past. This time last year Mr. Carment was one of the busiest people at the Science Congress.

COMBINING social pleasure with good works, Mrs. Arthur Scrivener entertained at her home, Lane Cove, in the interests of the Ladies' Home Mission Union. The reception-room was a bower of spring flowers, and tables held reminders of the object of the party, in the form of parcels containing warm clothing for distribution among needy children. The Rev. M. Fielding presided, and Miss Young gave an address. Delightful music was provided by Mrs. George Perrins, Misses Margaret Bryer, Doreen Douglas, Dora and Elsie Kendall, Mrs. D. E. Stratton, and Mr. Leonard Howell.

LIFE has moved rapidly for Mrs. Peter Moore during the last eighteen months. Last year she accompanied her parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Fairfax, on a holiday trip abroad, met Peter Moore on the boat, married him shortly after in London, went to her home in Ceylon, and is now back in Sydney on a visit to her parents. Miss Fairfax is giving a mask and domino ball at "Ginahgulla" in her honor on Saturday evening. Brother John has probably had a lot to do with its arrangements. He is keen on fancy dress parties, and held a most successful one of his own lately.

THE Bankers' Ball has become an institution, and during the 14 years, when it has been held annually, £8650 has been raised by the committee for the Prince Alfred Hospital. David Jones was the place selected for the ball this year, and Mr. C. Darvall (president), office-bearers, and committee were well repaid for all the trouble they had taken in its organisation. Several preliminary parties were held to supplement the funds.



MRS. LEVINGSTON, wife of Captain T. C. Levinston, of the 36th Rajputana Rifles, who is leaving next week to join her husband in India. Mrs. Levinston is the step-daughter of our well-known scientist, Mr. Bassington Hull.

—Monte Luke.



MISS JEAN GARLING, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. H. Garling, of Toorawannah, who has been honorary secretary to the C.W.A. Younger Set there for the last twelve months, and who has announced her engagement to Mr. John Luckie, of Parkes.

—Howard Harris photo.

MRS. EMILY BENNETT has gone to Singleton, where she will address the Country Women's Association, and open a baby show being conducted by the branch. Mrs. Percy Stacy, president of the local C.W.A., will be her hostess.

ADMIRAL and Mrs. V. H. G. Bernard are both great music-lovers, and Mrs. Bernard is a violinist of considerable ability, so on this account their generosity in arranging the musicale at the Carlton for the library of the British Music Society can be appreciated. The money raised will be used to purchase additional copies of compositions to assist students and others.

ALL kinds of diversions are arranged for the "Squatter's Daughter" ball at the Blaxland Galleries, funds of which are for the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. Undoubtedly the most exciting event of the evening will be the selection of screen types. Something quite unusual will be a table at which "Pal," the clever sheepdog, performs. In the picture of the title name of the ball, will entertain guests with his owner, Miss McConville. Mrs. Garnet Halloran is president of the ball committee, and Miss Joyce Howarth will entertain a large party.

CELEBRATING their tenth anniversary by a dinner at their rooms in 175 Pitt Street, members of the Jewish Council of Women spent a delightful time on Wednesday night. There were over 200 guests who sat at tables brightened with sweet peas, and at the conclusion of the dinner there were cards and dancing. At 10.15 p.m. Dr. Fanny Reading, president of the council, broadcasted a message to which councils throughout the Commonwealth, which were holding similar functions, listened in.

A MERRIER evening could be scarcely imagined than that of the Highland Society's annual ball on Wednesday. What with the skirling of the bagpipes, the tapping, and laughter during the clightorne and foursome reels, together with scores of "bonnie laddies" darting hither and thither, attired in kilts, I wondered whether I was "awa' up in the Highlands" or really only in Horden Bros. Florentine ballroom. The Governor-General and Lady Isaacs received a number of debutantes. The Vice Regal party was received by Captain James R. Patrick, president of the society, and Mrs. Patrick.



"How old Isobel looks."

Yes, she had heard that stinging remark and the bitter truth was all she could bear.

She was young . . . as young as her friends, yet time and again people whispered things that hurt terribly. At last some kind person told her about ***P.B.S.*** (Poisoned Blood Stream) and she realised the bitter truth. Poisons were sapping her vitality, making her feel and look old. Poisons that day by day accumulated in her tired body and she afterwards realised that the surest, safest, method of combating those poisons in the blood stream was a regular dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts.

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts

are made from the active ingredients of the Mineral Waters or Spas of Europe where the rich of two Continents go yearly to get well. You, too, can have that treatment in your own home by taking a small teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water each morning.

P.B.S. (Poisoned Blood Stream) is a condition brought about by the faulty or incomplete functioning of the liver, kidneys and bowels, with the result that poisons which should be eliminated from the system by these organs enter the blood stream and poison it. Unless immediately attended to, instead of a rich, health-giving, energising blood stream flowing through the veins, you will have a pale, depleted and poison-carrying flow.

SIMPLIFY YOUR Spring Cleaning

"Plan your spring cleaning," says Margaret Shepherd, the author of this expert article. "To-day you have science on

By
**MARGARET
SHEPHERD**

your side, you have modern appliances to help you, with that spring urge upon you to clean, plan efficiently for ease, for ultimate satisfaction and happiness. It needs, after all, but little thought and less money."

TO begin with, don't make your spring cleaning too much of a burden, or your family uncomfortable by upsetting the whole house. Take a general survey of each room to be cleaned, and the necessary renovations to be made in each. Consider the cleaning utensils. Modern science has brought to your door so many labor-saving appliances at so small a cost that, with a little time and thought taken to consider and plan, your work will be shortened considerably.

Vacuum cleaners for cleaning rugs and carpets, or a carpet sweeper, will save spreading dust everywhere. Consider your back—the use of mops, either for washing the floor or polishing, will help you considerably. There are numerous kinds to choose from on the market. I prefer, however, those with the swivel handles, which enable one to get at all the "ungetatable" places.

Dusters galore are necessary. It is a good plan to save up old pieces of linen or silk, and when used they can be destroyed—thus saving the necessity of washing. The glove dusters made of lamb's wool are excellent for polishing furniture. Cheese-cloth dusters (used for polishing cars and sold in packets of three or four) are excellent for light dusting, and would also make splendid oil dusters for running over woodwork.

They can be washed and re-oiled when needed. Some people prefer silk for polishing and dusting. It certainly gives an excellent polish, but must be shaken out of doors frequently as it does not absorb or hold the dust like cheese-cloth or wool.

Have covers of cloth or flannelette for your long broom or mops to dust the high spots, ceiling, and walls. A small ladder in the home will save a lot of fatigue due to overhead stretching.

WHEN cutting the lunches in the morning, try cutting your own lunch and wrapping it in grease-proof paper, putting it away until lunch time. It will only take a second to make a cup of tea. Cold cream your face and neck. Rub it well in and remove the surplus cream. Then dust lightly with powder. (One always does that for a long journey to prevent the dust clogging the pores). A non-greasy lotion for the hands, also a little soap inserted under the nails to prevent them breaking. Please remember to wear a serviceable and colorful overall, with a bandana to match. Comfortable low-heeled shoes are best, and gloves (house and rubber gloves) to make you feel you are on a long and interesting journey—besides protecting your hands.

Wash the breakfast dishes and put them away. There is nothing more soul-destroying than to be met with dirty dishes after a long and exciting day with the furniture. Open the windows to their utmost, admitting all the sunlight to all the nooks and corners. Remove the curtains, shake well, out of doors, and, if the washing kind, soak in cold water for 10 minutes before washing in warm soda, adding some salt, vinegar or alum (according to color) to keep the color. Dust the pictures, wash the glass, and clean the frames. Cover them, and put well away until the walls are ready. Remove and dust or wash all knick-knacks and see that they are well covered.

All cushions should be dusted, beaten flat, and removed from the room. The large pieces of furniture well-dusted and cleaned, covered with old sheets, and pulled well away from the wall, allowing space to prevent bumping into things when concentrating on walls and ceiling. It is as well to commence at the top and work down not forgetting corners. The broom should be covered with some soft material. Use light, even strokes, stopping to clean the duster frequently. When the ceiling, walls, etc., have been cleaned, turn your attention next to the woodwork.

IF painted wood around doors, use a fine white soap dissolved in water—monkey soap for preference. If the walls in kitchen and bathroom are very dirty, Clever Mary may be necessary, rubbing lightly and rinsing in clean warm water and drying. Old bath towels, cut up, are useful for this work—and, remember to wear your rubber gloves. To prevent marking the paper or paint on the walls when washing, a piece of cardboard, or two or three thicknesses of paper will prevent unsightly splashes. (Newspaper is not satisfactory as the ink will smear). Dust and wash the windows. There are several ways. I prefer plain water. Rub well with newspapers, and, when dry, rub with methylated spirits and polish. This is especially good in the spring, as the flies will not settle on windows thus treated.

Wooden furniture needs a thorough dusting. If handled a lot, rub with a little warm water, cleaning well, and polishing with a good furniture polish. Then turn your attention to the pieces of brass. Clean and polish. The floors next plain attention. If linoleum, wash with warm water and soap, cleaning well before polishing. Hardwood floors may need re-staining.



HERE (reading): He worshipped the very ground beneath her feet.
HERB: It must 'ave been good dairy country.

DON'T Forget the Doors and Blinds

ONLY roller blinds made of a heavy material can be safely scrubbed. Take them down, dust them well, and rub lightly with soapy water. Dry with a cloth. Always spread them flat on a table to clean. If you substitute winter for summer curtains, wash if possible, or clean thoroughly, the winter curtains before putting away. For the cleaning of varnished doors and varnished woodwork, a thorough dusting with a soft cloth, slightly dampened with oil, is necessary, followed by a dry cloth. And for painted woodwork, a dry cloth, then a wet cloth to remove all dust. When returning the furniture to the room see that the picture wire or cords are secure, replacing any broken or frayed ones. Replace the blinds, curtains and furniture—and then stop to admire your work! It does give one a glow of satisfaction to know one has brought office efficiency right into the home.

When cleaning bedrooms, the beds should be well dusted. The wire springs also harbor a lot of dust, which collects under the bed. See these are well cleaned before attacking the rest of the room.

If you are the lucky possessor of a grass plot, after sweeping your rugs and carpets, take them out and put them face downwards on the grass until needed.

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This beautiful Genoa Velvet Lounge Suite has extra large fully-sprung Settee and Chairs with massive arms.

Usual Value is £23/17/6. This Week's Cash Price, £18/12/6.

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Ladies! Listen In

to 2GB Home Making Session. It is a personal service for your benefit.
Monday, Wednesday, and Friday,
2.45 p.m.
Tuesday and Thursday (Morning),
10.30 a.m.

Oak Loughboy



Oak Loughboy. Note sliding trays, trouser rails and adjustable mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

5' - Deposit 2' - Weekly



This handsome Fully Polished Maple Bedroom suite is an exceptional opportunity for lovers of beautiful furniture. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe and Double Loughboy are fully fitted. 4ft. Kneehole Dressing Table has three frameless Reflex Mirrors. Usual Value, £27/10/-. This Week's Cash Price (Bedstead Extra), £21/-/-.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

20' - Deposit 4'6 Weekly

Sensational Reductions

We are selling a special shipment of British Axminster Squares at a heavy discount on ordinary prices. These Carpets are in artistic designs and beautiful colourings and, at this week's prices, buyers are indeed fortunate.

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NOW AT—
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NOW AT—
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This Dining Room Set is in Fully Polished, Figured and Quartered Maple Veneer. It comprises 4ft. 6in. Sideboard, 5ft. x 3ft. Refectory Table and four Upholstered Chairs (two only in illustration).

Usual Value is £15/17/6. This Week's Cash Price, £11/15/-.

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This week Sydney Radio lovers can secure our 5-Valve "CAMBRON" Superhet, AS ILLUSTRATED, ON

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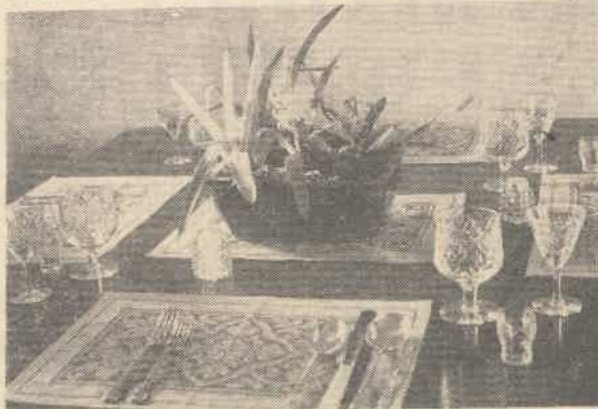
Make Your DINING-ROOM Gay and CHEERY

New Ideas for the Spring

By Margaret Jaye

Thoughts of refurbishing for spring are apt to follow the trail of muslins and curtains and frills, but, actually, the idea of renovations is prompted by a desire to effect a change. We want to open up our houses, let in the spring sunshine. Our home decorator makes a practical suggestion of a delightful dining-room that will make an ideal setting for all the delectable meals that one can serve during the summer months.

How tired the average person gets of the conventional Jacobean dining-room scheme, with its six hard-looking chairs, its uninteresting conventional table, its heavy, dark chenille curtains, and its entire lack of



FOR A VERY EFFECTIVE table decoration, a bowl of flowering bulbs can be simply and cheaply arranged. Inexpensive bowls are easy to procure, and the waxy cluster of mauve and cream flowers among the green leaves of the hyacinth growing in the bowl banishes the difficult problem of trying to find fresh flowers when they are scarce in the garden.

either a new note or an uncommon coloring.

Here is a suggestion for a small dining-room that I think has definite possibilities, with very small expense. We will imagine we are renovating an old room and modernising it.

First, we will strip off the old dark

paper and choose one of a deep oatmeal color with a rough surface. Take down the picture rail and color the frieze and ceiling to match the paper. The old dark room is transformed into a sunshiny, happy-feeling room. Take down the hot-looking, heavy curtains and make some gay, clear blue and white check curtains.

To make these curtains less ordinary, make deep double hems of white linen about 12 in. deep, and join them to the curtains themselves. Carry the same blue check, only four times as large, in thick woolwork on the white linen. Instead of using curtain rings, lacquer the rods a bright blue, and make rings of the check material itself, so that the rod shows clearly through, much as one does when mounting a Spanish banner on a wrought iron rod.

All the old furniture will have to be discarded, and new chairs of a simple, modern design in unstained pine substituted. These chairs could have seats of a coarse handwoven blue linen. The table to match, refectory shape, also modern in design, with a glass top with the blue and white check under the glass, is a good note in the simple type of room we are planning. The old, white, porcelain, inverted lampshade we will replace with a large striped, pleated shade, in parchment, in blue and amber tones, at the same time lowering the electric flex so that the light throws a warm, inviting glow over the table.

All the old, light brown, scratched woodwork we will repaint in a very deep cream color; this alone does wonders in transforming an old room into a gay new one. The old, worn, red carpet will be scrapped in favor of a bright blue Italian rug, and polished boards stained a very dark brown. If before there was a window seat which was never used, we will get the local carpenter to make the seat higher, up to the level of the bottom of the window, and use it as a

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"Summer Breeze"
FASCINATING FADELESS FABRICS

N.C.W. President

MRS. I. H. MOSS, president of the National Council of Women of Australia, and president of the Victorian N.C.W., is expected in Sydney this week. Accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Moss is en route to Noumea for a health trip, and will spend only a few days in the city.

Mrs. Moss was alternate delegate to the League of Nations Assembly in 1927, and while at Geneva served on the commissions of Technical Questions and Social and Humanitarian Questions. She represented Australia at four international gatherings in the course of five months during that year.

ledge for a mass of growing bulbs in blue and cream pots, choosing flowers to tone with our color scheme. Whenever possible, a little growing garden definitely adds to the charm of a simple room.

The old fireplace was impossible, with its heavy overmantel. The entire thing will have to be ripped off, the opening enlarged, the old olive green tiles taken away, and blue and white tiles substituted. Put a simple overmantel of unstained pine above it, on which we will stand a couple of uncommon shaped pieces of Dutch Delft china, a boat-shaped trough vase in the centre being kept filled with small, low, blue flowers. Over the mantelpiece hang a large modern picture of still life in a cream frame, echoing the colors in our room. The sideboard, a low, miniature one, with a large, oblong, unframed mirror over it, should have a plate-glass top. Two blue Chinese china birds and a deep cream dish piled with fruit will give color to this corner of the room.

HOST Holbrook says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetizing smell...

"SMALL Slam DECLARED"

Contract Bridge

No. 12

WITH correct calling, the hands given last week should reach a small slam declaration in hearts.

The deal in question was as follows:—

S: Q J 8
H: K 7 5 3
D: K Q 9 5 3
C: A

S: 10 7
H: 9 6 3
D: A J 10
C: K Q J 6 3

N.

W.

S.

S: 9 5 4 3

H: 10

D: 8 7 6 4

C: 10 9 8 4

S: A K 6 2
H: A Q J 8 4
D: 2
C: 7 5 2

Dealer: South.

THE BIDDING

South. West. North. East.
1 H. (1) 2 C. (2) 3 C. (3) No bid.
3 S. (4) No bid. 5 H. (5) No bid.
6 H. (6) And all pass.
Result: Contract obtained.

NOTES

- (1) Correctly nominating a five-card suit before showing the four-card length.
- (2) A good hand for an interposing bid. Only one and a half honor tricks are necessary, but West actually holds three.
- (3) The "forcing" call, guaranteeing game and removing all worries about the club suit. No club tricks can be lost.
- (4) Showing reserve honor values and a new biddable suit. Lacking reserve values, the minimum response in "no trumps" would be made. This would not show a club stop, and North would have to select a safe game call.
- (5) Realising that South holds about three and a half honor tricks, North in-

vites the slam by calling higher than game. He is just too weak to nominate "Six hearts."

(6) The invitation accepted. How could South do this if the club situation was doubtful?

Two "forcing" bids remain to be dealt with. These are the calls of four and five no trumps. I do not propose, however, to explain them at present, but will deal with them in a future article on "Slam Bidding."

SOME PRACTICE HANDS

- (1) What would you respond after an opening "two-spade" declaration, holding:—
(a) S: A 5. (b) S: K 5 4 2.
H: 7 4 3. H: 7.
D: 9 8 7 2. D: A 7 3 2.
C: 6 5 4 2. C: 8 7 5 4.
- (2) South: "One club." West: "One diamond." What should North say, holding:—
(a) S: A K 8 3. (b) S: A K 6 4.
H: K Q 6. H: K 8 7 3.
D: 6 4. D: None.
C: K 5 4 2. C: K 5 4 3 2.

Feminism in East Indies

WOMEN of the Dutch East Indies are showing an increasing interest in feminist activities, and organised efforts are being made to attain full equality of status for women. There are two different camps, as the native women wish to remain independent. They are of the opinion that they can best work out their own salvation by applying their own methods.

The European Women's Association is founding local groups. Bandong group, recently organised, has already been able to establish a home for itself where a clinic for children's diseases and an infant welfare centre have been opened. A bureau for vocational guidance has also been started.

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No. 5429.—Large Underarm Style in Genuine Emu Morocco, Silk Lined. Zipp fastener, large frame inside, divided purse, large mirror. Genuine Chromium Ornament on Flap. Size, 10 in. x 6 in.

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WX108.—Frock with linen skirt and bodice of contrasting. The little coat is made of the same material as the skirt. Material required, five and one-eighth yards 36in. for the coat and skirt, and two and one-eighth yards 36in. for bodice. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, two and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX109.—Three-quarter length coat of light-weight woolen material with fancy raglan sleeves. This coat could also be made from a light cotton material for summer wear. Material required, four and a quarter yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX110.—Frock of checked material with contrasting sleeves and bow at neckline. Material required, three and seven-eighths yards 36in. and one yard 36in. contrasting. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX111.—Pinafore frock of crepe-de-chine with blouse of spotted material. Material required, three and one-eighth yards for overdress, and one and a half yards 36in. for blouse. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, two and one-third yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Fashion SERVICE and FREE Pattern

THIS delightful selection of the very smartest frocks presents a comprehensive range of the new spring models, from a fully flared and daintily befrilled evening frock in organdie to a practical and modish swaggar coat. Our free pattern this week, illustrated at the right of the page, is at once practical and smart. For an inexpensive frock it could be made in linen. The muslin insets in the sleeves and the fly-away bow at the neck lend an air of charming distinction.

The frocks for the tiny tots are chic and serviceable tub frocks. The free pattern is cut to fit a 36in. bust. All seams and hems must be allowed for when cutting.

WX112.—Frock of striped silk with collar and front fastening; the skirt features inverted pleats. Material required, five and one-eighth yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, two and three-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX113.—Frock of figured marocain with front fastening yoke and puff sleeves; skirt with pleats. Material required, three and a quarter yards 36in., three-quarters yard contrasting. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX121.—Evening gown with panelled skirt. Godets give extra fullness to the skirt. The style is suitable for organdie or the new organza. Material required, six and a quarter yards 36in., five and three-quarter yards of five-inch frilling, and five and a half three-quarter yards of 1 1/2 in. frilling. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, three and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



WX115.—Small girl's frock with yoke and puff sleeves. Material required, one and a half yards 36in. and three-eighths yard 36in. contrasting. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.**

WX116.—Child's coat frock with puff sleeves and contrasting collar. Material required, one and a half yards 36in. and three-eighths yard contrasting. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.**

WX117.—Child's frock of checked cotton material with pleats in front and contrasting bow. Material required, one and a half yards 36in. and three-eighths yards 36in. contrasting. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.**



WX114.—Frock of elephant crepe with cape. The skirt and cape are trimmed with narrow lace. Material required, five yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, three yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon and stamp for postage you will receive a Free Pattern of the frock illustrated above. Address requests to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4088W, Sydney.

Name

Address

Pattern Coupon, 2/9/1932.

Patterns of these frocks may be obtained at the prices shown. Send your orders to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4088W, Sydney, and be sure to state the size required. Give full name and address.

LIFE—A BUSINESS

It is a paradox, perhaps, that, while Home Life is a refuge from business, it is itself a business.

Money enters so largely into everything that it must be planned for in every phase of life.

It is in business that money is earned, in the Home, chiefly, that it is spent, and there is no sound reason why the spending should not be regarded as being just as important as earning. In fact, it is far more important, for earning is difficult, and must employ wisdom, forethought, and energy, while spending is easy, so easy that there is temptation to spend unwisely.

Every Home, then, is a business, and needs an economic system, of which the Savings Bank Pass Book can be the valuable basis.

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in Walter Hackett's
Joyous Play

"Road House"
WITH JOHN LONGDEN

Make Your AWKWARD MOMENTS Profitable

Attractive Prizes
for Readers

Many humorous incidents were brought to light by The Australian Women's Weekly "Awkward Moments" competition, for which three beautiful jumpers, valued at £3/3/- each, were offered as the first three prizes.

It was really surprising the number of readers who, at weddings, in shops, on trains, and in other public places, experienced the embarrassment of underwear breaking from its moorings. At least a quarter of the entries consisted of variations of this theme.

Here are the three winning "Awkward Moments":—

Mrs. Zara Gaynor, "Charleroi," Clifton Street, Wilston, Brisbane, who nearly sank through the floor some years ago when Sir Walter Davidson was Governor of N.S.W., and she went to a Government House tea-party.

"My nephew, aged six," writes Mrs. Gaynor, "begged me to bring back a cake from Government House" so that he could tell his friends he had eaten one. In a weak moment I promised. During tea I slipped two cakes in my bag. Later, when talking to his Excellency, the bag opened and the cakes fell out at his feet. Some moment!"

Mrs. Theresa Denison, 45 West Botany Street, Arncliffe, wins a jumper for this: "A small crowd gathered round me at a whist drive to help me total my high score. We all made it different," she writes, "and a man reached for my card, saying, 'Let me have a shot.' He made it still one less, and I laughingly exclaimed, 'Oh, you're cross-eyed.' He raised his head, and, heavenly... he was cross-eyed."

Miss A. Naser, 44 Eastern Avenue, Kensington, the third winner, blushed to the roots of her hair one day when she went to visit relatives who had recently moved. "I found they had gone out," she writes, "so as there was a secluded

bed on the verandah and as it was very hot and I was very tired I slipped off most of my clothes and lay down. I was soon asleep, for I knew my relatives would not mind when they arrived. Hours later a strange woman woke me. Imagine my feelings as I dressed. The names were identical, but I had been directed to the wrong house."

NEXT week three more jumpers will be given for the best entries describing the moment when you ran hardest.

Most people, when they grow up, walk. But there are times when, owing to special circumstances, you have to run. Perhaps it is only the conventional bull in the field which has made you run, or you have arrived at the local railway station, on your way to town, and you suddenly remember that the oven gas is on, but not lit, and that a lighted candle is standing on the kitchen table. Naturally you run back, and run hard.

Everyone has had moments when a sudden sprint has been necessary. Let us hear about yours.

All entries must be endorsed "Mo-



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUN., as he appeared in "Parachute Jumper." Following their recent matrimonial readjustments, Doug, Fairbanks, senior and junior, visited England.

ments" and must not contain more than 50 words. Attach to each separate entry an "M" coupon from the competition entry form on this page, and post your entry to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, before September 14.

Knock at the Door Meant £1 Prize

The Australian Women's Weekly representative has made many calls in the Auburn district, and £1 prizes have been awarded to the following:—

Mrs. Butler, Park Road; Mrs. Willis, Wellington Street; Miss Higgins, Happ Street; Mrs. Best, Phillip Street; Mrs. Chaffer, Euston Road; Mrs. O'Shea, Mary Street; Mrs. Smith, Station Road; Mrs. Woolf, Blaxland Road; Mrs. Higgins, Auburn Road; Miss Brown, Auburn Road; Mrs. Murray, Berith Street; Mrs. Faulkner, Cumberland Road; Mrs. Somerville, Elm Street; Miss Harris, Park Road; Miss Lacey, Hall Street; Mrs. Houston, Macquarie Street; Mrs. McSweeney, Kihillah Road; Mrs. Worthington, Byrne Street; Mrs. Wilson, North Parade; Mrs. Brown, Hampstead Road; Mrs. R. Coleman, 28 Deakin Street; Miss A. Ramsay, 71 Adderley Street; Miss H. Paris, 74 Asquith Street; Mrs. P. D. Law, 118 Beaconsfield Street.

COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

Moments	Recipes
M	R
Clever Ideas	Things That Happen
C	T
Other	O
Entries	

Clip out any or all of these five small coupons and attach, with gum or a pin, one in each corresponding entry. All correspondence to Box 1551 E. G.P.O., Sydney.

—W.W., 2/3/33

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WIN LOTTERY CASH EVERY WEEK!

Here is the quickest, simplest way to win cash in the State Lottery. It has won thousands for people who never won a penny in their lives before. IT CAN BE SUCCESSFUL FOR YOU, AND ALL PRIZE-MONEY IS PAID THE DAY AFTER IT IS WON!

In the 142nd Lottery a HORSESHOE SYNDICATE won the third prize of \$500. A week before, the fourth prize ticket, winning £300, was bought by a boy wearing a Lucky Golden Horseshoe. Then there was the amazing success of Mr. and Mrs. Stan East, both of whom wear the St. Margaret's Lucky Golden Horseshoes. THEIR WIN WAS £25,000!



WIN EVERY TIME!

That's not all. In every Lottery £100's, £50's, £40's, £30's, £20's, £10's, and £5's are won by Horseshoe Syndicates and by wearers of St. Margaret's Lucky Golden Horseshoes. The luck of the Horseshoe has been amazing. St. Margaret's luck started when Mr. E. H. Relfe, of Leichhardt, wore the Hospital's Lucky Golden Horseshoe and won £1000.

TEN GET £100 FREE!

Then an executive of the Hospital won the second prize of £1000 in a recent Lottery, and ten other people who wore the Lucky Golden Horseshoe, and had helped the Hospital, each received £100 free.

Their turn came because they took a chance. Your turn can only come when you give your luck a chance by wearing the St. Margaret's Lucky Horseshoe. YOU CAN WIN AS OTHERS HAVE WON!

Clip this coupon to a postal note for 2/6 and a stamped, addressed envelope, and send to-day to The Lucky Horseshoe Secretary of St. Margaret's Hospital, WW2, 21 Macquarie Place, Box 2716G, G.P.O., Sydney, and you will receive your Lucky Golden Horseshoe and a fifth share in the Lottery that CAN WIN £1000 CASH NEXT WEEK.

Then... when you have your Lucky Horseshoe, simply send 1/6 every week for a fifth share in the Lottery. Get the habit—and sooner or later YOU MUST WIN!

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LET'S GO -to the Talkies- It's Paramount WEEK Sept. 3-9

Let's be happy! Go to your favorite theatre and enjoy life. Paramount Week throughout the world brings the first of the bigger New Season pictures to your theatre. It is a week of joy for you, heralding in a year of superlative entertainment.

Watch for these New Paramount Pictures. Ask your theatre manager when he will show them.

"STRICTLY PERSONAL" with Marjorie Rambeau, Eddie Quillan and Dorothy Jordan.

"SHE DONE HIM WRONG," starring Mae West, with Cary Grant and Noah Beery.

"I LOVE THAT MAN" with Edmund Lowe, Nancy Carroll and Robert Armstrong.

"THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK," starring Fredric March and Cary Grant, with Carole Lombard and Jack Oakie.

"COUNSEL'S OPINION" with Henry Kendall, Binnie Barnes and Cyril Maude.

"INTERNATIONAL HOUSE" film musical with W. C. Fields, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Sari Maritza, Stuart Erwin, Burns and Allen and the Girls in Cellophane.

"COLLEGE HUMOR" with Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Carlisle, Jack Oakie and the Ox-Road Co-Eds.

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Paramount Pictures

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PRIVATE VIEWS

Films are seen by our critics at trade screenings arranged by film distributors. The reviews, therefore, sometimes appear on this page considerably in advance of releases in metropolitan theatres in the various States. In the case of films of special interest a review is also published simultaneously with the public release.

ON THE STAGE

"MUSIC in the Air" transfers to the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, at the end of next week after a phenomenally successful run in Sydney. One predicts that this show will accomplish something that is rarely done by any entertainment, however good, by being equally as successful in Melbourne as it has been in Sydney. It is a generally accepted fact that Melbourne and Sydney audiences demand programmes of an entirely different nature. In "Music in the Air" one has practically every entertainment item that could be offered to the most exacting audience. Melody and picturesque scenery, humor and pathos, sophistication, and rustic simplicity, each in its turn portrayed by an artist who has been perfectly cast.

"The Quaker Girl," with the ever-green favorites, Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard, finishes shortly in Melbourne, and opens at Sydney Royal on September 16.

"Three loves me
And me loves thee."

There'll be an added soupçon for Sydney folk in the couplet from this old favorite when Madge, as a demure Quaker lass, sings to Cyril, for an aura of romance attends these two who have been so long associated on the stage, and it persists despite their most vigorous denials.

At the Criterion, Sydney, Dot Brunton will make a welcome reappearance on the stage in "Roadhouse." Her role in



DOT BRUNTON returns to the stage in a J.C.W. attraction, "Roadhouse," opening at the Criterion, Sydney.

this show is one that gives full scope for her versatility. It opens with an old-time scene at an old-fashioned roadhouse. The finale depicts the roadhouse after it has undergone a complete metamorphosis to become an extremely modern rendezvous for lovers of jazz.

"TAP YOUR FEET"

THE extraordinary thing about Ella Shields is that the passing years since her first appearance in Sydney haven't even slightly dimmed her freshness. She is still one of the very few male impersonators who are a work of art, not a pain in the neck. Every vocal inflection, every slightest movement, is significant and satisfying. The rest of the show is mainly an alternation of humorous sketches and pretty ballet scenes, quick moving and all sure-fire, if not quite the pinnacle of art. Syd Beck is more than sufficiently funny. Also good are the Rollo Boys and Jack Spooner's Savoy Band.

—At Sydney, New Tivoli.

"ELMER THE GREAT"

JOE E. BROWN is such a convincing baseball player—not that we have any particular experience of baseball players; we just know—that he gives the necessary appearance of reality to "Elmer the Great," apart from his funny face adding the required humor. Therefore, although the plot is of no interest, the minute one has left the theatre the film is amusing and entertaining and pleasantly tickling to the fancy. Joe is a combination of baseball genius and simple child. His admiration for himself is tactlessly undisguised, yet he is abnormally sensitive to ridicule. His fellow players joke at his expense, and, feeling that nobody loves him, he agrees to sell the game to some crook gamblers in payment of a debt of honor—although, of course, he repents in time.

"THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES"

CERTAINLY by no means a great picture, "The Past of Mary Holmes" is very good entertainment. The dialogue ranges between the snappily humorous and the intensely emotional, without, as might easily be done in less experienced hands, over-hanging upon the latter. Helen MacKellar, as the stately "goose-woman," who unknowingly convicts her son of murder in her hunger for the publicity she has lacked since her famous youth, gives a fine performance. Jean Arthur is charmingly restrained in her youthful pose as the son's fiancée, although Eric Linden is not always equally satisfactory as the son.

"I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY"

IT was not until we arrived at the theatre that we discovered why the manager, whom we telephoned in the morning and asked: "Is there a screening this afternoon?" kept saying: "I loved you Wednesday."

However, Elissa Landi, when the story opens, is just off for a holiday to Brittany with Victor Jory, when his wife writes to say "Come home at once." Although Elissa is on the stage, and has apparently been living with this obvious man-of-the-world for some time, she never imagined he might have a wife, and takes it so badly that, years later, when loved by Warner Baxter, a nice man (you know he is nice because they show you pictures of him blasting canyons to pieces—so clean and healthy) she is still thinking there must have been some mistake, and cherishing illusions. Then the villain, the villain's wife, the nice engineer, and the unusual dancer are brought together at a night club, which gives excuse for much amusing dialogue. Don't think we didn't like this picture—we thoroughly enjoyed it; we just thought we would tell you what it was about.

"TELL ME TO-NIGHT"

THAT a film can hold the fickle favor of the crowd for an uninterrupted season extending over three months, is a fact that has engaged the interest of Sydney audiences. "Tell Me To-night" (Mayfair) enters its fourth consecutive month this week, and the box-office, that infallible criterion, registers no slightest sign of flagging interest.

A diversity of opinion unites in giving the main credit to Jan Klepura's singing.

Miss Barbara Peden, who is a Bachelor of Architects, thinks the main attraction is that it is a purely British film, and further cites Klepura's fine physique.

Mrs. Roland Conway, a keen follower of the screen and of all things musical, says, "The charm lies in the simplicity of the story and in the beautiful scenery."

Mrs. Anne Outlaw, O.B.E., hon. sec., United Associations, says: "It is a beautiful picture, but I am sure the chief attraction is Jan Klepura's wonderful voice."

Mrs. F. J. Davey, without whom a first night would hardly be a first night, stresses the added attractions of the picturesque scenery throughout, and the wholesome humor which, she says, were certain to appeal to an Australian audience.

LITTLE THEATRES

AT the Junior Theatre League's presentation of plays selected from the second annual Drama Festival last Saturday, Mr. Hicks, Assistant Under-Secretary for Education, before presenting the prizes, remarked that the Government has long recognized the educational value of acting, and regularly employs this method of teaching throughout the State schools. "This league fulfils two important functions," he said; "it assures Sydney of a high standard of acting in years to come, and, by giving training in good drama, suggests that better quality than is the case to-day as a rule, will in future be demanded from the theatre." Proof of the league's good work was given by the children contributing to the programme, who were by no means the repellent little menaces often inflicted upon a long-suffering public. Considering his age (15), Sumner Locke-Elliott's "Storm" was cleverly written and conceived, and particularly well acted by the author and Rodney Roberts. Peter, Wendy, and Barbara Glibb, Rheta Richards, and Eame Barr were all charmingly trained,

with pretty little movements, and those with speaking parts and attractively-produced voices. Jean Brown and John Radford were successful with a sketch of Mary Queen of Scots and a young Yorkshireman. Trevor and Laurence Swan, Charles Unsworth, Jason Pinos, Gwyn Thompson, Dorothy Taunton (pupils of Miss Ada Baker), and many others showed themselves very capable young entertainers.

STILL another Little Theatre group is to be added to Sydney's present total when the Cameo Theatre Society is inaugurated officially at St James' Hall on September 6, presenting "The Sport of Kings." Most of the players, who include in their number Cedric Kempton, Arundel Nott, Francis Angus, Peggy and Cynthia Lawson, Tom Skillman, Harry Humphries, George Morris, Mervyn Plumber, and Richard Croker, have had previous experience in other amateur productions. They give evidence of discernment in their choice of show for their initial venture, for Ian Hay's offerings are always popular.

THERE'S a New TEAM on the "TALKIES"



By SAIDE PARKER

Team work is a very vital feature of the talkies. Various artists are starred and, with each successive picture, leading ladies or leading men, as the case may be, are cast opposite them. But every now and then a team of two is found by a discerning director who play so perfectly one with the other that they are co-starred and become a recognised team.

THOSE who take their pleasures sadly have indulged exquisite emotions with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Others have thrilled to Ronald Colman's finished technique with Lilian Gish, while, looking even further backward we recall the perfection of romance portrayed by Beverley Bayne and Francis Bushman.

With the introduction of sound to the screen, however, teamwork assumes an

entirely different aspect. Melting emotions and pearly tears may be very affecting when they are silently portrayed, but when the inevitable sniff becomes audible pathos is apt to become bathos, and romance a burlesque.

The obvious audience reaction to speech on the screen was a demand for something human, something true to life. One accords deep admiration to the beautiful star in a gorgeous gown as she trails across the room. One wipes a furtive tear for the pathetic little wife who is courageously facing "fearful odds" while they are mute.

But when they speak each member of the audience is tacitly admitted to the scene, feeling, subconsciously, that they are in the room with the principals of the drama or the romance.

It follows that a super-critical attitude is brought to bear. The result has been that teamwork has assumed an entirely different aspect. Laurel and Hardy are perhaps the best-known team on the screen to-day. They are typical of the teams that producers supply to the newly-aroused audience reaction. Their forte lies in their utter dissimilarity, both in physique and personality.

Mervyn Le Roy, Metro-Goldwyn's famous director, has originated another team, a team that will grip its audience through its very humanity. The first appearance of this new team is in "Tugboat Annie." The two members of the team, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, are each very great artists. But it is not for their histrionic talent, and certainly not for their glamorous presence that this team will win the plaudits of the crowd—it is for their intensely human appeal.

The story of "Tugboat Annie" is as rugged as the stars themselves. It literally takes a slice of life from that mingling of comedy and drama that are the component parts of existence for those whose days are spent among the shipping at Puget Sound.

As a redoubtable feminine tugboat captain, and as Captain Terry, respectively, neither Marie Dressler nor Wallace Beery resorts to the slightest suggestion of artifice or technique. They are merely—and gloriously—human. They have, as it were, found characters in real life whose experiences afford an interesting story to others and they live as those characters for the duration of the film.

They are ugly, and do not attempt to disguise the fact with make-up or "props." Which in itself is very human. After all, the beautiful people in everyday life are very rare. They are rough, even coarse; but then one does not look for refinement in that setting.

From first to last, their portrayal is transparently sincere, and it is for this that we will applaud them. Of the picture itself, one reserves judgment. It is self-evident that, to a very great number of life in the rough on a tugboat will not make a deep appeal. But there are many walks of life which this team can portray.

Comedy that rocks the audience with laughter, and drama that tugs at the heart strings, ring with sincerity in their hands, and, whether we are among the many who applaud "Tugboat Annie," or whether we feel that there are more congenial walks of life than those of Puget Sound, we will drink a toast to the new talkie team.



AN INTIMATE GLIMPSE of Wallace Beery with his wife and family. Mrs. Beery was Rita Gillman before her marriage, and was well known on the stage in U.S.A. If the Camera lives up to its reputation for speaking the truth, the lady favors the maternal good looks rather than the paternal ruggedness. Baby Caroline is an adopted daughter.

MARIE DRESSLER was spending a well-earned vacation at her desert home when the camera-man snapped this delightfully informal photograph.

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FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

BY A DOCTOR

Ear Troubles in Children

THE recent tragic death of an Australian sportsman who was reported to have contracted acute ear trouble, has probably caused many a mother to think about the possibility of this ailment among her own flock.

The commonest trouble in connection with the ear is mastoid disease, which is known by the popular phrase of "having a mastoid." This almost invariably follows on some acute infection, either from a cold or sinus trouble, or one of the infectious fevers, such as measles or scarlet fever. The first thing the child complains about is an earache, and occasionally it can be noticed that the child winces with pain if anything touches the bony prominence at the back of the ear.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that earache should never be neglected. In days gone by it was treated with home remedies like hot salt in a sock or warm olive oil.

This temporary treatment is barely justifiable for a few hours, because ear diseases may quickly go on to unfortunate complications. Of course a large number of children have earache and get over it perfectly well, but this does not make the lot of the poor little sufferers who do not get over it any the easier to bear.

If the trouble is not going to clear up satisfactorily, the longer it is left the more difficult it becomes to treat, and a simple operation is turned into one presenting difficulties which are not very pleasant to contemplate.

If a mastoid operation is advised in good time, there is no need to get unduly alarmed about it, and parents can feel reassured that the results are satisfactory for the main part, and the mortality is certainly no greater than in ordinary appendicitis.

The thing which should be realised is that a discharging ear is something which is not to be neglected, because complications can arise from this trouble which present serious results.

In this regard, it is necessary to point out that a parent's erstwhile privilege of "boxing" a child's ears is no longer countenanced. In quite a recent issue of the "Medical Journal of Australia" a specialist of note pointed out that this practice may, and in fact has, caused a rupture of the ear drum.

Now that the summer is coming on it is important to know that this same injury may be caused in high diving or occasionally by the sudden force of a breaker hitting the side of the head when surfing.

Wives, Make Full Use of the Car

NOT so many years ago we seldom saw a woman driving a car. Most wives were content to go driving whenever their husbands chose to do so.

Nowadays things are different. Wives make full use of the car while hubby



is at the office, or away on business. Rightly so, too, for if hubby retains the car for merely his own use all taxation and insurance fees have to be paid for only a small part of the service a car can really give. So why not knock out of the car as much enjoyment as possible?

Now, very little real pleasure is ever experienced when a driver knows nothing or very little about the running of a car.

To be able to master a car thoroughly takes many patient hours of study. It will also be found to be quite an interesting hobby.

If your car is a six-cylinder engine it is essential that it be "hit" on all its cylinders. Should one of the sparking plugs be faulty it will completely destroy that apparently effortless acceleration which always is a delight to the driver.

If the plug on removal is found to be "dirty"—that is, coated with oil or carbon deposit—it can be cleaned with a little petrol and an old toothbrush.

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

"Do you think," writes a correspondent, "that it makes a woman stupid to stay at home too much? I love my home, but some of my friends say I ought to go out more. What do you advise? I am quite happy staying at home!"

Whenever a woman shows a dread of staying at home, then it is time for her to examine her soul and find out what is wrong with her. Then it is that a woman should ask herself why must she incessantly rush hither and thither? Why can she never sit still? Why does she live in a continual series of looking for her bag, searching for her parasol, slamming the front door, racing for a tram, panting in and out among the pushing crowds about the shop windows, and agitating miserably over her purse and its ever-increasing thinness, when she might have been calmly sitting on the sofa in a dim room sweet with flowers thinking lovely thoughts, her purse meanwhile reposing thankfully in the drawer, ceasing for a while to suffer from the terrible malady of attenuation that attacks all purses when taken out into the streets. The matter with this restless woman is that she has stopped possessing her soul.

Magenta Rhododendrons

Just as your rhododendrons if untended degenerate to the primal magenta type, so will your soul lose its

Do you stay at home enough? Do you sit on the sofa and dream? Do you possess your soul? Do you deliberately wrench it away from noisy clamoring elements? Do you steer it carefully into the still places of reverie? Do you sit on the sofa sometimes and dream, just dream?

home so much? Is it parties? Is it just window-gazing?

Going out to see many parties is a definite physiological menace, because when we enter a room full of people who are not our intimates, our whole nervous system is stimulated by the challenges the strangers throw out. We are excited and interested by what they show of their quality, and we immediately start to show our quality in return. We try to be nice. We try to be interesting. We try to be bright. To use a homely phrase, we buck ourselves up. Yes, but, by so doing, we give out subsequent rest, and if that rest is not forthcoming, we get into a fatigued and over-stimulated state that can be dangerously unpleasant.

If you spend hours looking into shop windows, buffeted about by the dense crowds thronging Pitt Street and King Street at midday, then creep through arcades up to Castlereagh Street or down to George Street, still staring in windows, still drinking in the endless glitter of hats, and frocks, and furs, and jewels you know you can never possess, then, oh then, is it certain that you reach home a tired

ETIQUETTE



DON'T appear embarrassed if you drop your knife or fork. Let it lie and quietly ask the servant for another.

Do you remember how you and he went together to choose that suite, that carpet, and do you remember the hours you spent over those curtains and cushions?

Do you remember how you made this room grow from a dream to a reality?

Let Peace Steal Over You

Come, drink in again the impressions of your room. Realise again how delightful it all is. Don't run away from it. Sit down in your own sitting-room and let peace steal over you. Love once again the shining surfaces of your tables and mirrors, and the restfulness of those green curtains, and, sitting there quite still among them, believe me you may feel the godhead stirring in those homely things, just as the Roman matrons so exquisitely felt them thousands of years ago; just as the best women have felt them ever since!

CLEVER IDEAS

HINTS FROM READERS

TO HEMSTITCH up a sewing machine (if you have no hemstitcher), pull threads and baste as usual, then stitch on the extreme edge of the basted hem. Push back and press, and you have a perfect hemstitched hem.—Mrs. F. Baumgartner, 49 Stuart Street, Manly.

WHEN FOLDING the washing, always use very hot water for dampening. The clothes are ready to iron much sooner, and are more evenly dampened than when done with cold water.—Mrs. Thos. King, Currawarna, via Wagga.

A VERY useful labor-saving device for picking up dirt is to cut a kerosene tin across cornerwise and attach an old broom handle to the side of the tin. The dirt can then be swept into the tin without having to stoop and pick it up with a small hand broom and shovel.—Elsie Goddard, 1 Wharf Road, Longueville.

OFTEN WHEN electric light bulbs do not function, if the bottom end is held under a fast-running tap of cold water for a few moments they will be found to be good for some time to come. I have done this repeatedly with good results.—Mrs. L. J. Ashcroft, Bathurst Street, Liverpool.

WHEN ONLY half of a bunch of soup vegetables is used, bury the other half in the garden, loosely covering them with earth. They will then be quite fresh when next required, instead of being withered and dry, as when kept in the house. Likewise, if steel knives that have been used for eating fish are stuck into the soil they will lose all that fishy smell.—"A.H.L."



80 Barton Street, Mayfield.

TO FILL old nail holes, mix fine sawdust into a thick paste with glue, and force the paste into the holes. When dry, the wood will show no trace of the holes.—Miss Lila Healey, 6 Mildred Avenue, Hornsby, N.S.W.

AN OLD glove is an excellent idea in your box with the shoe polish and brushes. When you have shoes to clean, just put the glove on your left hand when holding the shoe, and there is no worry about getting polish on your hand.—Mrs. W. Dalton, Box 83, Moree.

It's STRAWBERRY Time

They look good, and taste better. Some ways to serve them

BY MARGARET SHEPHERD

"Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did," said Dr. Boteler of strawberries, way back in the sixteen hundreds.

Few will dispute the statement, either when looking at the bright red hue of the fruit, or when eating it.

STRAW-BERRIEE—ripe straw-berrie-e-e!

I can hear the man calling out as I sit trying to think of some seasonable dish for this week's culinary notes. And what could be more seasonable and cheap? (they were in the shops yesterday). But strawberries are never cheap enough to satisfy my longing for this luscious, scarlet berry. My purse is limited. But just suppose I had enough strawberries to please me, or if the man sold his basketful for a few pence. What would I do with them?

Not make conserve, for the best strawberry conserve never did this berry justice. It is pleasing enough to remind us of them in the days when they cannot be procured fresh, but it lacks color which attracts the eyes of the most materialistic gourmand.

I think my first choice would be for the plain fruit, served in a pretty glass dish, with castor sugar and cream. If I chose whipped cream, I would bruise some of the berries, mix in the cream lightly, and a little sugar added.

There are many other ways of serving strawberries, some of which I will give you in the accompanying recipes. Above all, don't neglect to utilise the berries as a decoration. Nothing could be nicer. Sometimes there are just a few strawberries in your garden patch, and they can be utilised to the best advantage in the last-named way. And now for some recipes.

Strawberry Shortcake

Two cups flour, 1 tablespoonful castor sugar, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, 4 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 egg.

Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder into a basin. Now rub the butter into the flour until it is like fine breadcrumbs. Add the milk to a well-beaten egg, then add to the flour. Put this mixture into a well-buttered cake tin and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

Allow to cool, then split and fill with the following mixture:—A punnet of strawberries, 1 tin cream, sugar to taste. Keep 5 or 6 of the best strawberries back for decorating. Hull the remainder. Crush slightly and sweeten with castor sugar, and fill the centre with them (a little cream may be mixed with them). Cover the top of the cake with whipped cream, and decorate with the largest strawberries which have not been hulled.

Strawberry Gateau

Here is half a sponge sandwich topped with strawberries and cream, mixed together lightly and garnished with the best strawberries. The sandwich is made as follows:—

Three eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, 1 cup castor sugar, vanilla essence.

Beat the egg yolks until thick, add the sugar gradually, beating all the time. Stir in the lemon juice and vanilla, sift the flour and salt, and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a well-greased sandwich tin about 20 minutes. Turn out to cool. When cold, top with the crushed strawberries and cream.

Strawberry Cream

Two cups milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, vanilla essence, 1 tablespoonful gelatine, 1 cup cream, lemon rind, 1 punnet of strawberries.

Soak the gelatine in 2 tablespoonfuls cold milk, and put the remainder of the milk on to heat with the lemon rind in it. Beat the egg yolks and sugar together, add to the hot milk and return to the fire, standing in a vessel of boiling water, and stir until the mixture coats the spoon. Remove the lemon rind, add the vanilla and the gelatine, and stir until it dissolves. Then put aside to cool; do not allow to set. When cold, add the stiffly beaten egg whites and the partly whipped cream; whip mixture until thick, add some of the crushed strawberries, turn into a border mould, and stand aside. When set, turn out and fill the centre with strawberries. Serve as a dessert course for dinner.

Pineapple and Strawberry Salad

Half pineapple, 3 bananas, 1 punnet of strawberries.

Cut the pineapple in two, lengthwise, and scoop out the fruit, which should be cut into half-inch pieces. Cut the banana into the same size, also the strawberries, keeping back about 9 strawberries for garnishing. Now arrange the pineapple shell on a dish of lettuce leaves, fill with the bananas, pineapple, and strawberries, mixed together, with 1 cup whipped cream and 1 tablespoonful castor sugar. Arrange whipped cream and strawberries on top, and chill.

Strawberry Lemonade

Four lemons, 4 tablespoonfuls castor sugar, about 30 strawberries (crushed), broken ice, 1 cup boiling water, and soda water.

Put the lemon juice and sugar into a large jug, pour on the cup of boiling water. When the sugar is melted stand

aside to cool. Crush the strawberries and divide into tumblers. Divide the lemon syrup into tumblers, then add the soda water and some crushed ice.

Strawberry Souffle

One punnet of strawberries, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. flour, 1½oz. butter, 3 eggs, 1 tin cream, cochineal.

Hull and rub half the punnet of strawberries through a sieve; add castor sugar to taste. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, mix well, then add the milk or cream. Stir until it boils, then add the sugar and strawberry pulp; add the egg yolks, one at a time, mixing well, then add a little cochineal. Stir in the remainder of the strawberries, which have been cut into small pieces. Lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour the mixture into a well-greased mould and bake for 30 or 35 minutes in a hot oven. Serve immediately with a sweet sauce.



Served with whipped cream.



Don't you envy her? A strawberry diet is ideal for a roses and cream complexion.

At right, a strawberry short cake makes your mouth water.



RESULT of Second BIG

A month ago The Australian Women's Weekly, in order to stimulate demand and help citrus growers by encouraging housewives to use more oranges, conducted a recipe contest. It proved to be extraordinarily successful.

WE knew, therefore, that our second orange contest would be popular, but we did not anticipate a deluge! Recipes, many of them decidedly novel, poured in from every State—and show what very clever and ingenious cooks we have among our readers. Our culinary expert, faced with an almost prodigious task, set to work enthusiastically, however, and after much careful consideration awarded the £5 prize to Mrs. V. Lickiss, Rocky River, Uralia.

CONSOLATION PRIZES of 2/6 are awarded for the following recipes:—

Jellied Orange Salad

Two tablespoonfuls of gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 2½ cups boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups orange juice, 1 cup diced bananas, pinch of salt. Soak gelatine in the cold water for a few minutes, add boiling water, orange juice, sugar and salt. When this begins to stiffen, add the banana. Turn into mould and allow to set, then turn on to lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Mrs. C. M. Newman, First Avenue, Benty, N.S.W.

Orange Cake

Three eggs, their weight in sugar, butter and flour, rind and juice of one orange, half-teaspoon soda, and level teaspoon cream of tartar. Beat butter and sugar together, add two eggs, beating well after each egg, then add sifted flour, with soda, cream of tartar, and

This Wins £5 ORANGES, WHOLE IN SYRUP

PUT 12 oranges, whole, into a pan or boiler, and just cover with boiling water. Boil until very tender, but avoid breaking the skins. Lift out carefully with a drainer, on to a sieve. To every pint of liquid, allow 4 cups of sugar. Bring sugar and orange liquor to boil and boil for five minutes. Prick oranges all over with skewer and plunge them into the syrup. Boil steadily until clear. Place fruit in wide-necked bottles and cover with syrup. Seal carefully. Ready for use in two weeks—and delicious!

Mrs. V. Lickiss, Rocky River, Uralia, N.S.W.

half teaspoon of salt. Beat well and add rind and juice of orange. Bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

ICING.—Six ounces icing sugar. Make a nice consistency with orange juice. Warm over boiling water and pour on the top of cake while warm. Grate a little of the orange rind and sprinkle on the icing. This gives a very attractive appearance.

Mrs. Dulcie Boorman, 58 Bobbin Head Road, Turramurra, N.S.W.

Orange Cocktail

The juice of one orange, the juice of half a lemon, the yolk of one egg, and a teaspoonful of honey, shaken very thoroughly in a cocktail shaker.

For relieving brain fog, lassitude, weariness, nerve strain or general weakness this cocktail is unequalled. Students, convalescents, invalids or aged people will find this cocktail beneficial.

Mrs. L. Edwards, 47 Darley Road, Randwick, N.S.W.

Someone will win £1 next week. Send in the recipe of your favorite dish, or the one your family likes best. In addition to the first prize, 2/6 will be paid for each recipe published.

PINEAPPLE
BACON HAMS
SAUSAGES
Perfect Flavor
Superior Quality
LOOK FOR THE TWO BLUE STRIPES



You, too will be surprised at the change!

BOUNDLESS energy, refreshing sleep, and ability to enjoy life

once again—these are the rewards that grateful users tell us they receive from Clements Tonic. Thousands of men and women take Clements Tonic immediately they feel run down, "nervy" and out of sorts. For Clements Tonic is a natural restorative—free from harmful drugs. It feeds the blood and nervous system, and its benefits are felt after a few days.

A Nervous Wreck: Clements Made Her a New Woman

Richmond, Vic., 29/9/32

"Twelve years ago I was a miserable, nervous wreck, after several severe operations. I could not sleep or eat; in fact, I was a misery to all. My husband got me a bottle of Clements. From that day I again started to take an interest in life, I gained in weight, and became happy and contented. It made a new woman of me."

—(Mrs.) E.J.T.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

For "Nerves," Lassitude, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Loss of Energy, take Clements Tonic without delay.

At all Chemists and Stores in Capital Cities in the Commonwealth. Prices, 3/- & 5/3 a bottle.



CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

1-35

ONLY, hang it, a man couldn't take advantage of a girl being down and out, so to speak, to—well, to tell her he meant to marry her. Like as not, Joyce didn't care a twopenny loss for him—unless, well, unless a sense of gratitude deduced her into the notion—

"So, you see, we'd better dance," she mentioned. He took her to the floor and they danced. She was exultant; she made his movements graceful even.

"You're got to let me help you out of this mess, Joyce," he said against her pretty ear, and felt her fingers tighten on his shoulder. "What about Collett?"

"Didn't you hear? He was drowned, bathing, long ago. Honestly, Clem, there isn't a soul."

"You might have written to me," he said, with a stiffening. "We weren't altogether strangers."

"I-I did." He'd never got the letter; but then he had been raving about all the time, questing for fortune, missing his mails, collecting masses at unexpected times. He became aware that her step was flagging, that she was becoming a noticeable weight in his arm. Hitherto she had been light as thistle-down; he looked at her averted face.

The GILDED Swan

(Continued from Page 17)

It was white; so that the make-up showed grotesquely, almost. He swung her off the floor and into a chair, beside Miss Beryl Benstone, who audibly sniffed again.

"I say, look here," he said, with the awkwardness of an outdoor man where women are concerned, "I say, this lady's fainting." And Miss Benstone, forgetting to sniff further, acted with commendable promptitude. She picked up a glass of champagne, and herself applied it to Joyce's pallid lips, while Lovejoy formed a screen with his considerable body. Not that any of the merry-makers were concerned with what happened to a trifling dancing instructor—who was probably no better than she ought to be. "I knew her when she was a kid at school," explained Lovejoy. "Her step-brother—half-brother—some sort of brother—roomed with me."

"If you ask me anything," said Miss Beryl, "she's hungry—starving."

"Good heavens! But—but." Of course, in his long prospecting trips out in the Argentine and Brazil, he'd endured hunger; but he was a man, and that was one of the rules of the game. That a woman, a young and pretty woman at that—hardly more than a girl—should go without food seemed incredible. Her dancing frock looked as if it had cost money, too. He was ignorant of the opportunities that came the way of impecunious young women, whereby they can buy a frock that has been previously worn by a woman of position for an inconsiderable sum; as he was ignorant that such a thing as a dancing frock might stand to a woman as a sort of certificate of education—her entree into money-making circles. Natives with whom Clement Lovejoy had dealt had found him crafty and adamant; but his ignorance of conditions where women were concerned was illimitable.

"If you take my advice," said Beryl,

who seemed to alter from a sensation-seeker to an honest country girl in a breath, "you'll get her home and feed her—poor child!" But for the fact of his hands being full, Clem Lovejoy would have swung the Good Samaritan to the floor forthwith, out of sheer gratitude.

"No—I'm all right," whispered Joyce in that creamy huskiness that had been uncommonly attractive.

"My dear, you're nothing of the sort. Get her wrap, Mr. Lovejoy—I'll come, too. You can bring me back. I'll tell Ethel!"

"I've got to stay on until closing-time," protested Joyce. "I'll be all right—honestly." But Lovejoy wouldn't listen. He went to the vestiaire, and with difficulty—the cloak-room keeper seemed to be an ex-pug—collected her cloak. He went to the desk where the hiring was done, and said—in a granite-like way:



TEACHER: "And who was sorry when the prodigal son returned?"

WILLIE: "The fattest calf."

"Miss Pennell is ill, and she's going home." He wanted to strangle the fat lady because of the diabolical uplift of her eyebrows.

"There's a guinea owing to her on that ticket—she'll need it. She hasn't had much lately," said the curved antique.

"And she won't be coming back," said Lovejoy.

"Oh! I could have told you that!" was the flippant rejoinder; and a pound-note and a shilling were thrust under Lovejoy's nose. He restrained an impulse to break the Gilded Swan into wreckage with infinite difficulty.

He was still fuming when he settled Joyce and Beryl into a taxi and gave the address communicated, but it was nothing to his rage when he beheld the room into which he assisted the girl.

"Go on; get food—somehow," insisted Beryl, in whom the milk of human kindness threatened to overflow. He found a restaurant nearby, and returned accompanied by an uncannily wise youth bearing a tray which was piled with food sufficient for a house-party.

"Now, then," he said grimly, after Joyce had had some soup, "what's all this about?"

She began to cry between the spoonfuls. "Well—Mr. Lygarth said that I was under a delusion; Daddy left nothing, and he—Mr. Lygarth—had simply been keeping me on out of charity."

"Bilge!" said Lovejoy, surprisingly short of original epithets.

"Fact! Then he had heavy losses; and so—well, that's all. He did his best—"

"Left you that way? Turfed you out into London, at your age? Swine ought to be hamstrung! Lord, what an escape—lucky that goat Trevor suggested the filthy night-club."

"Oh! I was all right," averred Joyce, with sublime self-confidence. "And often enough I got quite a lot to eat. I could have had more, of course—"

Volumes were in that simple, half-shamed statement. "But men engaged some of the other girls rather—they're not strait-laced, some of them."

Lovejoy wished he had a sister or a mother, even an aunt would have come in useful; but he was one of the solitaires.

"One thing's certain, anyhow," he declared gruffly, "there's to be no more of that damn fool nonsense. I'll lend you enough to carry on with until—and you can't stay in this hole."

"Of course I can. I was satisfied—sort of—until—well, until—"

After disjointed discussion that seemed to lead nowhere, Miss Benstone said that really she would have to be going, and betrayed a new timidity; so there was nothing for it but to convey her back to the Gilded Swan and hand her over to Trevor, who appeared peeved. Lovejoy wondered how he could ever have liked this ivory-skulled inanity. And yet, but for him, this shattering revelation would never have been made.

Once rid of Trevor and the Benstone girls, he plunged as rapidly as a second-rate taxi permitted to the house where Joyce had a room, but found the front door locked in his face. After futile pacing up and down, he went to his own quarters.

"Pat lot of use all this money I've made is going to do me, if I can't give that poor kid a lift," he brooded. "I'll tell this Lygarth hound what I think of a man who'd turf a girl that way, though."

He prowled through the telephone directory in search of the ex-guardian, and settled on one man who had an office in Kingsway.

LOVEJOY was on the front step of Joyce's house by the time the charwoman slopped her bucket down; and bribed that languid soul to carry a message which resulted in Joyce appearing, pale, free from make-up, and woefully shabby.

"You better?" he asked curtly, because otherwise he must have gulped at the drawn pathos of what had been a piquantly charming face.

"Yes, rather; nice Clemmy!" She hugged his arm as she had done when he had bought her schoolgirl self rich and indigestible chocolates. "What do we do?"

"Breakfast for a start. How long is it since you had a decent breakfast?" She told him that occasionally revellers at the Gilded Swan stood their dancing partners bacon and eggs in the early dawn. (Please turn to Page 38)

PERSIL

MAKES LIFE HAPPIER FOR 3,000,000 ENGLISH WOMEN

Persil has proved such a blessing to women overseas that in England alone 3,000,000 housewives refuse to do their washing any other way. And now you can go "smiling through" washing-day, too—for Persil is being made in Australia, and already there are thousands of grateful, regular users.

This marvellous new oxygen washing compound cleanses automatically—and that means the end of the soaping and rubbing that can make such a nightmare of washing-day.

LINEN CAN'T BE REALLY WHITE UNTIL WASHED WITH PERSIL

It is impossible to make linen really white with ordinary soap, but with Persil, things are quite different. When Persil is dissolved, myriads of microscopic oxygen bubbles are released in the water, and these active bubbles carry the soda right into the fabric until every thread has been gently and thoroughly cleansed, and not a stain or trace of dirt remains. Sheets and tablecloths that have been washed with Persil never look dingy, for the oxygen in Persil soda whitens and purifies linen just as fresh air and sunshine do.

PERSIL IS ALL-SUFFICIENT No Bar Soaps, Extracts or Tablets required—

In the space of a few months you can spend quite a lot on bar soaps, extracts and tablets, but when Persil is used these become quite unnecessary. Persil alone will make your clothes spotlessly clean, remove all stains, and give your linen a new, brilliant whiteness.

PERSIL CLEANSING IS SPECIALLY GENTLE Safe for silks woollens & colours

Persil's oxygen-filled suds are absolutely mild and safe—there are no injurious ingredients in Persil. Clothes washed by this easy, scientific method will last twice as long, for you don't have to rub them threadbare to get the dirt out. Woollens, silk undies, gay summer frocks—they are all safe with Persil. Persil can't hurt patterns and it actually revitalises colours.

SPECIAL PERSIL METHOD FOR OBTAINING THE BEST RESULTS

Allow one heaped tablespoon of Persil to each gallon of water. First mix the Persil into a smooth paste in a bowl with a little cold water. Thin down the paste with more cold water until it is a milky liquid. Add to cold water in the copper. For silks and woollens mix Persil as above and add to warm water. Full directions on every packet.

WOMEN CAN'T SAY ENOUGH IN PRAISE OF PERSIL

"It is with pleasure I write to let you know what I think of Persil (your Wonder Powder). I have only found out this few weeks its value and I CAN ASSURE YOU I WILL NOT BE WITHOUT A PACKET IN FUTURE. It makes the clothes lovely and white and the washing is done in half the time. I will only be too pleased to let my friends know about its value for washing silks and woollens, too. Wishing you every success."

(Sgd.) L. HAMILTON

East Kew, Melbourne

£100 WILL BE PAID TO ANYONE WHO CAN PROVE THAT THE ABOVE IS NOT AN ENTIRELY GENUINE & UN-SOLICITED LETTER

THE SIMPLE WAY • IS THE

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

Persil WAY

SL 18.8

CELEBRATED CONDUCTOR to Visit AUSTRALIA

By ROBERT C. McCALL

So after all we are to have a visit from Sir Hamilton Harty, if not in the capacity of Director-elect of the N.S.W. State Conservatorium, at least as temporary conductor of the Broadcasting Commission's symphony orchestra.

THE eminent British musician has just told the English Press that he is to leave for Australia in April next year, and, on arrival, will immediately begin rehearsals of the existing orchestras. He expects his stay to be limited to two months, during which he will conduct a series of concerts.

The Irish town of Hillsborough has the credit of giving the world Herbert Hamilton Harty, later, in 1925, to be dubbed a knight. His father recognised his musical talents as a boy, and tutored him in the piano, viola, and counterpoint. He was able to act as his father's deputy at the age of eight, and he was only twelve when he took an organist's post in a County Antrim church. Successively he held similar positions in Belfast and Dublin.

The year 1900 found young Hamilton in London, already with a reputation as one of the best accompanists. Next year he won a big Dublin composers' competition with a trio. Thereafter he was a prolific composer, and successful. He wrote songs, symphonic poems, varied works for choir and orchestra, chamber music, and a concerto for violin, which Joseph Szigeti (who played it for the first time in 1909) told me last year was one of the finest in modern repertoire.

Conducting has occupied Sir Hamilton's attention more fully in recent years. For some time he directed the London Symphony Orchestra, then was appointed conductor of the famous Halle Orchestra of Manchester in 1929. Ever since he has been one of the most vital figures in overseas music. Just a month or so ago it was thought that the Halle Orchestra would have to be disbanded through lack of financial backing. Luckily for British music-lovers, the brilliant band was temporarily spared such a sad fate by a co-operative arrangement with the B.B.C. Orchestra.

Yes, a visit by Sir Hamilton Harty should be one of the most exciting and important events in Australia's musical history.

Do you remember the gifted young Australian contralto, Merle Miller? Before her departure for England she appeared frequently in Sydney, scoring a notable success as Siebel in the Philharmonic Society's concert performance of Gounod's "Faust," with Madame Goossens-Viceroy and Joseph Hislop as Marguerite and Faust. Now there is news to hand that she lately gave a most successful audition for opera at "The Old Vic."

There are two other interesting items in overseas news. Lina Scavini, remembered for her acting and her beauty, if not for her voice, during two opera seasons in Australia, has married again. She has appended to her own her husband's name of Sabris.

Efrem Kurz is appearing just now as leading conductor of the Monte Carlo Russian ballet during its London season. He came to Australia, you will recollect, as conductor for Anna Pavlova, and stayed to direct several Town Hall orchestral programmes. His brother at present is touring this country with the Spivakovskys.

MY record recommendations this week are headed by a beautiful complete recording of Elgar's "Enigma" variations by the Halle Orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty. . . . Another orchestra offering which should not be overlooked provides a most sensitive reading of a suite from Richard Strauss' "Rosenkavalier" by Karl Alwin conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. . . . My vocal choice covers two impressive operatic discs. On one the star radio tenor of Europe, Joseph Schmidt, sings brilliantly arias from Massenet's "Le Cid" and "Manon." The other features another young tenor, Herbert Groh, who has been called "the new Taubert." He sings an unusual but charming aria from Rossini's "Semiramide," and with Gerhard Huch (baritone) the popular duet, "Solemn in quest" from Verdi's "Force of Destiny."



Sir Hamilton Harty, noted British conductor, will visit us next year.

Brighter BROADCAST TALKS—Edu-tainment is the Word

By SARABANDE

AT first, broad-

casting, to

many of them, was

a new thing, and

there was much to

be learnt about its

niceties. Some of

the lecturers have

come out of the or-

deal remarkably

well, while others have still a very

great deal to learn before they can be

looked upon as efficient broadcasting

lecturers.

The mistake that so many of the

lecturers make is to treat the radio

audience as a public meeting. The lec-

tures are obviously

prepared without

the realisation that

broadcasting is an

extremely intimate

affair, and that you

are addressing individuals and not

assemblies. To lose

the intimate touch

is to lose the audience. To use long

words where short ones would do is

to misuse the microphone. To adopt a

"lecturing" air instead of a conversa-

tional one is to invite the listener to

turn his dial on a few points to the

next station.

Some broadcast authorities and lec-

tures make the great mistake of

thinking that the average person wants

to be educated. The average person,

on the other hand, really wants to be

entertained. But if you can educate

him at the same time then you are

doing something which he will value

after your talk is over.

A new word is being coined for this

broadcasting education. It is the word,

"edu-tainment" which expresses in a

happy way that vital mixture of enter-

tainment and education so necessary in

radio talks.

The proportion of entertainment to

education is difficult to generalise

upon. It is a matter which depends

greatly on the subject which the radio

speaker is discussing. However, there

is no subject so dull that it cannot be

livened, and no speaker so solemn that

he does not know a suitable jest to in-

sert into his talk. If not a suitable

jest, then everyone can invent a

humorous phrase or a whimsical para-

graph.

Talks were once called the "Cinder-

ella of the Air" in Australian broad-

casting circles. That attitude of mind

has passed away, but there is still

room for broadcasting authorities to

improve upon their attitude to talks,

especially the B class stations. The B

class stations have realised on oc-

casions the value of a vital speaker on

a vital subject. Mr. William Morris

Hughes has been booked to begin a

series of reminiscences over B class

stations. During the Test matches, B

class stations snapped up the leading

cricketers, but, on the whole, they are

unenterprising in this department of

broadcasting.

Much To Be Done

In America certain talks delivered by

certain people have achieved tremen-

dous popularity, and commercial con-

cerns indulging in national advertising

have engaged at great expense well-

known authors and personalities who

can provide entertaining talks on the

air.

There seems unlimited scope for this

in Australian broadcasting. As a very

modest example, why does not some

B class station get a big city firm to

sponsor a series of fashion talks by

"the best-dressed woman in Australia,"

whoever she might happen to be.

watch the fingering of the young pianist.

David operates a typewriter, and wrote

his own acknowledgment and thanks

for one of Philip's photographs

decided ideas of his own. He was in-

tensely interested in Philip Hargrave,

the boy pianist, and one day, doubtless

with the idea of future headlines, he

asked his mother if she considered David

Maddison sounded as good as Philip

Hargrave? He insisted on a front seat

at Philip's concerts so that he could

see him.

Thank you very much for the photo.

It is a very nice one. I think I will

keep it and put it on the wall.

I want to meet you in Italy very much if

I can

Yours sincerely

David Maddison.

Below is his typed letter to Philip

Hargrave.

Dear Philip

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FASHIONS— and Faces

The shops are full of frocks... the world is full of faces. But, just as the outstandingly charming frock is hard to find, so, too, the face that flatters impressively in the mind is the exception rather than the rule.

Ordinary make-up gives a "uniform" effect; one gets used to it, of course, and it passes, but the face that is different has all the more sure appeal. Ordinary face creams while they may hold powder well enough, "mask" to a certain extent, the true nature of one's subtle expressions. The little facial nuances are lost beneath the mask, and with the loss goes much that is summed up by the word "Personality."

a face cream that heightens charm and never obscures it

Facial Youth is a rejuvenating beautifier. It corrects skin faults and does not merely hide them. It holds powder as nothing else can. Best of all, it freshens the face, encouraging a natural youthfulness and vivacity that provokes the admiration of all. Facial Youth is the beauty cream of Personality. It is different—remarkably so. And Facial Youth does not destroy the natural acid coating provided by Nature.

kathleen court's facial youth
the beauty cream that **REJUVENATES**



to protect the skin. Its perfume is delightful, exquisite, and so suitable for its purpose that it never stings or irritates even the most sensitive skin. The moment you apply Facial Youth you KNOW you are doing the right thing! Your face feels comfortable at once; a glance in the mirror shows the freshness achieved. So unique is Facial Youth that, in most cases, the user looks years younger on a single application of this, the most wonderful of all existing aids to loveliness. You can get Facial Youth from any high-class Chemist or Store in Day Cream form, tubes at 1/3 and 2/-; jars at 2/6; or in Cleansing Cream form, in jars only at 2/6. Keep young the proven way—the way of helping Nature. Now, put aside soapy creams and reveal the charming personality that is YOU.

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Every two hours when you have a cold or sore throat. Repeated tests show that Listerine Antiseptic mouth germicide is 99 per cent. Non-poisonous, absolutely safe, actually healing to tissue and deodorizing.

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Delightful for night use and as a skin food. An ideal medium for toilet massage. Relieves sunburn, chaps, and roughness of the skin. In jars for the dressing table, 2/6. In tubes for the handbag.

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Both dentists and chemists recommend Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps the teeth perfectly clean and makes them brilliantly white. 2/- a super-size tube. Trial size.

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CHEMIST

Authorized by a Joint Committee of the Pharmaceutical Society of New South Wales and the

Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia (New South Wales Branch)

"MAKES me sick!" he snorted. "Here you are; all the money I could lay my hands on until the bank opens. A loan, if you like. Then—I'm going to see your precious Mr. Lygarth, and—well, that'll wait." But he told you this: There's a Lygarth who owns some mighty valuable holdings down in Argentina, and has done for a long time. One of his men tried to shoot me when I prospected on his property—in ignorance, of course.

"To shoot you, Clem?" Joyce changed color astonishingly. "Well, he missed, anyhow, and I bent his gun over his head for him; matter of fact, we became quite good friends afterwards. And, look here, it wasn't my fault I didn't answer your letter, Joyce. Put that money in your pocket, before the cat gets it."

It was necessary to be casual, because Joyce's throat was convulsing. "It might interest you to know, young woman, that I've come home pretty well off. Found minerals—got a concession. To say nothing of a lottery ticket I bought in Rosario—netted me a hundred thousand dollars. Not that an Argentine dollar's anything to lose sleep over. Have some more food?"

It was utter foolishness he talked—anything to keep the child interested. For Joyce's pluck, now that she seemed in sight of safe haven, threatened to desert her completely.

"It's going to mean that I've to go back to the wilds, though; only before I go, you've to be made snug. You mustn't tell me you liked that terrible night-club." He remembered certain

The GILDED Swan

(Continued from Page 36)

resorts in the Argentine, where were women who had graduated from precisely such resorts as the Gilded Swan, and his marrow crept.

"Oh, Clem, I loathed it. But what could I do? They taught me nothing at that school of any use—except to attract a husband. Not even type-writing; and when Mr. Lygarth recommended the Swan, and talked about the money one could earn—"

PIECE by piece he got sidelights on the struggle that lies before a friendless and untalented girl. It made his gorge rise. He was scared, too, to think that but for Trevor's invitation to see life he might never have become aware of Joyce's plight; because he had honestly forgotten her.

"Once or twice I used to go down to the Embankment," she said, in a shame-faced way.

Of course, Lovejoy thought, the obvious solution was to marry her and take her clean out of all this. But then, again; what about her? He could only offer a no-mad's life or semi-widowhood at home. He had an idea that she was too proud to accept continued help. He was old-fashioned enough to expect love from the woman he married when the time for marrying came. Gratitude might serve for a time; but afterwards—no.

"Well, I'm going to look up your Mr. Lygarth and find how much of the truth he was telling you," he declared. "You're under my wing now, young woman." He mentioned the Lygarth he had selected from the Directory; found he was wrong. He ascertained his address, and Joyce secretly thrilled at the expression of his face.

"You'd better go and look at Art Galleries or something," he said. "I'm going to be busy. Or else buy yourself some clothes from that—that loan. It's all right—quite all right. If Collett had been alive—look here, you've got to pretend I'm Collett back again." But she said she would do well enough; she had her pride. If he would agree to lend her sufficient to learn typewriting and shorthand, she could support herself. He smothered an impulse to shake her. What use was his money if it couldn't buy one girl's happiness?

"Tell me something about those places you've been to," she said, to change a subject that was distasteful to her. So he told her, more or less brutally; and was startled when he noticed how the gleams had come back into her eyes.

"One thing they did teach me at school was to ride," she mentioned. But he couldn't rid his mind of the picture she had presented when he saw her overnight at the Gilded Swan—and that ensemble didn't somehow fit in with the pampas and forests of Argentina. Anyhow, a girl of a bare twenty deserved something better than isolation and snakes and swamp-ferret.

"You go and look at picture. I'll meet you when I've talked to Lygarth," he urged.

MR. LYGARTH was unable to see him, he found, and Mr. Lygarth's whereabouts appeared uncertain to his office staff. It was believed that he had gone to the Continent. No, he had left no deputy to transact personal business. Lovejoy didn't believe a word of it.

He believed so little, indeed, that when he left the office he went to Gray's Inn, where lived a solicitor with whom he had had certain dealings both before leaving England and while abroad. From Mr. Scholes he received a flattering reception.

"I'm in a hole," he declared; and went into details. Mr. Scholes was reassurance's own self. So far as Joyce was concerned, well—at a pinch, why not let her go as companion to his own daughter for a while, until more complete action could be taken? Out at Beckenham she would be quite comfortable. As far as salary was concerned—

"She could have a good one—I'd pay it, through you, of course," Mr. Scholes nodded. He was wise in his generation, and believed that his daughter would not keep her new companion for long.

"What about this fellow Lygarth?" When Joyce's father died he left him as a sort of guardian," Mr. Scholes purred his lips in a soundless whistle. Then he gravely shook his head.

"You see, I happen to know that he has oodles of cash—or property worth

oodles—if it's the same fellow." "Wait a bit," said Scholes, and fetched a book of reference. After a search, he said: "Your man seems to be the only one of that name likely to be interested in South American developments, if I may so. But, even so—you can't pretend to accuse him of chicanery."

"A man who would turf out a young innocent girl into that stew is fit for anything. Even if her father's money was all gone—if it has."

"Oh, we can soon settle that," said Scholes. "Between those four walls, Lygarth has none too savory a reputation."

"So I gathered from what this man of his out there told me. Shyster, eh? Where are we going?"

"To Somerset House; not far; just down Chancery Lane." They there found a will—Mr. Scholes was able to secure quick service—which revealed the fact that the late Clyde Pennell had left certain assets, appointing Hector Lygarth sole executor and



HE: I seem to recognise your face—doubtless I have met you at a party here before.
SHE: Doubtless you have—it's my house.

guardian of his family. It was an oldish will.

"We can't do anything about it, you know," said Scholes. "We might suspect a lot, but we've no proof, and if we butted in, he'd have a very sound case for a libel action."

"Suppose he swindled her out of what her father left, and then packed her into this night-club in the hope she'd go all to the devil?" demanded Lovejoy.

"Sh-sh! You can't say that, man!" "I can think it, though. Queer his own affairs should prosper and his ward's affairs shouldn't—in his handling! Queer that even if this of Pennell's did go wrong, as Lygarth claimed, his executor, who must have lost it, hadn't the decency to repay it." (Please turn to Page 40)



A BOOKLET EVERY WOMAN WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE...

Women love beautification... new curtains, new frocks, new undies... all these have a keen fascination for every woman. But new things cost money, and it is impossible to spend much in these directions in these days of limited housekeeping allowances.

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"LET US SPRAY,"

Implores the Old Gardener

"HOW am I Miss? Well, I ain't too good. I've had a cold in me head for a week, and me rheumatism is come back, and I had a tooth out the other day, but otherwise everything's lovely. You always looks well, Miss... that's the regular work you do in the garden. Oh, sure, I work in the garden, too, and I'm as fit as a young man... but I ain't a young man, Miss. If you're weeding and digging when you're my age you won't be too bad."

"What's that, Miss? Oh, your sister sent me a letter with a question and she ain't had a reply yet. Well, I might have lost it Miss. I've answered quite a lot of letters, but I have an idea one of them got mislaid. Ask her to write again if she don't get a reply in a week or so."

"YOU want to know something about spraying mixtures, eh? Well, I'll tell you all I can while I'm turning this patch, but don't stand on them seedlings please, Miss. Lime sulphur is a good general fungicide for most fungus diseases such as leaf curl in peach trees, mildew on roses, rust on roses or geraniums, mildew on grape vines, pumpkins, cucumbers, and peas, black spot on apples and pears, celery leaf spot, diseases of tomatoes, shot holes on apricots, and pea blight."

"During the winter months... now, Miss, look, you're on them seedlings again... during the winter, as I was saying, use one part of lime sulphur to 20 parts of water. Spray a second time when buds begin to burst during the spring, only this time use 30 parts of water. When in full bloom use 1 to 40 parts for your spray mixture."

"Bordeaux mixture is another useful spray for all the complaints I've mentioned. You can get it at any seed shop, in powder form. Use a quarter lb. to every 3 gallons of water, or half a lb. to 6 gallons, or one lb. to 12 gallons, according to how much you want."

"FOR that brother of yours, Miss, with his small orchard, down the coast, a very cheap spray can be made up by mixing 6lb. of bluestone, 4lb. of lime, with 40 gallons of water. Dissolve the



"What has happened to your hair? It looks like a wig!"
"It is a wig!"
"It is? Why, it doesn't look like one!"

bluestone and lime separately in two-gallon lots and then pour them together. But mind you tell him, Miss, to use the spray within 48 hours after making. It don't keep."

"For all scale insects or Indian wax scale on citrus trees make up this mixture to use as a spray: One lb. of washing soda, 2 gallons of water, and half a lb. of Davis glue pearls. Dissolve the glue pearls by soaking over night or in boiling water. Add one cake of common washing soap or a tablespoon of soft soap, or a dessertspoon of kerosene. Spray it on when warm and repeat the treatment a week later."

"Having trouble with aphids are you, Miss? Nicotine spray's the best thing for them and for all sucking insects. Use one dessertspoon to two gallons of water and add a dessertspoon of kerosene to make the solution stick. Another good spray for these little pests is one cake of common washing soap dissolved in two gallons of water and a dessertspoon of kerosene, sprayed warm."

"LIME water, Miss... I told you before, if you have worms on the lawn, water it overnight with lime water. One pound of slaked lime to three gallons of water. Let it stand overnight and use it the following evening. Pour the solution on with a watering-can. Sweep up your worms the next morning."

"Spray arsenate of lead on all leaf-eating and other insects, such as codlin moths, caterpillars, and grubs. Use one dessertspoon to a gallon of water. For cabbage moth, Miss, I use permanganate of potash—what you call 'condy'—half a teaspoon to two gallons of water, with a teaspoon of kerosene to make it stick. 'Now, Miss—will you look at what you've done to them seedlings. I'll have to plant a fresh lot now. Thanks... I hope so, too. I'm about fed up with it."

The NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE



Ben Travers, whose latest book, "Hyde Side Up," will give you—

LAUGHS and THRILLS

YOU will laugh and be thrilled by Ben Travers' latest book, "Hyde Side Up." It is the story of the picture, "Plunder," in which Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn convulsed Sydney audiences recently. If you haven't seen the film, you ought to read the book, and, if you have, you still ought to.

"Hyde Side Up" is not quite as funny as some of Ben Travers' earlier efforts, such as "Rookery Nook" or "Mischief," but it is none the less an excellent work. This amusing letter will give you a clue to the story:

"To My Granddaughter.
"Miss—I write to inform you that I have this day married Mrs. Veal, whom you may remember as my housekeeper."

"I have also made a new will, leaving everything to her and cutting you clean out."

"So now perhaps you'll realise where your duty lay, seeing you were my only surviving relative, and I was suffering hell from my rheumatism and kidneys."

"Did you remain here at my side to comfort and support me? Oh no; you preferred to go monkeying off to New Zealand at the other end of the earth, and what for, pray? Simply to visit a school-friend, or some such ram's-milk."

"So away you went. And you can stay away. Not a thought for me... What did you care? The sooner I died, the better, I suppose, so you could inherit my money and blow it. Well, now, you won't get it to blow. It's going to the one woman who seems to care one single groat for my comfort. I am, your grandfather."

Mystifying
Having written this, the grandfather, after two and a half more pages of life, gives up the ghost. How his granddaughter, Priscilla Dodd, succeeds in winning back her inheritance is told in the other 330 pages.

Priscilla, however, would not have won back a penny if it had not been for her fiancé, D'Arcy Tuck. Miss Dodd had a few hundreds a year of her own—about as many as D'Arcy had of his. When she came back from New Zealand she settled at a small hotel in Knightsbridge, and avoided her few London acquaintances. She was not keen on people finding out that the housekeeper had married her grandfather and pinched her inheritance.

When D'Arcy finds out that an old school-fellow of his—a highly respectable chap, too, with a lovely sister and pots of money—is calmly planning to rob the inheritance-pinching housekeeper of a load of jewellery, he agrees to help. So they all find themselves at a house-party in the country, the housekeeper, who is the new Mrs. Dodd, her son, her blackmailing brother, Simon Veal, Priscilla Dodd, who has lost her property, D'Arcy, who strives to get it back, and Freddy and Prudence Malone, their host and hostess, who intend to help.

Needless to say, in the best Ben Travers manner, everything goes wrong at the crucial moment, and you sit up all night, wondering what's going to happen, and of course, it doesn't happen till the last few pages.

(John Lane: The Bodley Head, 7/6. Our copy Dymock's).

"Just Lil." Oliver Sanders. Something new in heroines: a girl flier. She starts her life as an underpaid drudge on her stepfather's farm, but, being a courageous and ambitious girl, with a mechanical turn of mind, she becomes a world famous airwoman. The story is vivid and different. (Hurst and Blackett, 7/6.)

"Cold Comfort Farm." Stella Gibbons. Latest book from one of those rare beings, a humorous woman writer. Like Winifred Holtby, her humor takes the form of satire. A sort of mixture of Stephen Leacock and P. G. Wodehouse. The art of reading a funny book is, of course, to attain one's self to the mood of the author. In this book we are told that Stella Gibbons "points a satirical finger at a certain type of much read, earthy, passionate novel, the kind of story in which peasants have babies in cowsheds and push each other down wells." If this is really the author's aim then the joke is on herself, for she writes her book too well for it to be funny. (Longmans.)

"First Night." Lorna Rea. By the author of "Six Mrs. Greenes," this is a psychological study of the thoughts of people attending the first night of a play. The whole action of the book occupies only the duration of the performance. The reader is endowed with a god-like capacity of being everywhere and knowing what everyone is thinking. A well-written, unusual book. (Heinemann.)

"The Dog, Its Ailments and Diseases." R. A. McMichael, R.V.S. Described as the most up-to-date, authoritative, and practical book of its kind ever issued in Australia, this dog book must fulfill a long-felt want among dog lovers. It is a book which should appeal not only to people with one dog, but to dog breeders. Mr. McMichael is veterinary surgeon to one of New South Wales' foremost animal lovers, the Governor, Sir Philip Game. There are two special sections on tick paralysis and hydatid disease in dogs by another well-known expert, W. J. Stewart McKay, M.B., Ch.M., B.Sc. The book is profusely illustrated with drawings and photographs. (Angus & Robertson, 4/6.)

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"Two teaspoonful for you, mummy! I only had one, and feel better already."

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THE STORY BEHIND THEIR WEDDING by STEVE



SUCH A SWEET BRIDE... AND BOTH SO MUCH IN LOVE!

WHO WOULD EVER DREAM THAT ONCE SHE NEARLY LOST HIM?



THE FIRST TIME HE CALLED, SHE WAS THRILLED... HE, TOO! BUT BEFORE THE EVENING WAS OVER, HIS INTEREST COOLED



TIME PASSED..... HE DIDN'T COME BACK.... SHE WAS HEARTBROKEN. ONE DAY SHE CAME AND CRIED ABOUT IT ON MY SHOULDER



I KNEW THE TROUBLE SO I TOLD HER GENTLY HOW SHE SOMETIMES OFFENDED

—AND HOW EASILY LIFEBUOY WOULD END HER FAULT... "B.O."



WHAT A JOY TO SEE THEM MARRIED TODAY! NO "B.O." NOW TO SPOIL HER CHARM. SHE'S PERFECT IN HIS EYES

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"ALL pure surmise, Lovejoy."

"Yes, you're a lawyer and won't even think anything you can't prove by witnesses. However—we'll see. Make arrangements about that berth for her, will you? She'll have to be fitted out, of course—poor kid looks like something the cat brought in, except for the evening frock she wore last night at that poisonous place."

But, what with one thing and another, time had fled; and when he met Joyce she was on the steps of the National Gallery, and the shops were shut for the night.

"Well?" she asked. He had approached her unobserved; and he noticed—something had quickened his faculties—how her face brightened as she saw him. It had been a piteous little face before.

"I want to talk to your Lygarth. I've got to talk to him. He's not abroad; my solicitor found that out. But he's probably got his lodge close-tiled—that's a thing you wouldn't understand. The best way is to go to his place to-night, late—and—I'll explain."

Shrewdly suspecting that if Lygarth had the guilty conscience with which he credited him he would remain inaccessible to callers who lacked bona-fide introductions, Lovejoy outlined his plan.

THEY reached the discreet quarter where Mr. Hector Lygarth housed himself.

"Why, Grant, you still with Mr. Lygarth?" asked Joyce of the suave man who opened the door.

"Yes, Miss Joyce. The man shifted from foot to foot. "But I'm sorry to say Mr. Lygarth is out."

"Then we'll wait for him," said Lovejoy. "Go ahead, Joyce." Joyce, fair-haired and innocently smiling, attractive in a vivid orange cloak that had once adorned a Duke's daughter, was

The GILDED Swan

not the sort of person to be dismissed—especially as Grant had been used to paying deference to her. And the craggy man in the blue suit looked as if he might take a refusal badly.

"I suppose it's all right," Grant said. "Why shouldn't it be? How's Mrs. Grant?" asked Joyce. "We'll wait in the study, Grant."

Grant rang up his employer's club. Mr. Lygarth, however, was not at his club. He had dined there, but his further movements were unknown.

Lovejoy was disappointed; he felt primed for action.

He got up and walked about impatiently watching the clock. Its hands seemed glued into one position. He brooded over bookshelves, automatically reached to twitch a picture straight over a shelf, and his elbow fouled a small box and brought it with a crash to the floor, and its lid flew open.

"Dunce of a mess!" he growled. He lifted the case to the table and began to cram in a medley of papers, most of them neatly docketed, with imposing seals in places. "Hello—wait a bit!" he said suddenly. "I say, Joyce, look here!"

She came over to the table, blinking sleepily, for she had almost dozed off, since the hour was so late.

"This strikes me as being fishy! I just saw the name, Fennell, and naturally—well, I mean to say—look here!" It was a certificate of shares in a land development company, made out to Clyde Fennell, his heirs and assigns.

"That show's been paying enormous dividends for the last four years," observed Lovejoy. "This is for five thousand five-pound shares, what's more." He seated himself and pulled Joyce nearer, to explain.

Neither heard the entrance of Mr.

Hector Lygarth, faultless in full evening dress and cloak, who had not troubled to remove his hat. But he removed it now, as he said:

"Pardon me if I interrupt a pleasant scene—"

They turned, Joyce's face betraying instant fear. Lovejoy gave out a sound between a gasp and a growl.

"Who're you?" he demanded, instinctively making to conceal the share-certificate; feeling like a fool at being caught red-handed.

"Merely the owner of these premises. No—don't move!" The airy nonchalance had altered swiftly to a snarl; the hand at Lygarth's side twitched, and a neat little automatic pistol covered Lovejoy's heart. "Burglary, is it, or just blackmail?" Again the nonchalance of the man who holds the whip-hand; again the following snarl. Joyce behaved strangely. Instead of shrinking away, she pushed herself between the menacing pistol and Lovejoy. The meaning of that share-certificate had been made plain to her.

"Shoot me if you must shoot," she said. "It's about the only thing you haven't done." Afterwards Lovejoy declared that he saw the murder-glint in Lygarth's eyes—and he had stood up to killers prior to this. Probably Lygarth, realising exposure was imminent, intended to kill. The opened despatch box hurtled like a shell over Joyce's head, its papers scattering freely; but the corner of the box caught Lygarth in the mouth and staggered him as Lovejoy swung Joyce aside and leaped—with the agility the Pampas had taught him. There was a moment of hard-breathing, of harsh interjections; then the pistol was torn free. Mr. Lygarth appeared no longer debonair.

(Continued from Page 38)

"You damned dirty swindler!" said Lovejoy. "Ring that bell if you dare!" He appeared more craglike than ever.

He crammed the certificate in his pocket and reached for the lapel of Lygarth's faultless evening coat. He pulled him nearer and then hit him on the prominent nose; as he recoiled, he dragged him closer and hit him again, earnest punches that dyed a wide expanse of laundered linen sinisterly red.

"Please, Clem, please!" panted Joyce, inwardly exultant. But Lovejoy was thinking of the Gilded Swan and those other places in the Argentine.

"I'm afraid he's dead," Joyce said, when she could make herself heard above the pile-driving hits.

"Snakes can take a lot of punishment," said Lovejoy. "He's still breathing." He pitched Mr. Lygarth into his own chair. "Watch him until I go through these papers," he commanded. He found another share certificate, for another five thousand shares, also made out in favor of Clyde Fennell, his heirs or assigns.

"Just what it means, I don't know," he said. "But this is enough to start in with. Come on—let's get out of this. It's late—"

"ALL the same, I don't really know what it means yet, Clem."

"It means you're rich—sort of. This beggar's been using your father's money in speculations—certificates and cheques must be made out to the same person, of course. There's probably oodles of other cash when we get Scholes to look into things; but this'll do for a start. No more Gilded Swan for you, my child."

"Oh, Clem, I—I thought he was

IN MY KITCHEN

Plates of blue, and basins cream,
Curtains snowy white.
Silvery saucepans, all agleam,
And lots of warm sunlight.

A bowl of pansies, cool and sweet,
A lino checked with blue.
Cups and saucers, trim and neat,
And white chairs, small and new.

A row of glass jars on a shelf
Filled with honey gold.
A set of blue pugs made in delf
And a shining jelly mould.

An air of peace, a happy mind,
A light heart singing free.
My kitchen cool with snowy blind,
Gives all these things to me.

—Dorothy Mann.

going to shoot you, honestly I did. Are you sure you're not hurt?"

"What, me? He's as soft as putty. But about this property—"

"It doesn't matter, Clem—are you sure you're not hurt?" Her hands betrayed a tendency to make investigation, so he took hold of them.

"And your property and mine adjoin," he said in a shaky voice, that the delightfulness of her hands might have bred. She looked at him; not quite the scared, lonely girl of the Gilded Swan.

"I told you I learnt to ride at school, didn't I?" she asked. As she had neglected to bring her bag from Mr. Lygarth's, she was without a key. The lady who let those sorrowful rooms objected to being disturbed; her house was so respectable. They were surprised when the dawn came and found them still discussing a future that promised to be rosier than the London morning.

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SPICY FRUIT ROLL BISCUITS

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YOUR GROCER
FOR ARNOTT'S
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CUITS.

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—
I have a surprise in store for you. In next week's issue you will find the first instalment of a fairy story which I am sure you will all like. It will be called "Fred in Magic Land," and each week Fred will take you to a wondrous land and let you enjoy all the beautiful things he sees and does. Now, pals, next Thursday will see he here, so watch out for Fred, and be sure to give him a hearty welcome into our happy circle.
The best letter for this week comes from George Campbell (12), Charlotte Street, Deniliquin, for which he receives a prize of 2/6. George tells me all about the town he lives in and the surrounding districts. George's letter is very interesting, and quite a pleasure to read.
Well, pals, I will say good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

Aunt Eliza's Visit

By Dorothy Campbell

SILENCE reigned when the mother of John, Carol, and Andy read a letter which had just arrived from Aunt Eliza.
"Now, isn't that a pleasant surprise?" she said. "Aunt Eliza is coming to stay."
"Aunt Eliza?" gasped Andy, John, and Carol all together.
"Yes, and she is arriving on the 2.30 train, and I want you to take the pony and trap and meet her," said their mother.
"Geel! And we were just going fishing," put in Andy, looking at John and Carol.
When they arrived back home they went out and met in council in the woodshed.
"Now, listen," said Andy. "We've got to get rid of her or she's going to spoil our fishing trip."
"How, then?" replied Carol and John.
"Well, let's make her an apple-pie bed," suggested John. This was agreed to with hearty applause, and off they went to make preparations.
That night as John and Andy were about to tuck beneath the sheets they let out a yell and practically flew out of bed and into the hall, where they met Aunt Eliza, who said playfully, "I overheard your plans, so I moved all the brushes and the leaves to your beds and," she added, "four can play at the one game, you know."
When she left she presented them all with a trim sailing-boat which they called the "Eliza."
Prize of 5/- to Dorothy Campbell (14), 2 Walker Street, Haberfield.



Prize Card to V. Maguire, 174 Balmoral Street, Leichhardt.

EASTERN MAIDENS



Prize of 5/- to Ann Perry, 24 Keira Street, Wollongong, for this clever sketch.

A FIRE

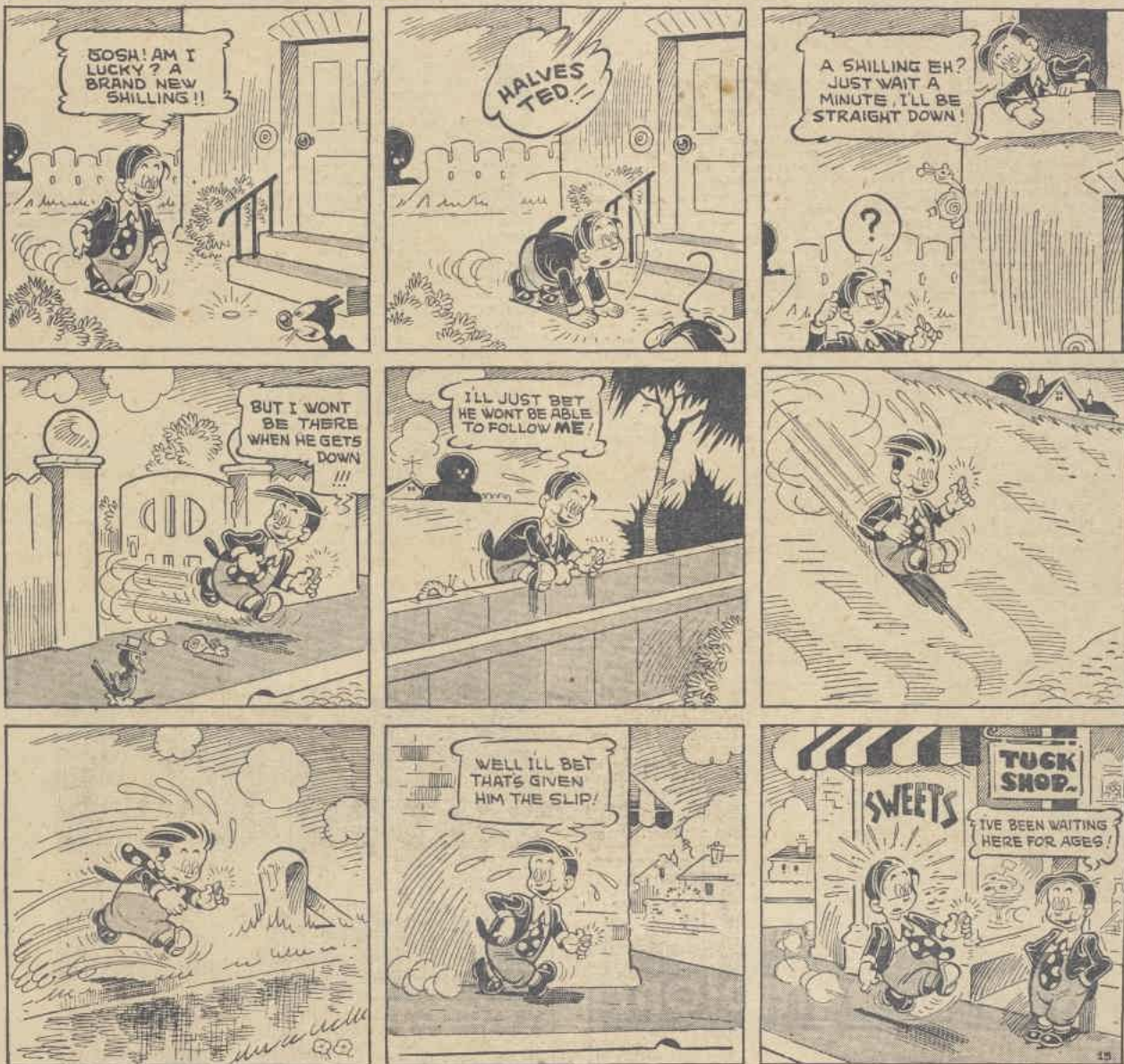
By Edna Hubbard

AS I sat dreamily under a shady tree in the park I noticed people hurrying in all directions, all excited and flustered. I wondered what could be the matter, but the clanging of a fire bell soon awakened in me the fact that there was a fire.
I picked up my book and started in the direction the people had taken. I could see smoke in the distance, and judged the fire was in a big house owned by Colonel Brown.
Everywhere I looked were houses and firemen. Firemen were trying to keep the children from going near the blazing house.
The firemen were endeavoring to save some of the valuable things, which were mostly antiques.
After much fighting of the flames, the firemen got a good grip on the fire, and slowly and surely the flames died down until there was only a smouldering mass to be seen.
Everyone was eager to know the cause of the fire. The police later discovered that it must have been caused by a fused electric wire.
Prize of 2/6 to Edna Hubbard, Waverley Creek, s/o Railway Station, No. 9 Cottage.

A RIDDLE IN RHYME

My mouth is bigger than my head,
And I am always in my bed.
Now that is where the mystery lies,
For I've been often known to rise.
And though in bed, I am not still,
But always moving down a hill.
Though this may seem plain contradiction,
Yet I assert it is no fiction.
Answer: A river.

TERRY and TEDDY TERRIBLE TWINS



CROSSWORD No. 13

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN |
| 1. Constructed | 1. Steak |
| 2. Compelled | 2. Change |
| 3. ELO | 3. Males |
| 4. Ocean | 4. Yaw and I |
| 5. By | 5. Paris |
| 6. Owing | 6. Not wild |
| 7. N.M. | |
| 8. Number | |
| 9. Fum | |
| 10. Kind of material | |
| 11. Part tense of the verb "to be" | |
| 12. On top of | |
| 13. Negative | |
| 14. Prunum | |
| 15. Received | |
| 16. Beverage | |
| 17. End | |
| 18. Knighthood | |
| | 10. Girl's name |
| | 11. What fish are caught in |
| | 12. O.A.S. |
| | 13. Kind of animal (pl.) |
| | 14. Many |
| | 15. Attend |
| | 16. Same as 25 across |
| | 17. Prunum |
| | 18. Preposition |
| | 19. Thanks |

SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD No. 11

- Across—1: Rhin. 2: Scene. 3: Low. 11: Rhin. 12: Us. 13: Har. 14: R.D. 15: Bel. 17: Gas. 18: Set. 19: Oil. 21: Er. 25: Aon. 26: To. 27: Lot. 29: Don. 30: Lead. 31: Down. Down—1: Blue. 2: Louis. 3: CW. 6: Or. 7: Moral. 8: Ends. 10: Pay. 16: Lea. 17: Gln. 20: Tell. 21: Ice. 22: Long. 24: Roe. 26: Ton. 28: Ta. 29: Do.
- The nearest correct solution was sent in by Hazel Hughes, 30 Munster Street, Tighes Hill, Newcastle, for which she receives a prize of 2/6.

THE FAIRIES' WASH

By Maurine Cahill

The fairies did their washing
In the run-type late last night,
I saw them from my window
When the moon was shining bright.
They had gown of finest spider's web,
And shoes of muscadine green,
It was the prettiest moonlight sight
That I have ever seen.
Then in the morning when I woke,<
Before the sun was high,
I saw their fairy washing
Spread on bush and grass to dry.
Prize of 2/6 to Maurine Cahill (13), 4 Muttama Road, Artarmon.

Each week Prize Cards and cash prizes are awarded for the best entries. When a pal has won twelve Prize Cards, a prize of 5/- will be given. Address all contributions to Connie, Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUST CHATTER

KEITH COLEMAN, of Waverley, is fond of sketching; Margaret Kessler, of Gordon, likes writing stories; Joyce Lindsay, of East Maitland, is fond of horse riding; Gerlie Harbich, of Mayfield, sang with her school choir over the wireless the other night; Jean Ray, of Woonona, writes beautifully; Stanley Keshew, of Penrith, is fond of warm weather; Margaret Huntington, of Waverley, went for a trip to New Guinea not long ago; Gladys Spear, of Caramila, likes writing verse; John Beresford, of Adelaide, is fond of working out cross words; Barbara Yen, of Adamahy, lives sixty miles from Mt. Kosciuszko; Lorna Lyons, of Waverley, is fond of sketching; Jean Alexander, of Lidcombe, likes swimming in warm weather; Dorcen Parker, of Narrandine, is fond of painting.



Here is Beryl Hines, of Cherry, who delights in playing with her dolls.

Freda Chandler, of Waverley, is a keen skater; Jean Rendall, of Liverpool, likes reading; M. Montgomery's book; Norma Baller, of Eglinton, is a keen hockey player; Gwen Bayliff, of Punchbowl, is fond of writing verse; Joyce Green, of Marwellbrook, likes writing stories; Pat Power, of Elizabeth Bay, is fond of sketching.

FOR FUN & FANCY

A PARODY
Tuck shop came up upon the fock,
Tuck out of the fat came he.
With striding gait, sat on my plate,
To serve me for my tea.
Prize Card to Bodo Keating, Rookwood Cemetery, Lidcombe.

Why is a camel hard to get on with?
Because he always has his back up.
Spell "blind pig" in two letters.
Pg—a pig without an I.
What is the difference between an oak tree and a light bulb?
One gives across, the other gives you corns.
Prize Card to Jack Halland, 80 Barton Street, Mayfield.

Here is the solution of last week's puzzle. All that was needed of you to do was to fold the paper as illustrated.
"Well, Bobby, and of you to do was to fold the paper as illustrated," said Bobby. "It's mine which grows in the King's garden."
Prize Card to E. Fantom, 6 South Street, Marrickville.

Teacher: "Why are you late, Dennis?"
Dennis: "I started out late, sir."
Teacher: "Why didn't you start earlier?"
Dennis: "It was too late to start early, sir."
Prize Card to Beryl Schlandt, 23 Wentworth Street, Eastwood.

What is that which has a bed in which it never sleeps?
A river.
What comes once in a minute and never in a day?
The letter "m."
What is higher when the head is off?
Your pillow.
From what tree do we get apple tarts?
The pantry.
Prize Card to Norma Payne, "Wingara," Lamond Street, East Brisbane.

WHY NOT?
"Why doesn't Auntie Ethel come and visit us?" asked little Joan.
"Because she lives in Canada, which is too far away, dear," said her mother.
"Well, why doesn't she telephone?" asked Joan.
"Auntie hasn't a telephone," said mother.
"Then why doesn't she use ours?" was Joan's next question.
Prize Card to Maurine Cahill (13), 4 Muttama Road, Artarmon.

A JOLLY GAME
HERE is a jolly game that you can make yourself. All you want is a fairly large cardboard box. Now, on the bottom of the box, draw and paint a funny portrait, something like the drawing here of Mr. Grab. Don't forget to give him a very big mouth. Then ask some kind grown-up to cut out the mouth for you.

Next you will want some pieces of newspaper, screwed into little balls just large enough to enter Mr. Grab's mouth. Each player is given a number of balls and they take it in turn to throw them into Mr. Grab's mouth. They keep count of the number they throw in, and the winner of the game is the one who has given Mr. Grab the most food at the end of a certain number of rounds.
Prize Card to Betty Robinson, 329 King Street, Newtown (age 15).

When were there only two vowels?
In the time of Noah (N-O-A-H), which was before 200 (TWO) and 2 (TWO) were known.
Prize Card to Edna Tibbitts, Wilga Street, Cernial.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS
Wanted, a parrot by a lady with green feathers.
Lost, a picture by an artist half-painted.
Wanted a spring bed mattress by a lady stuffed with feathers.
Lost, a poultice by a lady with long ears.
Dropped a vase by a lady half-full of flowers.
Wanted a sheet of tin by a man six feet square.
Prize Card to E. Smith, 26 William Street, Roseville.

Neither RICHES nor POVERTY

Given the chance of being born again and of choosing between three kinds of life, most people, according to a classification of entries in Quandary No. 6, would choose the middle course, namely, a life in which one is never rich or poor. The other alternatives were to be born rich but to die poor, or to be born poor and die rich.

Quandary Entrants

Steer Middle

Course

A LARGE number of readers voted for a youth of poverty and an old age of luxury.

The first prize of £10 goes to Mrs. A. Dains, 8 Dudley Street, Marrickville, whose letter speaks for itself. She writes:—

"Born with the proverbial silver spoon in my mouth, and surrounded with every comfort and luxury well on into years, I now survey the rosy past from the bare boards of pinching poverty."

"Now in the threshold of life, I cease pining for things, and run mental fingers through the sparkling gems, the lustre of which neither time nor age can tarnish, and then memories like a flock of homing birds come in the twilight to croon comfort when bleak winds blow. Adversity, now it is here, is offset by the knowledge my affluent circumstances made possible. I went out into the large spacious experience through gates of travel, study, and social contact, and, possessing these experiences and these memories, I realise more and more that poverty, now it is here, can only do so much. It may pluck the harp out of the hand and hang it on the willows, but it has not the power to touch the song in the heart. Yes, to have had wealth, and have lost it, is to me, as I sit and commune with the great even now, not all tragedy. No! Indeed it is not!"

Other letters which won consolation prizes of 10/- go to:—
Mrs. J. Vidler, Bellambi, South Coast, N.S.W.: "The words of Agur, the son of Jakeh, in his confession of faith (Proverbs XXX) find an echo in my soul—'Give me neither poverty or riches.' It throws out its appeal to me as the ideal state, the happy medium in which lies the truest contentment and happiness."

Doreen Hungerford, 123 Hastings Parade, Bondi, N.S.W.: "To my mind, this problem of choosing between riches in youth, old age, or moderate comfort

throughout life, is easily solved. Give me wealth when I am old. Youth has so many compensations for poverty. A day spent drowsily on the golden warmth of our beaches, a picnic meal and billy-tea under the gum trees, the joy of scrubbing a small boy, tired and dirty from his day's play, and tucking him into his cot all clean and sweet—these are adequate reward for the battle with bills and the effort to keep up appearances on nothing. The comfort of moderate means is humdrum. There is never sufficient surplus to indulge in one's dreams, and always some luckier person to envy. But age needs money. Money to travel when health fails and hobbies pall; money to help one's loved folk out of difficulties, and the money, aided by good judgement, to help the lame down youth is too busy to see."

Mrs. L. Bailey, Dowel Avenue, Tamworth, N.S.W.: "To be born to riches would be my choice in life. One would have the means of enjoying life when one was most able. After youth has gone, no amount of riches will make up for the loss of it. Riches, early, would enable us to gain our children the best of life, as well as being able to give them a good

Riches Too Late

start. Of what use to have money and luxury late in life, when we are past enjoying them? Life will bring its own compensations in later years, and the memory of happy youth will be so sweet."

Miss M. B. Seljak, N.Z. Government Bureau, Martin Place, Sydney: "Since riches cannot secure happiness, peace of mind, or true friendship, the possession of wealth at either end of one's life is nothing to yearn after. True happiness comes from within, and is most likely to be developed under circumstances entailing neither the misery and humiliations of poverty nor the limitations and responsibilities of affluence."

"I therefore choose the third proposition put forward—to live always above the cares incumbent on having too much or too little of this world's goods."

Treat the CAUSE NOT the Symptom

THE theory of treating symptoms rather than the cause is still not generally understood. There are those who, if they have a Pain in the Kidneys, rub in oils or emulsions. Liverish People take a headache cure, and Nervous Folks still take stimulants, or even drugs, to "steady their nerves," and so on. They fail to see that they merely ease the trouble, only for it to return in a more severe form. In other words, they have not extinguished the fire, but merely turned off the fire alarm. Treating the cause may take a little longer, and call for more patience, but it has the advantage of being much more beneficial.

In Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills will be found the remedy that gets at the cause. They give you clean bowels, a healthy stomach, a lively liver, and rich, red blood. For Biliousness, Constipation, and such complaints, arising from Imperfect Digestion, Sluggish Liver, and Impure Blood, they are unexcelled.

DR. MORSE'S
INDIAN ROOT
PILLS
For the Liver

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS ARE A HIGH-GRADE PREPARATION SOLD AT A LOW PRICE.

A "ROTTEN ROW" for SYDNEY?



ABOVE: Enthusiastic members of the juvenile class at the Killara Riding School.—From left to right: Nerida Curtis, Nella Fry, Mrs. Walker Butler, Barbara Butler, and Barbara Lawson. MRS. L. WALKER BUTLER, on "John Hunter," who was appointed "Master of Hounds" at both the recent "hunts" at Killara. Mrs. Walker Butler first followed the hunt with the Kirkham Harriers in England when she was five years old. "John Hunter" will appear in Cine-sound's next production, "Hayseeds," and is a well-known prize-winner at the local shows.

Ranging in age from eight to twelve years, they show not the slightest sign of nervousness, and thoroughly enjoy a healthy morning's outing.

Another development that signifies the growing popularity of the sport is that of the establishing of the "Hare and Hounds." Last week-end the "hunt" met for the second time, the hares laid the trail, and the hounds pursued them.

Mrs. Hemphill is the organiser of this novel method of obtaining funds for charity, and the proceeds are devoted to the War Veterans' Home at La Perouse.

On the first occasion the rally numbered some fifty odd riders. So great was the enthusiasm that another similar function was arranged to take place almost immediately, and the "hunt" met again last week. The afternoon's sport is fraught with excitement. The hares are allowed a specified start, and they ride ahead, scattering a trail of paper as they go. The hounds at a given signal give pursuit. It is quite permissible for the hares to lay a false scent and to mislead the hounds if possible.

This is the nearest approach we have had as yet in the metropolitan area to the historic English hunt. But with the growth of riding schools, bringing, as it were, the horse to our very doors, and the opening up of new trails, we may expect to see the hare and hounds, and in the more distant future, the hunt as an accepted fact. Further, as we become inured to the sight of women on horseback and familiar with the tailored habit and breeches, and general accoutrements of the equestrienne, we can also anticipate a "Rotten Row" in Sydney.

Riding has been an important feature in the realm of sport in England for many centuries. In the rural districts hunting is a delightfully picturesque and popular sport. Nor is it a less important feature of the "season" in London. In Hyde Park hundreds of riders foregather daily at the rendezvous commonly known as "Rotten Row."

IN Australia city dwellers have been prone to regard riding as the prerogative of country people, and for them as a recognised item in the daily round, not so much a pastime as a duty.

Actually riding ranks among the finest and most exhilarating sports. Within the last few years riding schools have been established in various suburbs of Sydney, and there is an ever-increasing number of sportswomen who spend their week-ends on horseback.

On the North Shore line there is an ideal location for this sport, a location that has not as yet been fully exploited. Rather less than two years ago a riding school was established at Killara, and the founder, Mrs. Walker Butler, tells of the amazing growth of the pastime during those two years. She herself first rode to the hounds at five years of age with the Kirkham Harriers in England.

sensitive animal and responds immediately to the personality of the rider.

Perhaps one of the most significant facts disclosed by a visit to the Killara riding school is that every Saturday morning twelve little girls mount their ponies and receive a riding lesson under Mrs. Butler's personal supervision.

A Big Difference

There is, she explains, a big difference in riding in England and in Australia. An English saddle is much straighter in the seat, and lighter. This difference arises from the respective natures of the ground to be traversed. In England they ride over smooth fields and jump hedges or an occasional fence. In Australia the ground is very much rougher, and the obstacles that may lie in the path of the adventurous equestrienne are legion.

This stricture applies in a general way in Australia, but, as city people become fully alive to the possibilities of the pastime, fresh trails are constantly being found that afford the most delightful avenues for an afternoon on horseback.

Women are naturally, Mrs. Butler contends, better riders than men. So much depends on the hands, and a woman's hands are lighter on the reins and infinitely more sensitive than those of a man. The horse itself is an ultra-



BERGERS' HOCKEY TEAM in action against the Waratahs, to whom they lost the match by the narrow margin of one goal. Bergers' team have been playing in the Randwick fixtures of the N.S.W. Association for the past four years. (See story on Page 43.)

HOT Holbrook says: For the Bridge Party let me suggest some Holbrook Queen Olives. They are always popular ***



CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF Opens at Cheltenham

For the ladies' golf championship meeting of Australia, which commenced on Monday, the Victoria Club links at Cheltenham are groomed to the last blade of grass and grain of sand.

ONCE only in every three years this classic event is played in Melbourne. This year, for the first time, a New Zealand v. Australia match will be played, as well as interstate matches.

The defending champion, Miss M. Macleod, is playing at the top of her form, and the visitors will have their work cut out to take the cup away with them. Miss Macleod typifies modesty, and when responding to the speeches after last year's championship, expressed the view that she expected this year's winner to come from the younger school.

The New Zealand party is domiciled at the £25,000 massive "Nineteenth Hole," close to the Cheltenham station. There are a dozen bedrooms with sleep-out verandahs at the Victoria clubhouse, complete with services of a de luxe hotel. The captain and manager of the New Zealanders is Mrs. Guy Williams, many times Dominion title-holder, who has done an enormous amount for women's golf in New Zealand.

As only sixteen out of a field of ninety can qualify, the scramble for sixteenth place will be a hectic one. All must be physically fit, for the strain of a championship takes it out of a player, even though she is tuned up to the minute.

Associate play opened on Monday with the interstate matches. The outstanding match of this event was that between Miss Lefebvre, the brilliant N.S.W. champion, and Miss Susie Tolhurst. At the tenth hole, Miss Lefebvre was three up with eight to play. Miss Tolhurst, however, played a very steady game, while Miss Lefebvre's putting became erratic as the game progressed.

At the eighteenth hole they stood all square, and final honors rested with the home player after a most exciting match. Bearing in mind the fact that Miss Lefebvre was playing on an unfamiliar course, her performance speaks volumes for her prospects in the forthcoming associate championship event.

FIELDING IS Important

By Ruth Fredday,
State Selector,
N.S.W.W.C.A.

UNFORTUNATELY, Practice has commenced in earnest for the women cricketers with the opening of the season so near at hand. In the majority of cases coaching has been arranged for the players.

The art of fielding is a combination of footwork and armwork. The fieldsmen should be on the alert, and should not be caught standing flat-footed in the one spot. She should always be "on her toes." A few steps up towards the wicket and back again will always keep a fieldsmen alert.

The ball should be gathered and returned with the one action. One of the great failures in women's cricket is the senseless returns that the bowler or wicket-keeper is called upon to take. Every ball should either be returned on the full, or, if too far out, on the first hop, and, unless you wish to put your wicket-keeper out of action, be sure and aim for the top of the stumps.

IF fielding close to the wicket, it should be obvious that there is no need to return the ball with the same amount of force behind it as you would from the outfield. It is a fact, however, that one of our women interstate players has acquired this bad habit, with the result that the wicket-keeper's hands are unnecessarily bruised.

Another matter that is very vital is the persistent return of the ball to the wicket-keeper when throwing for a run-out. Many times last season I saw a batsman make good her ground because the ball was thrown to the wrong end. A little judgment used by the fielder would have meant a new batsman.

Don't field the ball crab fashion; that is to say, with your body turned side on to meet the ball. Always run round so that you are facing the direction from which the ball is coming; then, with both hands close to the ground, and with either one or two feet acting as a second line of defence, pick the ball up, and, in one action, return it to the wicket.



MISS WRAY (top left), Miss Tolhurst (left), and Miss Lefebvre, who are taking part in the Australian Golf Championships being played in Melbourne.

Training Commences

IN preparation for the coming rowing season, the members of the Y.W.C.A. Rowing Association will commence training on Saturday. This training is most interesting and comprehensive. Those who contemplate taking up this sport would be well advised to take an active interest.

The training consists first of indoor exercises, such as physical work and swinging, followed by work in the outrigger which is attached to the floor.

The novice is then taken on the river in a pleasure-boat and given lessons in our work. Having mastered this, the next step is to take a place in the pair oar. Through assiduous practice the novice masters all the elementary rules. She is able to take her place in the fours.

All the interstate rowing races are rowed in the four-oar boats, and this year the interstate competitions will take place in Sydney.

The question of holding rowing fixtures on the Nepean River, which is receiving grave consideration from the men's association, has not as yet been considered by the women rowers. Competent judges, however, are convinced that it is only a matter of time before the advantages of this site are recognised, after which it will become the official rendezvous for all regattas.

TO afford experience for the juniors and to keep the seniors in practice, all-day tennis tournaments are arranged at the conclusion of the badge matches. Various clubs will announce specified dates for these tournaments throughout the summer. The first tournament will be that sponsored annually by the women delegates to the N.S.W. L.T.A., Mrs. Roland Conway, Mrs. Warburton and Miss Lloyd. The convenors are particularly anxious that players in the lower grades should enter. The delegates themselves will be present on the day of the tournament and will be glad to proffer any advice or practical assistance to junior players.

HOCKEY GIRLS ARE SWIMMERS

AFTER the hockey finals, which will be played at the University on September 9, the majority of hockey players will find their way to the various swimming baths or beaches, to practise for the forthcoming swimming season.

The Telephone team, which was beaten by the Gunshots in the semi-finals of the New South Wales Women's Hockey Association competitions last Saturday, is composed mostly of swimmers. Evelyn Baldwin is their hockey captain, and, with Mrs. Sutherland, secretary of the Rushcutters Bay section, acts as their swimming coach during the summer months.

The swimming performances of the Telephone girls are worthy of note. V.I. Armstrong is the 50 yards State and Australian record-holder. Beryl Sutherland is an ex-Australian and State 100 yards champion, Margerie Omeara is the breast-stroke champion of New Zealand. Joan Davies, who is only 15 years of age, promises to break some records in the near future. In her first year's swimming she came third in both the 880 yards and the mile championship. Hilda Ellingworth swam second in the mile and half-mile championships.

Sports Club at Rhodes

Among the welfare associations attached to firms with a large roll call of employees, Bergers' sports club ranks as one that has a definite record in the world of women's sport. Recreation areas and a dance hall have been provided by the firm.

THE headquarters of the firm of Bergers and Sons Ltd. is situated at Rhodes.

In the grounds there are two grass tennis courts, where regular inter-house competitions are arranged and played. During the lunch hour and at the week-ends these courts are in constant use. Also, within the grounds, there is a five-hole golf course and a large football field, while regular celebrations are held in the firm's dance hall.

In the realm of entertainment, the Bergers' Burlesquers are the name of a well-known troupe. They give regular performances in various localities in aid of specified charities.

Foremost among their accomplishments in the realm of women's sport rank those of the Bergers' hockey team. This team enters the regular competition in the Randwick district of the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association. It is now four years since they first took part in these fixtures, and they have registered steady progress. They are now accounted one of the strongest teams in that division.

HOFF Hallmark says: I mature my Worcestershire Sauce until age imparts a full, rich, mellow flavour***

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.



For Children's Teeth Particularly

This gentle, thrift dentifrice — swift, safe cleaning — a flavour children like

Neglect of children's temporary teeth, orthodontists agree, may result in serious malformation of the later, permanent teeth forming beneath the gum surfaces. Beauty may be marred, health impaired.

At the Age of Two

Dental authorities therefore urge a systematic cleansing of baby teeth after the child has reached the age of two years. For this purpose they suggest a tooth paste free from harsh abrasives; safe and swift in action, and pleasant to taste.

Protects Precious Enamel

Listerine Tooth Paste contains amazing new cleansing and polishing agents. They are softer than enamel. Therefore, they cannot harm it. But they are harder than tartar. Consequently, they remove it. The teeth are left brilliant, clean, unmarred.

We ask you to try Listerine Tooth Paste for a week. Disregard, if you will, the saving it affords, and judge by cleansing results alone. The Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney.

LISTERINE
Tooth Paste



TRANSFER COUPON

In return for this Coupon and 6d. in stamps, together with a stamped, re-addressed envelope, you will receive *Transfer* for the exclusive Breakfast Set illustrated on Page 20. Address requests to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O., Box 4084W, Sydney.

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Nearly 200 miles
New Season's Cottons at
DAVID JONES

Printed Organdies

Organdies are becoming more and more interesting! Crinkled, wrinkled weaves... checks, "field flowers," plaids... Yard... Plain colours, yard, 2/6

3/11**40 Shades in Linen**

Guaranteed fadeless to sun and wash tub! In no less than 40 of the lovely Spring shades. Buy now for your new Suit or Frock, 36 inches. Yard,

1/11**"Anti-Crease" Voiles**

Lovely new Voiles that will not crush—invaluable for Summer wear! In Spring colours and patterns. Guaranteed fadeless! From

3/6**Chiffon & Pique Voile**

Florals... checks... stripes... "field flowers" in soft Chiffon and Pique Voiles. Choose from the new season shades...

1/11**Field Flower Dimities**

You'll love their coolness—their daintiness and demureness! In "field flowers" and many other designs. Featuring delicate pastels on white grounds. 36 inches.

1/9**Seersucker Prints**

A very new Cotton for charming Summer Frocks! In stripes, spots, florals—all the latest designs. Very easily laundered. 30 in. wide. Priced at only, yard,

1/6**Reliability Gingham**

Every year we sell thousands of yards of this popular fabric! In checks, plaids, stripes—it will make the smartest of frocks! Guaranteed fadeless. 32in.

1/6**Haircords & Cambrics**

All the newest designs to choose from in the Spring shades! Haircords and Cambrics that are guaranteed not to fade! 27 inches wide. Wonderfully low priced at yard...

1/-**Printed Linens from**

Have a printed Swagger Coat with your plain Linen Frock in "field flowers" stripes, checks, every conceivable design! 36in. wide. From, yard,

3/11

SEE THIS WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF THE NEW FABRICS ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

NEW McCALL PATTERNS AT NEW LOW PRICES!

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4/11